THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OCTOBER 12, 1912

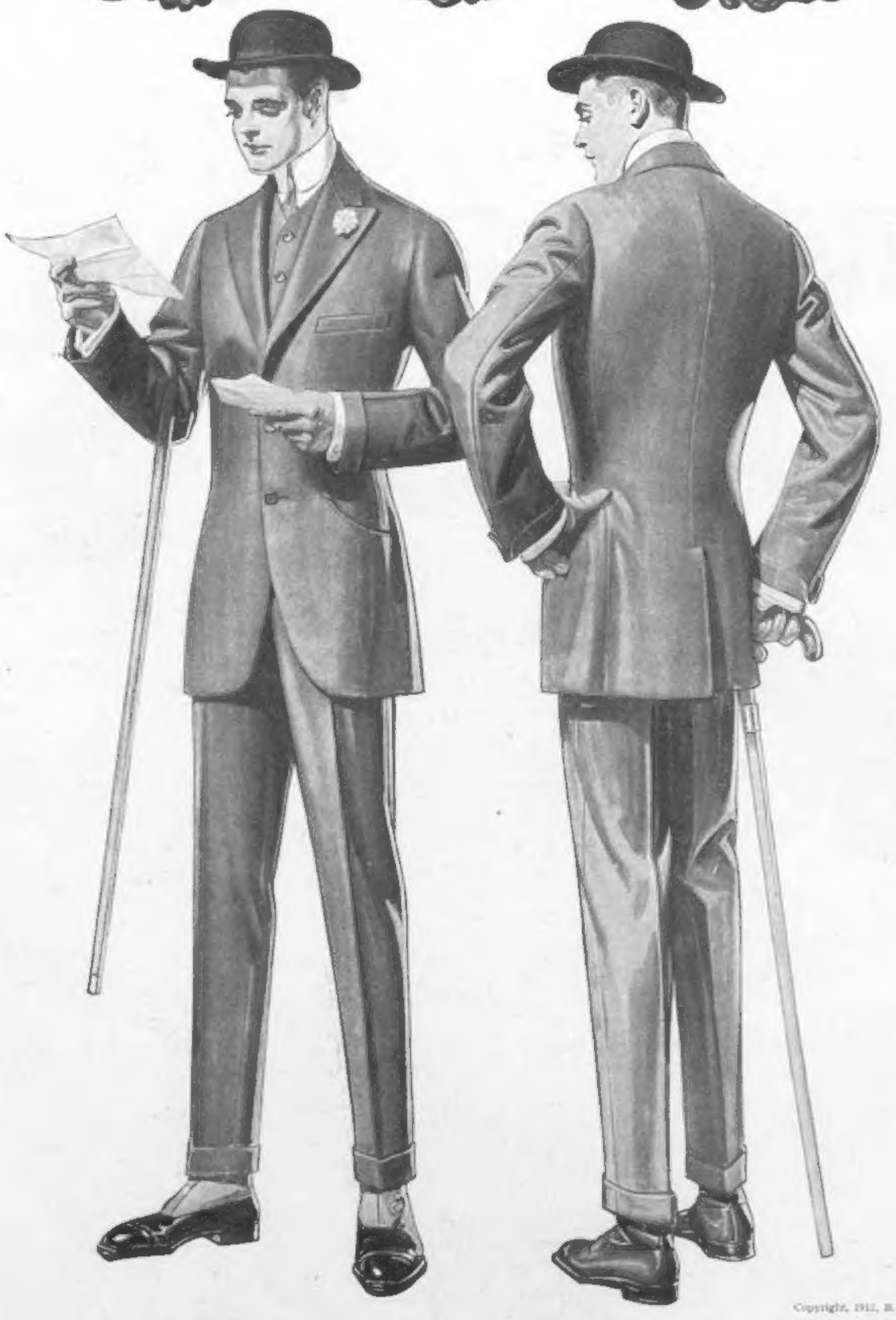
5c. THE COPY

Frank X. Leyendecker

Beginning

His Majesty Bunker Bean

By Harry Leon Wilson



Copyright, 1912, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

YOU'LL find many innovations in Kuppenheimer Clothes this season—but you'll find none that offend good taste. We prefer not to produce freakish or extreme styles.

THE Young Men's models pictured here are cut on the latest lines, accredited correct in metropolitan fashion centers—you can wear them with every assurance of being properly dressed.

You'd better see them; now being displayed by clothiers everywhere. Send for the book, "Styles for Men."

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Chalmers 1913

Made in the Chalmers Shops

"Thirty-Six" $1950
"Six" 2, 4 or 5 Passenger - $2400
"Six" Seven Passenger - $2600
(Fully equipped)

"Thirty-Six" $1950 *(Fully Equipped)*

Let's Reason Together—*about Price*

TO YOU who are considering buying a motor car, we want to offer a few suggestions on the subject of price. Please do not think these are wholly selfish. Of course, we want to sell you a Chalmers car if possible. But whether you buy a Chalmers or not, we believe we can help you. For the suggestions we make are based on the experience of thousands of buyers.

And so we say to you, first of all: Buy a real car. Don't economize too closely on the purchase price. Economy is not merely spending the least money; it is getting the most for your money. And buying an automobile at too low a price is the worst economy in the world.

If a man is going to pay $1000 for a motor car, he surely is not so pressed for funds that he could not afford to add enough more to that $1000 to get him a really high grade motor car—a car of genuine quality. The additional cost, distributed over the years he will use the quality car, is nothing compared to the satisfaction of owning it.

If a buyer doesn't get a car of real quality to start on, he will surely want one later. Many who purchase low priced cars graduate from what they buy to what they should have had to begin with. But in doing this they pay from $300 to $600 for so-called "automobile experience."

You don't need this costly experience. For nowadays anyone can learn to handle the most expensive car as easily as the cheapest. So buy a quality car to start with.

We are glad to see so many low priced cars sold, because we believe they educate buyers for medium priced quality cars—such as ours. But in *your* case why not save the time and money by buying the quality car now?

We believe the great majority of motorists are rapidly coming to this idea of buying a quality car at a medium price. We believe the big future in the automobile business lies in this field. We believe it so firmly that we are backing our opinion with a little over $6,000,000 in money, in order to be ready with buildings, equipment, and the latest machinery of all kinds to keep on building high grade quality cars at a quantity price. We are now building from 8000 to 10,000 such cars each year—and building practically all the parts in the Chalmers shops.

If you investigate, you will find that there is a great difference between a $1000 car and a $1950 Chalmers—even greater than the price indicates. Of course, there is some resemblance in these cars. They all have four wheels. They all have a motor. They have transmissions—and other things necessary to make the car go. In these respects, all motor cars are alike. Just as all horses are alike, because all horses have four legs, two eyes, a nose and a mouth.

But what makes one horse carry off all the blue ribbons while another is only a common hack? It is a difference in the *quality* of the two horses. And there is the same sort of difference in the quality of motor cars.

You can't buy more *quality* than we have put into the 1913 Chalmers "Thirty-Six"—no matter what price you pay. You would realize this if you could go through the Chalmers factory, if you could see these cars being made practically complete in our own shops—from front axle to rear license bracket.

You would see that there are no extravagances in the Chalmers organization, that we are a compact business team, working in harmony and with the fullest cooperation. We have all the advantages of quantity production—all the saving of making our own parts instead of paying a profit to parts-makers. And these savings we make we pass on to you in added quality—at a medium price.

We believe that from the beginning we could have added $100 to our prices and could probably have done so for five or six years. But we decided on the other policy as the right one: To take small profits per car, to earn a reputation for quality; and thus to build up a volume that would give us a fair return on our investment.

We are building for the future. We believe firmly that those concerns that will be doing a big business five or ten years from now will be the ones that laid the foundation by putting honesty of construction and honesty of purpose back of the cars they are building now.

So we say to all those who are going to pay $1000 or more for a motor car: It is to your interest to examine the design, the features and the construction of the 1913 Chalmers "Thirty-Six" at $1950, fully equipped, and see if you really are not money in pocket by laying out the extra few hundred dollars in the original purchase price rather than buying a car at a lesser price, only to trade it in later on at a big discount from the original purchase price.

Remember, too, that the depreciation on the low priced car is always relatively greater than on the high grade Chalmers. For Chalmers cars always command the highest second hand prices. You rarely see Chalmers cars advertised at second hand. Their owners can usually sell them to their friends at a good price—without advertising.

Think over this price question and give us an opportunity of talking it over with you, so that you may at least be sure of having all the facts before signing the check for the car.

So see the 1913 models at our dealers. And send in the coupon for "Story of the Chalmers Car." This is not the usual automobile story. We have been told by friends, even in the business, that it is the best automobile book written. Write for it.

These cars have all the Comfort, Luxury, Good Looks and Convenience of any cars at any price.

On these points we believe you positively cannot buy more in any automobile than you get in the 1913 Chalmers cars.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders)	$1950
"Six," 5-passenger	$2400
"Six," 7-passenger	$2600
"Thirty-Six" Limousine	$3250
"Six" Limousine	$3700

(Prices include full equipment)

Note these splendid features and judge for yourself the superiority of the 1913 Chalmers cars.

Electric Lights. Gray & Davis electric lighting system, acknowledged the best on the market, is regular equipment. Simple, dependable, light weight.

Turkish Cushions. Most comfortable and highest automobile cushions made. Soft as a down pillow. Covered with genuine pebble-grained leather.

Eleven-Inch Upholstery. Featured on some of the highest priced cars. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite armchair.

Chalmers Self-Starter. A year's use has proved it the simplest, most economical and reliable on the market. Operates by compressed air.

Long Stroke Motor. 4¼" bore; 5¼" stroke. A motor of unusual power. Built complete in the Chalmers shops. Four-forward speed transmission gives maximum of flexibility; provides a proper gear for every condition.

Continental Demountable Rims. Make it possible to change tires in a few minutes and without hard work.

Large Wheels and Tires. Insure easy riding and low tire upkeep. 36"x4" tires on "Thirty-Six"; 36"x4½" tires on "Six."

Beautiful Bodies. The new-design, flush-sided metal bodies are exceptionally roomy. Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish give unsurpassed finish.

Nickel Trimmings. Handsome; easy to keep clean and bright; regular equipment.

Dual Ignition. Most reliable ignition system built; maximum range of spark control.

Improved Carburetor. Readily adjustable from dash to suit all driving conditions.

Speedometer. A jeweled magnetic speedometer, specially designed for Chalmers cars, is regular equipment.

Silk Mohair Top. A splendid, perfectly fitting top, tailor-made in Chalmers shops.

Rain-Vision Windshield. Easily adjustable, good-looking, made especially to fit the Chalmers built-in dash.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

S. E. P. Oct. 12

Chalmers Motor Company. Detroit.

Preparing French Fried Potatoes with Crisco in a Large Hotel

Hospital Class in Dietetics Cooking with Crisco

Cake Making with Crisco in a High School Domestic Science Class

Scientific Cooks use CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

To you, the housewife, their approval of Crisco means this:

Crisco *must* make fried foods crisp and delicious, pastry tenderer, cake richer and finer; or hotel chefs would not use it.

Crisco *must* make all foods more wholesome, more tempting, and easier to digest; otherwise, hospital dietitians would continue to use lard and butter.

Crisco *must* be absolutely dependable for all kinds of cooking; else domestic science teachers would not use it in their classes.

In a word, Crisco has been tested for you by the most expert cooks in the country—the people with whom cooking is a science and a business. They have found that Crisco *is* pure, wholesome, rich, delicate, uniform. Their continued use of Crisco, in preference to lard and butter, proves it.

You, therefore, are not buying an untried product when you purchase Crisco, but one which you know you can depend upon to improve your fried dishes, pies, puddings and cakes from every standpoint.

Get a package from your grocer. Crisco costs less per pound than pure lard and only half as much as butter.

This Cook Book of 100 Tested Recipes Free

It shows the best way to use Crisco and tells the many distinctive features about Crisco which have been proven by careful tests and which make it the most economical and satisfactory cooking product for you. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. K, Cincinnati.

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HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Had He, Bunker Bean, Perhaps Once Espoused the Daughter of a Rajah?

BUNKER BEAN was wishing he could be different. This discontent with himself was suffered in a moment of idleness as he sat at a desk on a high floor of a very high office building in downtown New York. Almost the first correction he would have made was that he should be well over six feet tall. He had observed that this was the accepted stature for a hero.

And the name—almost any name but Bunker Bean! Often he wrote good names on casual slips of paper and fancied them his—names like Trevelyan or Montressor or Delancey, with musical prefixes; or a good, short, beautiful but dignified name like Gordon Dane. He liked that one. It suggested something. But Bean! And Bunker Bean at that! True, it also suggested something, but this had never been anything desirable. Just now the people in the outside office were calling him "Boston."

Gordon Dane, well over six feet; abundant dark hair inclined to wave and showing faint lines of gray above the temples; for Bean also wished to be thirty years old and to have learned about women—in short, to have suffered. Gordon Dane's was a face before which the eyes of women would fall in half-frightened, half-ecstatic subjection; and men would feel the inexplicable magnetism of his presence. He would be widely remarked for his taste in dress. He would don stripes or checks without a trace of timidity. He would quail before no violence of color in a cravat.

A certain insignificant Bunker Bean was not like this. With a soul aspiring to stripes and checks that should make him a man to be looked at twice in a city street, he lacked courage for any but the quietest patterns. Longing for the cravat of brilliant hue, he ate out his heart under neutral tints. Had he not, in the intoxication of his first free afternoon in New York, boldly purchased a glorious thing of silk entirely, flatly red, an article to stamp its wearer with distinction, and had he not, in the seclusion of his rented room that night, hidden the flaming thing at the bottom of a bottom drawer, knowing in his sickened soul he dared not flaunt it?

Once truly had he worn it, but only for a brief stroll on a rainy Sunday, with an entirely opaque raincoat buttoned closely under his chin. Even so, he fancied that people stared through and through that guaranteed fabric straight to his red secret. The rag burned on his breast. Afterward it was something to look at beyond the locked door—perhaps to try on behind drawn shades late of a night. And how little Gordon Dane would have made of such a matter! Floated in Bean's mind the refrain of a clothing advertisement: "The more advanced dressers will seek this fashion." "Something dignified yet different." Gordon Dane would be an "advanced dresser."

But if you have been afraid of nearly everything nearly all your life, how then? You must be "dignified" only. The brave only may be "different." It was all well enough to gaze at striking fabrics in windows; but to buy and to wear openly and get yourself pointed at—laughed at! Again sounded the refrain of the hired bard of dress: "It is cut to give the wearer the appearance of perfect physical development. And the effect produced so improves his form that he unconsciously strives to attain the appearance which the garment gives him. He expands his chest, draws in his waist and stands erect."

A rustling of papers from the opposite side of the desk promised a diversion of Bean's thoughts. Upon the man who rustled the papers he bent a look of profound albeit not unkindly contempt. It could be seen, even as he sat in the desk chair, that he was a short man—not an inch better than Bean there. He was old. Bean, when he thought of the matter, was satisfied to guess him as something between fifty and eighty. He didn't know and didn't care how many might be the years of little Jim Breede. Breede was the most negligible person he knew. He was nearly nothing, in Bean's view, if you came right down to it. Besides being of too few inches for a man, and unspeakably old, he was unsightly. Nothing of the Gordon Dane about Breede. The little hair left him was an atrocious foggy gray, never in order—never combed, Bean thought. The brows were heavy and still curiously dark, which made them look threatening. The eyes were the coldest of gray, a match for the hair in color, and set far back in caverns. The nose was blunt, the chin a mere knobby challenge, and between them was the unloveliest mustache Bean had ever been compelled to observe—short, ragged, faded in streaks. And wrinkles—wrinkles wheresoever there was room for them—across the forehead that lost itself in shining yellow scalp, under the eyes, down the cheeks, about the traplike mouth. He especially loathed the smaller wrinkles that made tiny squares and diamonds round the back of Breede's neck.

Sartorially, also, Bean found Breede objectionable. He forever wore the same kind of suit—the very same suit, one might have thought, only Bean knew it was renewed from time to time. It was the kind called a decent gray, and it had emphatically not been cut to give the wearer the appearance of perfect physical development. So far as Bean could determine, the sole intention had been to give the wearer plenty of room under the arms and at the waist. Bean found it disgusting—a man who had at least enough leisure to give a little thought to such matters!

Breede's shoes offended him. Couldn't the man pick out something natty, a shapelier toe, buttons, a neat upper of tan or blue cloth—patent leather, of course? But nothing of the sort; a strange, thin, nameless leather, never either shiny or quite dull, as broad at the toe as any place, no buttons, not even laces; elastic in the sides! Not shoes in any dressy sense—things to be pulled on, and always the same, like the contemptible suits of clothes. He might have done a little something with his shirts, Bean thought—a stripe or crossed lines, a bit of gay color; but no! Stiff-bosomed white shirts, cuffs that came off—cuffs that fastened with hideous metallic devices that Bean had learned to scorn. A collar too loose, a black satin cravat and no scarfpin; not even a cluster of tiny diamonds.

From Breede and his ignoble attire Bean shifted the disfavor of his glance to Breede's luncheon-tray on the desk between them. Breede's unvarying luncheon consisted of four crackers—composed of a substance that was said, on the outside of the package, to be predigested—one apple, and a glass of milk moderately inflated with seltzer. Bean himself had fared in princely fashion that day on two veal cutlets bathed in a German sauce of oily richness, a salad of purple cabbage, a profusion of vegetables, two cups of coffee and a German pancake which of itself would have disabled almost any one but the young and hardy—or, presumably, a German.

Bean guessed the cost of Breede's meal to be a bit under eight cents. His own had cost sixty-five. He despised Breede for a petty economist.

Breede glanced up from his papers to encounter in Bean's eyes only a look of respectful waiting.

"Take letter G. S. Hubbell gen' traffic mag'r lines wes' Chicago dear sir your favor twen'th instant ——"

The words came from under that unacceptable mustache of Breede's like a series of exhausts from a motorcycle. Bean recorded them in his notebook. His shorthand was a marvel of condensed neatness. Breede had had trouble with stenographers; he was not

easy to take. He spoke swiftly, often indistinctly, and it maddened him to be asked to repeat. Bean had never asked him to repeat, and he inserted the a's and the's and all the minor words that Breede could not pause to utter. The letter continued:

"—— mus' have report at your earl's' convenience of earnings and expenses of Gran' Valley branch for last four munce, with engineer's est'mate of prob'le cost of repairs and maintenance for nex' year ——"

Breede halted to consult a document. Bean glanced up with his look of respectful waiting. Then he glanced down at his notes and wrote two other lines of shorthand. Breede might have supposed these to record the last sentence he had spoken, but one able to decipher the notes could have read: "That is one rotten suit of clothes. And why not get some decent shoes next time!"

The letter was resumed. It came to its end with a phrase that almost won the difficult respect of Bean. Of a rumor that the C. & G. W. would build into certain coveted territory Breede exploded: "I can imagine nothing of less consequence!" Bean rather liked that phrase and the way Breede emitted it. It was a good thing to say to some one who might think you were afraid. He treasured the words—fondled them with the point of his pencil. He saw himself speaking them pithily to various persons with whom he might be in conflict. There was a thing now that Gordon Dane might have hurled at his enemies a dozen times in his adventurous career. Breede must have something in him—but look at his shiny white cuffs with the metal clasps!

Bean had lately read of Breede in a newspaper that "Conservative judges estimate his present fortune at a round hundred millions." Bean's own stipend was thirty dollars a week, but he pitied Breede. Bean could learn to make millions if he should happen to want them, but poor old Breede could never learn to look like anybody.

There you have Bunker Bean at a familiar, prosaic moment in an afternoon of his twenty-second year. But his prosaic moments are numbered. How few they are to be! Already the door of enchantment has swung to his scared touch. The times will show a scar or two from Bean. Bean the prodigious! The choicely perfect toy of Destiny at frolic! Bean the innocent, the monstrous!

. . . . . .

Those who long since gave him up as a problem were denied the advantages of an early association with Bean. Only an acquaintance with his innermost soul of souls could permit any sane understanding of his works, and this it is our privilege and our necessity to make if we are to comprehend with any sympathy that which was later termed his madness. The examination shall be made quickly and with all decency.

Let us regard Bean through the glass of his earliest reactions to an environment that was commonplace, unstimulating, dull—the little wooden town set among cornfields—Wellsville they called it—where he came from out of the infinite to put on a casual body.

Of Bean at birth it may be said frankly that he was not imposing. He was not chubby nor rosy—had no dimples. His face was a puckered protest at the infliction of animal life. In the white garments conventional to his age he was a travesty even when he gurgled. In the nude he was quite impossible to all but the most hardened mothers, and he was never photographed thus in a washbowl. Even his own mother, before he had survived to her one short year, began to harbor the accursed suspicion that his beauty was not flawless nor his intelligence supreme. To put it brutally, she almost admitted to herself that he was not the most remarkable child in all the world.

To be sure, this is a bit less incredible when we know that Bean's mother, at his advent, thought far less highly of Bean's father than on the occasion, seven years before, when she had consented to be endowed with all his worldly goods. In the course of those years she came to believe that she had married beneath her, a fact of which she made no secret to her intimates and least of all to her mate, who, it may be added, privately agreed with her. Alonzo Bean, after that one delirious moment at the altar, had always disbelieved in himself pathetically. Who was he, to have wed a Bunker?

When little Bean's years began to permit of small activities it was seen that his courage was amazing—a courage, however, that quickly overreached itself and was sapped by small defeats. Tumbles down the slippery stairway, burns from the kitchen stove, began it. When a prized new sailor hat was blown to the center of a duck-pond he sought to recover it without any fearsome self-communing. If faith alone could uphold one Bean would have walked upon the face of the waters that day. But the result was a bald experience of the sensations of the drowning and a lasting fear of any considerable body of water. Ever after it was an adventure not to be lightly dared to cross even the stoutest bridge.

And flying! A belief that we can fly as the birds is surely not unreasonable at the age when he essayed it. Nor should a mere failure to rise from the ground destroy it. One must leap from high places, and Bean did so. The roof of the chicken house was the last eminence to have an experimental value. On his bed of pain he realized that we may not fly as the birds, nor ever after could he look without tremors from any high place.

Such domestic animals as he encountered taught him further fear. Even the cat became contemptuous of him, knowing itself dreaded. That splendid courage he was born with had faded to an extreme timidity. Before physical phenomena that pique most children to cunning endeavor little Bean was aghast.

And very soon to this burden of fear were added the graver problems of human association. From being the butt of capricious physical forces he became a social unit and found this more terrifying than all that had gone before. At least in the physical world, if you kept pretty still, didn't touch things, didn't climb, stayed away from edges and windows and water and cows, and looked carefully where you stepped, probably nothing would hurt you. But these new terrors of the social world lay in wait for you, clutched you in moments of inoffensive enjoyment.

His mother seemed to be director-general of these monsters, a ruthless deviser of exquisite tortures. There were unseasonable washings, dressings, combings and curlings, admonitions to be a little gentleman. Loathsomely garbed, he was made to sit stiffly on a chair in the presence of falsely enthusiastic callers; or he was taken to call on those same callers and made to sit stiffly again while they, with feverish affectations of curiosity, asked him what his name was, something they already knew at least as well as he did; or made to overhear their ensuing declarations that the cat had got his tongue, which he always denied bitterly until he came to see through the plot and learned to receive the accusation in stony silence.

Boys of his own age took hold of him roughly and laid him in the dust; jeeringly threw his hat to some high roof; spat on his new boots. Even little girls, divining his abjectness, were prone to act rowdyish with him. And this especially made him suffer. He comprehended, somehow, that it was base for a man child to be afraid of little girls.

Money was another source of grief. Not an exciting thing in itself, he had yet learned that people possessing desirable objects would insanely part with them for money. Then came one of the Uncle Bunkers from over Walnut Shade way, who scowled at him when leaving and gave him a dime. He voiced a wish to exchange this for sweets with a certain madman in the village who had no understanding of values. His mother demurred, not alone because candy was unwholesome, but because the only right thing to do with money was to save it. And his mother prevailed, even though his father coarsely suggested that "all the candy he could ever buy with Bunker money wouldn't hurt him none." The mother said that this was low, and the father retorted with equal lowness that a rigid saving of all Bunker-given money wouldn't make "no one a Croosus, neither, if you come down to that."

The Cough Did Not Ring True. It Lacked Poignance

It resulted in his being told that he could play freely with his dime one whole afternoon before this unexciting process of saving it began. Well enough, that! He had grown too fearful of life to lose that coin vulgarly out in the grass, as another would almost surely have done.

But he was beguiled in the mart of the money-changers. To him, standing safely within the front gate where nothing could burn him, fall upon him or chase him, playing respectfully with his new dime, came one of slightly superior years and criminal instincts, demanding to inspect the treasure. The privilege was readily accorded, to arouse only contempt. The piece was too small. The critic himself had a bigger one and showed it. The two coins were held side by side. Bean was envious. The small coin was of silver, the larger of copper; but he was no petty metallurgist. He wanted to trade and said so. The newcomer assented with a large air of benevolence, snatched the despised smaller coin and ran hastily off—doubtless into a life of prosperous endeavor.

And little Bean, presently found by his mother crooning over a large copper cent, was appalled by what followed. He had brought back "a bigger money," yet had he done something infamous. It was the first gleam of an incapacity for finance that was one day to become brilliant. He came to think money was a pretty queer thing. People cheated it from you or took it away for your own good. Anyhow, it was not a matter to bother about. You never had it long enough.

Then there was language. Language was words and politeness. Certain phrases had to be mouthed to strangers, designed to imply a respect he was generally far from feeling. This was bad enough, but what was worse was that you couldn't use just any word you might hear, however beautiful it sounded. For example, there was the compelling utterance he got from the two merry gentlemen who passed him at the gate one day. So jolly were they with their songs and laughter that he followed them a little way to where they sat under a tree and drank turn by turn from a bottle. His ear caught the thing and his lips shaped it so cunningly that they laughed more than ever. He returned to his gate, intoning it; the fresh voice rose higher as the phrasing became more familiar. Then he was on the porch, chanting as a bard from the mere sensuous beauty of the words. Through the open door he saw three faces. The minister and his wife were calling on his mother.

The immediate happenings need not be set down. After events again became coherent he was choking back sobs and listening to the minister's prayer for those of unclean lips. And the minister prayed especially for one among them that he might cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. He knew this to mean himself, for his mother glared over at him where he knelt. He was grateful for the kneeling posture at that moment; he would not have cared to sit. But all he had learned was that if you are going to use words freely it had much better be when you are alone; this, and that the minister had enormous feet, kneeling there with the toes of his boots dug into the carpet.

No sooner was this language specter laid than another confronted him—that of class distinction. Certain people were low and must be shunned by the high, unless the high perversely wished to be thought equally low. His mother was again the arbiter. Her rule as applied to children of his own age wrought but little hardship. She considered other children generally to be low, and her son feared them for their deeds of coarsely humorous violence. But he was never quite able to believe that his father was an undesirable associate.

In all his young life he had found no sport so good as riding on the seat beside that father while he drove the express-wagon—a shiny green wagon with a seat close to the front and a tilted rest for one's feet, drawn by a grand black horse with a high-flung head, that would make nothing of eating a small boy if ever he had the chance. You drove to incoming trains, which was high adventure. But that was not all. You loaded the wagon with packages from the trains, and these you proceeded to deliver in a leisurely and important manner. And some citizen of

"All the Candy He Could Ever Buy With Bunker Money Wouldn't Hurt Him None"

He Was Going to Cross Water and There Was a Dark Gentleman He Had Need to Beware Of

weight was sure to halt the wagon and ask if that there bundle of stuff from Chicago hadn't showed up yet, and it was mighty funny if it hadn't, because it was ordered special. Whereupon you said curtly that you didn't know anything about that—you couldn't fetch anything if it hadn't come, could you? And you drove on with pleased indignation.

Yet so fine a game as this was held by his mother to be unedifying. He would pick up a fashion of speech not genteel; he would grow up to be a "rough." She, the inconsequent fair, who had herself been captivated by the driver of that very wagon—a gay blade directing his steed with a flourish! To be sure, she had found him doing this in a mist of romance, as one who must have his gallant fling at life before settling down. But the mist had cleared. Alonzo Bean, no longer the gay blade, had settled down upon the seat of his wagon. Once he had touched the guitar, sung an acceptable tenor, jested with life. Now he drove soberly, sang no more, and was concerned chiefly that his meals be served at set hours.

Small wonder, perhaps, that the mother should have feared the Bean and labored to cultivate the true Bunker strain in her offspring. Small wonder that she kept him when she could from the seat of that wagon and from the deadening influence of a father to whom romance had broken its fine promises. Little Bean distressed her enough by playing at express-wagon in preference to all other games. He meant to drive a real one when he was big enough—that is, at first. Secretly he aspired beyond that. When he would not be afraid to climb to a higher seat he meant to drive the great yellow 'bus that also went to trains. But that was a dream too splendid to tell.

In the summer of his seventh year, when his mother was finding it increasingly difficult to supply antidotes for this poison, she even consented to his visiting some other Beans. Unfortunately there were no Bunkers who would harbor the child of one who had made so palpable a mésalliance; but the elder Beans would gladly receive him, and they at least had never driven express-wagons.

To the little boy, who had no sense of their relationship, they were persons named "Gramper" and "Grammer," whom he would do well to look down upon because they were not Bunkers. So much he understood, and that he was to ride in a stage and find them on a remote farm. It was to be the summer of his first feat of daring since he had reached years of moral discretion.

He was still so timid at the beginning of the wonderful journey that when the kind old gentleman who drove the stage stopped his horses at a point on the road where ripe red apples hung thickly on a tree, climbed the fence and returned with a capacious hat full of the fruit, Bunker Bean was chilled with horror at the crime. He had been freely told what was thought of people and what was done with them who took things not their own. Afraid to decline the two apples proffered by the robber, who resumed his seat and ate brazenly of his loot, the solitary passenger would still be no party to the outrage.

He presently dropped his own two apples over the back of the stage, and later, lacking the preacher's courage, averred that he had eaten them and couldn't eat another one, thank you. He was not a little affected by the fine bravado with which the old man ate apple after apple along miles of the road, full in the gaze of passers-by, to whom he nodded in open-faced greeting, as might an honest man; but Bunker was disappointed that there was no quick dragging to a jail, nor smiting by the hand of God, which quite as often occurred, if his mother and the minister knew anything about such matters. He decided that at least the elderly reprobate would wake up in the dark that very night and cry out in mortal agony under the realization of his sin.

And yet he, the unsullied, the fine theoretical moralist, was to return along that road a thief—a thief of parts, of depraved daring.

Gramper and Grammer proved to be an incredibly old couple, brown and withered and gray of locks, shrunken in stature, slow and feeble in action and even rather timid themselves in their greetings. They made much of this grandchild, but they were diffident. Slowly it came to his knowledge that he was set up as a creature to adore. He enjoyed a blissful new sensation of being deferred to.

Thereafter he lorded it over them, speaking in confident tones and making wild demands for entertainment. His mother had been right. They were Beans, and therefore not much. He had brought his own silver napkin-ring and had meant to show them how wonderfully he folded and rolled his napkin after each meal. But it seemed they possessed no napkins whatever. Even his mother hadn't thought anything so repulsive as that of these people. He now boldly played the new game at table that his mother had frowned on. This was to measure off your meat and potatoes into an equal number of bites so that they would come out even. If you were careful and counted right the thing could be done every time.

And for the first time in all his years he asked for more pie. Of course this was anarchy. He knew well enough that one piece of pie is the Heaven-allotted portion; that no one even partly a Bunker should crave beyond it. Yet this fatuous old pair seemed to invite just that licentiousness, and they watched him with doting eyes while he swaggered through his second helping.

If more had been needed to show the Beanish lowness it would have come after that first supper, for Gramper and Grammer sat out on a little vine-covered porch and smoked cob pipes, which they refilled at intervals from a sack of tobacco passed companionably back and forth. Even his father was supposed to smoke but once a week, on Sunday, and then a cigar such as even a male Bunker might reputably burn. But a pipe—and between the lips of Grammer! She managed it with deftness and exhaled clouds of smoke into the still air of evening with a relish most painful to her amazed descendant. Yet she inspired him with an unholy ambition.

Asked the next day about the habit of smoking, Gramper said it was a bad habit; that it stunted people and shortened their days. Both he and Grammer were victims and warnings. Grammer had lumbago sometimes so you wouldn't hardly believe any one could suffer that way and live. As for Gramper himself, he had a cough brought on by tobacco that would carry him off dead one of these days—yes, sir, just like that! And then, to point his warning, Gramper coughed falsely. Even to the unpracticed ear of his grandson the cough did not ring true. It lacked poignance.

Late that afternoon, when both the old ones slept, he abstracted a pipe, stuffed it with the rich black flakes and fled with matches to a nook of charming secrecy in the midst of the lilac clump. Thence arose presently clouds of smoke from the strongest tobacco that money could buy.

At last he had dared something that didn't hurt him. He puffed valiantly, blowing out the smoke even as Grammer had done. Up to a certain moment his exaltation was intense, his scared soul expanding to greater deeds.

Then he coughed rather alarmingly. But that was to be expected. He drew in another breath of the stuff and coughed again. It was an honest cough, no doubt about that. Perhaps Gramper's cough had been honest. Perhaps the pipe he had selected was Gramper's own pipe, the one that made the coughs he had heard about.

He became conscious of something more than throaty discomfort. Tiny beads of sweat bejeweled his brow; the lilac bush began to revolve swiftly about him. He must have taken Grammer's pipe, after all, the one that led to lumbago. From revolving with a mere horizontal motion the lilacs now began also to whirl vertically.

He had eaten a great deal at dinner.

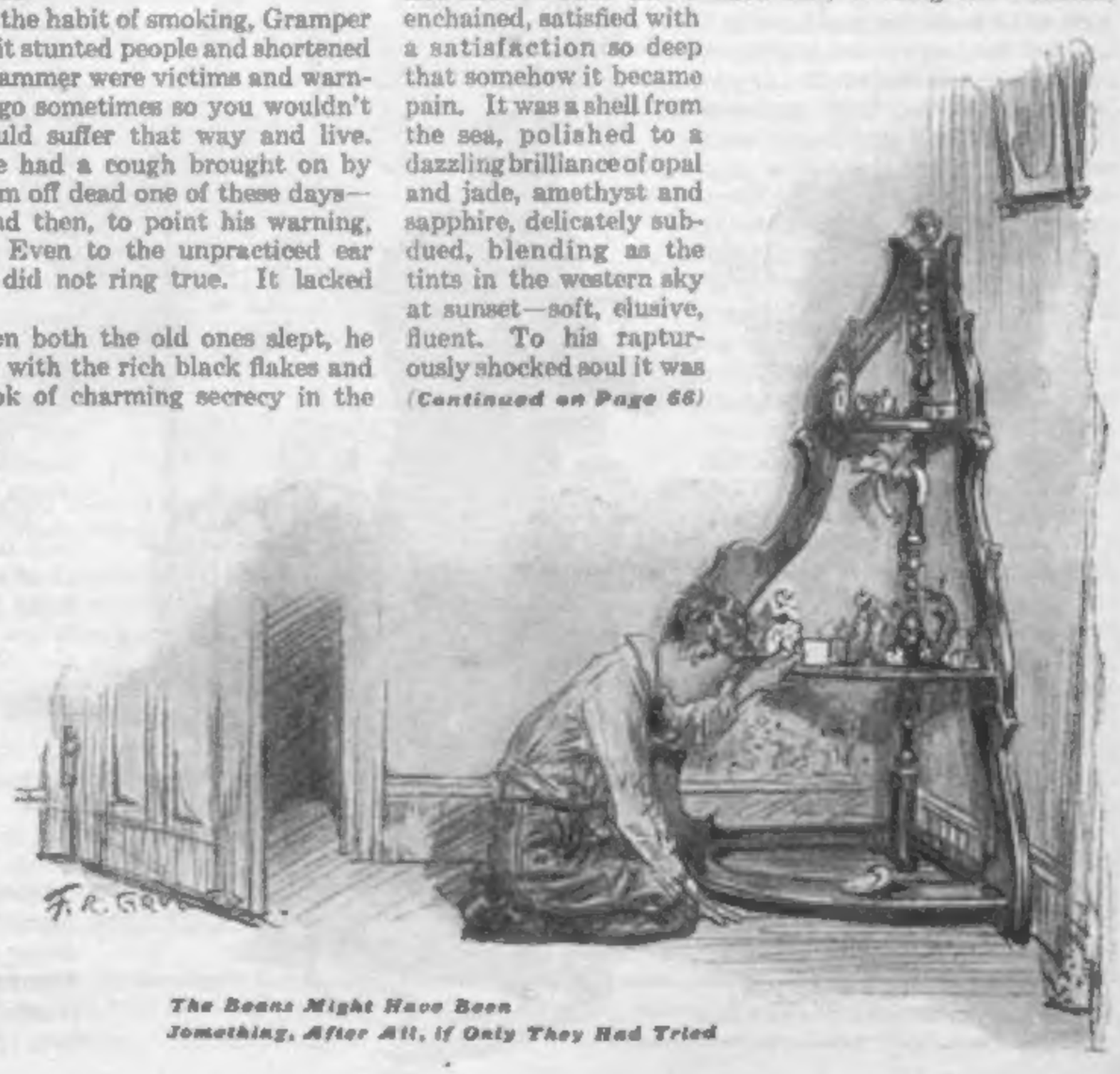
A pallid remnant of himself declined supper that night. Never could he sit at table again to eat of food. Gramper and Grammer at first were alarmed and there was talk of sending for a veterinary, the nearest to a professional man of medicine within miles and miles. But this talk died out after Gramper had made a cursory examination of the big yard, with especial attention to the lilac clump, where a pipe and other evidence was noticed. After that they not only became strangely reassured, but during their evening smoke on the little porch they often chuckled as if relishing in secret some rare jest. It did not occur to Bean that they laughed at him. He could not have suspected that any one would laugh at a little boy who had nearly died of lumbago. And he sat far away that night. The sight of the fuming pipes made him dizzy. His lesson had told. He was never to become an accomplished smoker.

His new spirit of adventure being thus blunted, he spent much of the next day indoors. Grammer opened the front room for him; no small concession, for this room was never put to vulgar use—rarely entered, indeed, save once a month for dusting. Here he found an atmosphere in keeping with his own chastened gloom, a musty air of mortality and twilight.

Such poor elegance as could be achieved by Beans alone, unaided by any Bunker, was here concentrated: A melodeon that groaned to his touch, with the startling effect of a voice from a long-closed tomb; a center-table, luminous with varnish; gilded chairs in formal array; portraits in gilded frames; and best of all a what-not, a thing to fit a corner, having many shelves, and each shelf loaded with fascinating objects that maddened one because they must not be touched. There were varnished pine cones, flint arrow-heads, statuettes set on worsted mats, tiny strange boxes rarely ornamented—you mustn't even shake them to hear if they contained anything—a small stuffed alligator in the act of climbing a pole; a frail cup and saucer; a watch-chain fashioned from Grammer's hair, probably long before she fell into evil habits; a pink china dog that simpered; a dusty black cigar with a gay red-and-gold belt that had once upon a time been given to Gramper by a gentleman in Chicago; a silver cup inscribed "Baby"; a ball of clearest glass, bigger than any marble, with a white camel at its center, looking out unconcernedly; a gilded horseshoe adorned with a bow of blue ribbon—an array of treasure, in short, that made one suspect the Beans might have been something, after all, if only they had tried.

Then on the lower shelf, when Grammer, relying on his honor, had left the room, Bunker made his wondrous discovery—a thing more beautiful than ever he had dreamed of beauty; a thing that caught all the light in the room and shot it back like a risen sun; a thing that excited, enchained, satisfied with a satisfaction so deep that somehow it became pain. It was a shell from the sea, polished to a dazzling brilliance of opal and jade, amethyst and sapphire, delicately subdued, blending as the tints in the western sky at sunset—soft, elusive, fluent. To his rapturously shocked soul it was

(Continued on Page 66)



The Beans Might Have Been Something, After All, if Only They Had Tried

McNoodle of the Educated Seals

By Helen Green VanCampen

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE Longacre Vaudeville Theater was in twilight except for the lights over the orchestra's music racks. It was ten o'clock of a Monday morning, and rehearsal of the week's vaudeville program would commence as soon as Divetta, the Human Fish, was through with the electrician. The musical director was reading a morning paper. In the darkness back of the scenery Flip and Nippup, the World's Greatest Comedy Acrobats, inquired in anguish where a trusted expressman could have gone with their "mat." Near the acrobats Mr. and Mrs. de Goosh, playing in a dramatic sketch, were warmly refusing to climb three flights of stairs to a dressing room.

"So artists of our standing can wear their legs out twice a day, though inferior acts get every comfort down here? Oh, no! They don't know Charley if they think he'd let his wife be made a monkey of—I can tell you that!" declared Mrs. de Goosh.

"Right's right, as she says," asserted Mr. de Goosh truculently.

"But everybody can't dress in the big rooms," protested the harried stage manager.

Pansy Ziliphone, of the six Musical Ziliphones, darted forth to inquire if Henry Ziliphone had left their "lead sheets"; to which the director answered: "No." With evident suspicion Pansy said it was very funny—very funny indeed! The two Minstrel Maids and Penelope, the Grecian Mystic, acidulously disputed over the services of a dresser. Divetta, blond and pinkish, content because she drew one thousand dollars a week and would occupy the room yearned for by Mrs. de Goosh, stood in the exact center of the stage, speaking with authoritative kindness to the electrician.

"The tank sets here. I come on an' bow. Dark stage for ten seconds while I throw my dress off. Then gimme the spot when I jump in; an' after that I want all the light there"—she began to cough, holding her throat and finally gasping—"is!"

"I get you," replied the electrician. "You want to take care of that cold."

"They're hard to git rid of," said Divetta. "I—— What's that?"

There was a sound of splashing water, of a heavy object moved on creaking wheels, of hoarse barkings. There was laughter and a cry:

"Ketch him! Come back here, you rascal; it ain't time to go to work yet!"

The Minstrel Maids screamed and ran. Penelope, the Grecian Mystic, leaped from the stage into a box. Stagehands advanced with stage-braces, with which they menaced a dark, sleek, wet object that flopped confidently on. It raised itself, intently observing the blond and checked Divetta, who asked excitedly: "Are McNoodle's Educated Seals booked here?"

"Mr. McNoodle, I Told You After the Divorce Not to Come Near Me—an' I Meant It!"

The escaping seal was flopping nearer, evincing the liveliest pleasure.

"Elmer! Oh, he recognizes me—bless his little brown heart!" cried Divetta. "Hello, Elmer!"

Elmer got as erect as he could, barking sharply at her.

"I haven't a fish about me, Elmer deary," she said earnestly. "If I had I'd give—he wants something to juggle. Isn't he dear? Here, take this."

She carefully put the gold handle of her rolled umbrella on Elmer's nose. With a gratified bark he began to juggle it.

"Howdy-do, Aggie? I see you ain't forgot Elmer," said Ned McNoodle, owner of McNoodle's Educated Seals.

"Mr. McNoodle, I told you after the divorce not to come near me—an' I meant it! An' you better not!" said Divetta.

Her gaze chilled his smile. The giggles of the reassured Mystic, safe in the box, fell irritatingly upon his ears.

Mr. and Mrs. de Goosh appeared to rehearse their sketch and the director put down his paper. Elmer endeavored to recover the umbrella, and Divetta, with a superb gesture of scorn, walked from Ned McNoodle's sight, abandoning her property.

"The trouble was addressin' her so unexpected like," whispered the electrician.

McNoodle sighed.

"Come now, Elmer, leave go o' that and go git in the tank," said he. "She ain't got no use for us, old boy."

"She seems a pleasant party—what I seen of her," observed the electrician.

"Oh, we never had no vulgar fightin', for that matter," said McNoodle sadly. "It was her brother an' my folks mostly. She always loved the animals. It's a shock to me—meetin' her."

"Why don't you ask her to make up? You got a whole week on the same bill. Plenty divorced couples marry again."

"Aggie ain't the makin'-up sort," said McNoodle; "but I will ask her just the same."

Divetta had stopped to give her maid a brief order:

"Go tell Mr. Ned McNoodle you've been sent for my umbrella."

She next sought the house manager. What was the reason for booking two tank acts? Did the Longacre management realize that if McNoodle's Seals were billed "above" Divetta they could hunt another Human Fish and listen to the harsh voice of Divetta's attorney?

"Why, my dear girl, no one's going to injure you! The uptown house had a topheavy bill and we took the seals—had to, in fact. They'll close the show and you're on at three-thirty and nine-thirty—and if you'd rather be anywhere else I'll change you."

"He's certainly got his nerve—comin' to a house I'm playin'!" said Divetta, irritated by the manager's affable reception of her complaint. "An' another thing, Mr. Marks: he'll have to keep out of the entrances when I'm workin', an' he mustn't speak a single word to me."

"I'm sure McNoodle's not the man to annoy a lady. You've got a bad cold, Miss Divetta, and you ought to look out for it."

"It's jumpin' in an' out of the water so much—and the drafts," said Divetta, coughing. "Will you tell McNoodle to keep away, Mr. Marks? I ain't jokin'."

"Indeed I will. Don't you worry any more."

Divetta spent a thoroughly aggravating morning. A taxicab driver charged her six dollars for a distance she was sure she had traversed two days earlier for a tariff of five. She summoned a policeman.

She Drew One Thousand Dollars a Week

"He changed the meter and it's plain robbery!" she declared as she paid. Highly flushed, she endured an hour's "fitting" in a dressmaker's hot rooms and emerged into a cold October wind. She waited forty minutes for poached eggs for luncheon and had to call a head waiter to get the eggs at all.

A hat promised for eleven had not appeared, and a letter from a scapegrace brother said he must have one hundred dollars telegraphed to him or suffer mysterious penalties.

"Oh, my head! What ails this town anyway?" she wailed when eventually seated in a cab and driving to the theater. It was raining when she alighted, reminding her of her umbrella.

"He just brought it back," reported the maid.

"But this ain't my umbrella, though it's got my initials. Well? Who's there?"

"Me!" said Ned McNoodle's voice.

"Listen here!" said Divetta, flinging the door open. "You just gimme my umbrella! I'm in no mood for triflin'."

"The whole trouble's Elmer, Aggie. He carried on sumpin awful when I tried to take it off him; so I went an' got this—the gold's real; an' I thought the sapphires in the end was mighty nifty. If you don't mind him havin' the other I'd like to humor him."

"Somebody better humor me!" she stormed, and suddenly began to weep and cough at the same time.

Jessie, the maid, tenderly laid the blond head on her capacious bosom, exclaiming:

"There, lamby, there—your head's just burning too. It's that old cold, and people worrying her on rehearsal day."

McNoodle shut the door, leaving himself inside. He was deeply affected.

"It's seein' me again," he said. "We ought never to split, 'cause she's just my own little gal."

"Put him out o' here, Jessie!" commanded Divetta. "Seein' him indeed! I hate the sight of him, an' I must an' will have my umbrella! An' I'll get it, too, as sure as my name's Agatha Martin!"

"But this here cost a hundred and fifty bucks, an' yours is only ——" McNoodle retreated before he concluded: "All right, Aggie, I'm goin'—you needn't tell the entire stage all our business. Remember the performance is goin' on. An' poor Elmer ain't hurt you. Have some feelin' for him."

"It's time to make up, deary," said Jessie.

"I'm sick of workin'. I got a mind not to go on. Men make me tired!"

"What would they do if you didn't work?"

"I don't care what they do—an' I'll make him gimme that umbrella! You take this one round to his room. Hurry. That ain't so about Elmer."

But it was. Elmer was happily juggling his new toy and became frantic when McNoodle removed it from his nose.

"Then let him have it. And if McNoodle brings the other one round again don't accept it!" decided Divetta. "This is goin' to be a terrible week!"

"Mr. Mac certainly is a fine-looking young man," sighed Jessie. "Them are real sapphires in the handle."

Divetta sniffed.

"I'll wear all my diamonds, so he'll see I got more'n he ever bought me. He said when we split I'd be lucky if I played Huber's Museum when I hit New York, an' I'm gettin' more'n he is, spite of his insults."

"I can't help feeling sorry for Mr. Mac."

"That'll do, Jessie," warned Divetta haughtily. "I'm half sick as it is, and I'll thank you not to make me worse."

There was snickering back of the stage at the order excluding Ned McNoodle from viewing the turn of his ex-wife. The chalked symbols on Divetta's tank and trunk were a hopeful message from the theater she had played in last that she was a generous tipper; but so was McNoodle, and the stagehands regretted any curtailing of his privileges. McNoodle bought a seat in front to view Divetta.

He was in the way when, hidden in bathrobe and blanket with Jessie following close, she came off.

"You got a mighty artistic act, Aggie—an' I take off my bonnet to a gal that kin do what you're doin'," said he. "Say, listen! Do keep that umbrella I got for you. It ain't anything anyway."

Divetta masked herself with a corner of the blanket, spurning him.

She had not intended to watch the Educated Seals; but when she heard that Elmer refused to juggle his customary stick, and would not perform at all unless given her umbrella, curiosity sent her to the switchboard, where she stood beside the electrician. Seven seals were in a circle about Elmer, who played leads in the act. Each seal had a little hat that fitted his head. On top of the hat he balanced a cane, and on the cane a fish lay lengthwise. When the trick was successfully completed each seal dropped his cane and caught the fish as it fell; but Elmer, whose talents were remarkable, balanced the umbrella on his bare nose, and the fish on the umbrella's ferrule. Divetta had to laugh at him. The audience was delighted, especially when his master suddenly snatched the umbrella and Elmer flopped after him, barking.

"Mr. McNoodle has a swell act," observed the electrician pensively.

"Huh!" said Divetta, and disappeared.

While she was dressing for the night performance the callboy delivered the gift umbrella—and was repulsed.

"Mr. Mac's outside," said Jessie, giggling. "I hear him walking up and down."

Divetta put on a kimono and fearlessly dashed forth.

"You quit annoyin' me or I'll have Marks back—an' he'll make you, Edward McNoodle! You carry on like a reg'lar fool!"

"Aggie, ain't you got no heart?" inquired McNoodle. "All I ast is a minute's conversation. I been all broke up since rehearsal. I never knowed you was playin' here."

"Well, I am, an' I'm goin' to have peace while I'm workin'," she retorted. "You said you was doggone glad to git rid of me when we came to the end—you said I wasn't a singer an' I'd never learn how to dance; that I even fell down when I tried to fake on the saxophone when we had the musical act. Yet it's me taught Elmer the cane trick; but did you ever give me credit for it? No!"

"I'll tell the hull profession you learned every seal I got their tricks, even if 'tis a lie," said McNoodle humbly. "Gimme a chance to make you forget them things. I was sore all through, an' I admit I was wrong; but havin' your brother allus round was what started it."

"My family's as good as me!" said Divetta with lofty pride. "An' now see here! I don't intend to know you. I won't have your dratted umbrella; an' if you bother me again I'll have you arrested! Is that plain?"

"I guess it is," said the startled admirer; "but, Aggie ——"

"Beat it!" cried Divetta cruelly. She had a fit of coughing, which she blamed upon McNoodle.

"It seems like it'll never be next Sunday, though I s'pose I'll live somehow. Did you notice Mac's gettin' fat, Jessie?"

"Ah, he's a big, handsome fellow, if he is a little fat. You was a good-looking pair—both of you so blond," said Jessie.

"Dark men are nicer!" said Divetta, and she smiled to herself. The callboy knocked, delivering a small package.

"For your cold—two an hour in water," he said. "Mr. McNoodle sent it."

"I ain't goin' to take what might be poison—still, he always could cure a cold. What do you think?" she inquired.

Jessie advised taking the medicine. Next day Divetta did not cough; her feverish cheeks cooled, she felt kinder toward mankind; and when assured that McNoodle was absent she played with Elmer. The electrician hovered near, beaming upon her. He was honestly interested in promoting happiness among vaudeville performers.

"Don't weaken and you'll get her!" he advised McNoodle.

McNoodle was encouraged and hung about, waiting for Divetta.

"Will you go to dinner with me, Aggie?" he pleaded.

Divetta, cured of her cold, was more amiable; so, instead of a verbal sting, she laughed, shook her yellow head and went to her waiting cab. She had received a special-delivery letter, which she read eagerly—rereading it later in the wings and actually kissing the pages, careless of spectators. Penelope, the Grecian Mystic, who was in McNoodle's confidence, said Divetta had written it to herself.

"It's to get you jealous. Why, if you were to take me out to a few suppers you'd have her crazy!"

"You may be right about the letter," replied McNoodle, evading her last suggestion. "I hope so. I'm gettin' to a point where I'm goin' bug. I may not look bad, but I ain't slep' any."

"Whatever does he see in a little, chunky blonde like her?" marveled the Grecian Mystic; and Pansy Ziliphone said she wondered too.

There was a second letter on Wednesday. Divetta hurriedly read it at the stage door.

"Yes—Sunday. He's comin'," she said to Jessie, whereat the electrician grinned.

"She's bluffin'—sure's you're a foot high," said he.

"Ah, is she? It's postmarked Boston. I ain't so certain it's a bluff," said the doorkeeper. "I'll bet there's some feller's picture in her room, an' he's the letter-writer."

Performers and stage employees were engrossed in the progress of Ned McNoodle's wooing. Divetta did not request the services of Manager Marks or the metropolitan police, though McNoodle waylaid her often.

"Are you kiddin' me?" she demanded after an ardent invitation to sup.

"Kiddin'!" he exclaimed. "Do I look it? You got me daffy—that's how much I'm kiddin'. An' you don't care, do you?"

"I don't like people feelin' bad," said Divetta uncomfortably. "It's just 'cause you see me headlinin' a bill an' livin' expensive—it does make a difference. I didn't use to understand about clothes, an' I s'pose you notice that. Pers'nally I got other plans an' they gotta be carried out. An' you deceived me before."

"'Tain't clothes or bein' a topliner. I'm a topliner myself. Oh, Aggie! Don't you like me at all?"

He caught her hand in his two hands. Divetta's pink became a fiery red. Her blue eyes darkened ominously and she frowned at him.

"You mustn't! Don't you lay a hand on me or I'll—I'll —— Well, don't you—that's all!"

"If it keeps on I'll do a Brodie off the Brooklyn Bridge. I can't even keep my mind on my seals. I'm a sick man!" said McNoodle later.

The electrician discovered that McNoodle's head was hot and his hands cold. If the Human Fish was bluffing she ought to be called! It was Saturday. After that night's show Divetta would go to headline a bill in Harlem and the Educated Seals had to jump to Chicago.

"Can you think up anything I could do to sort of jog her into fallin' for me?" asked McNoodle. "She ain't had any more letters. And she laughs when I come round; but don't that only show contempt?"

"Just because a woman's in the profession's no reason she shouldn't be shy. You go the wrong way. She knows she's got you going and she's tantalizing you. If you could only rescue her from a fire or getting run over she'd be yours."

"All I need to be is a hero—an' where's the chance of that between now and eleven tonight? There's a likely—eh?"

"I got an idea!" said the electrician.

His eyes sought possible listeners. McNoodle moved closer.

"If you even breathed this I'd get belted out of the union, but I've been in love myself; in fact, I ain't over it yet—she's a swell girl, not a professional, and I'd like to introduce you to her," he whispered.

"Yes, any time 'cept tonight. What is it? I'm a grave as far as keepin' it. If you can help me, don't put it off," said McNoodle."

The electrician looked again. He and the trainer of seals were alone.

"The reason she catches those colds is having water that's almost hot in her tank. Don't it suggest anything to you?"

"She never could bear cold water; but they run the hot in with a hose—don't they?"

"Supposing they forgot it?"

"Well, if it wasn't warm Aggie'd just about faint. She wouldn't be able to do her act. But what's that to do with your scheme?"

"I guess I'll have to hit you to make you drop to it," said the electrician impatiently. "That's my scheme! She dives into the tank of freezing water—doubles up—can't work—realizes she'll crab the whole performance if she don't work; and all of a sudden hot water comes rushing in—for a certain party, the only one who's seen what's wrong, has grabbed the hot-water hose and saved her act—and maybe her life. Ain't it a lulu?"

"An' you're to be the life-saver?" exclaimed McNoodle jealously.

"Me? No—you're the one! Why, you can waltz her to a Jersey justice before midnight. Talk about a moving-picture scenario. Ain't it a lulu?"

"Gee!" said McNoodle.

He grinned, hurriedly reviewing the promising suggestion. At first he thought with misgiving of Divetta stricken and turning blue from the icy water—but she could quickly be warmed! The shock might injure her, render her incapable of action when the rescuing stream began. But it would not. Three or four minutes—just long enough to let her feel her helpless plight—that could not really harm a strong, healthy girl. He would have champagne waiting when her turn was done, and before Jessie could reach Divetta his sturdy arm should aid her to the dressing room.

"I'll do sumpin for you some day," he said gratefully. "You frame the whole thing up an' I'll do the settlin'."

"You might slip Props twenty. He tends to the hose for her; but he's my pal and a good fellow. That's all you'll have to pay."

"Here's a hundred!" said McNoodle explosively. "Go on—take it!"

The electrician modestly refused, but agreed to dine with McNoodle; and they spent an hour in plotting.

"I'm orderin' a tourin' car for eleven-thirty; an' I got a weddin' ring—she prob'ly threw her old one away, you know—and a big brown di'mond surrounded by white di'monds—that's the engagement ring, 'cause she shan't have any kick comin' over bein' trimmed on any of her rights. I'm goin' to make the talk of my life to her; an', bein' as they put me on third so's I could catch my train, I'll cancel a week's bookin' in Chicago, an' knock myself pretty hard by doin' it. But it's worth tryin'!" said McNoodle at eight o'clock.

"Say, she got a special-delivery letter a minute ago, and she told the maid: 'He's coming at ten, Jessie. They let him off his night show.' What do you make of that, Mac?"

The electrician was obviously worried.

(Continued on Page 46)

"Here, Take 'Em! They'll Come in Handy Tomorrow"

CHANGED NEW ENGLAND

The Rock-Ribbed Quality of Its Republicanism Has Disappeared

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE most important, the most vital fact concerning this presidential campaign as it approaches its last active weeks is this: The Democrats are standing solidly behind Woodrow Wilson. There are not many defections to Taft or Roosevelt. There are some, of course, but not enough in any part of the country to make serious inroads on the normal Democratic vote. Wilson will receive practically the usual vote of his party, as many votes as Bryan ever received and more, and a great many more than were cast for Judge Parker.

The Democratic managers claim that the Roosevelt leaders, including Mr. Roosevelt himself, desired to form a Democratic annex to that campaign. It is said Roosevelt desired to get a dozen or twenty Democrats of prominence to declare themselves for Roosevelt, and thus start something that might get votes for the third party. If this is true the movement apparently got nowhere, for there are not a dozen or twenty leading and prominent Democrats who have declared for Roosevelt. Indeed, there are no Democrats, known nationally, who have declared either for Roosevelt or Taft, so far as I have been able to learn. By that I mean men big in Democratic affairs and long identified in a national sense with the Democratic party.

Instead, most Democrats are actively or passively for Wilson and, unless something happens, most Democrats will vote for Wilson. Also a large number of Republicans, all the way from Boston to San Francisco, who in ordinary circumstances would vote for Taft, will vote for Wilson. Not even a guess can be made at the number, but it will be large. I have met a great many men in all parts of the United States—regular, old-line Republicans—who have said openly that they intend to vote for Wilson, and I have heard of numerous others; but there is no way of getting at the number until the returns are in, for where one old-line Republican makes no secret of his intention, undoubtedly there are scores who will be entirely secretive about it and will vote that way and say nothing.

Will History Repeat Itself?

THE theory of this is the correct theory, that a vote for Taft is only half a vote against Roosevelt and a vote for Wilson is a whole vote against Roosevelt. Most Republicans have come to the realization of the truth that this campaign, owing to a variety of circumstances, is a fight between Roosevelt and Wilson. It has never been anything else, so far as that goes. This fact has been brought home forcibly to the old-line, regular Republicans by investigation and, inasmuch as their idea of the greater good is to eliminate Roosevelt instead of complimenting Taft with a vote, they intend to go at the work of elimination scientifically and to vote for Wilson as the effective manner of enforcing their protest. The President is reported to be in a philosophical frame of mind. Privately, no doubt, he realizes the impossibility of his reelection unless a political miracle comes along and helps out, and that is improbable. Wherefore, it is likely he is resigned to his fate, regards himself as a sacrifice on the altar of politics, and gets his consolation in the hope and belief that his sacrifice will also defeat Roosevelt and save the country from what his supporters consider "that menace and peril."

Oddly enough, the President finds himself in this campaign in a position almost identical with one once held by Colonel Roosevelt himself. In that case Roosevelt was the sacrifice. Back in the eighties Roosevelt, then a young and regular Republican, after serving a few terms in the legislature of New York State, was nominated as the regular Republican candidate for mayor of New York City. His opponents were Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, and Henry George, Single-Taxer. George made a lively campaign, and on election day thousands of regular Republicans, to make sure George would not be elected, voted for Hewitt. Roosevelt received only about 60,000 votes all told. This situation is paralleled today. In this campaign Roosevelt occupies, from a regular Republican viewpoint, the place held by Henry George in that campaign in the eighties, and Taft is on all fours with Roosevelt. They voted for the Democrat then in order to make sure of the defeat of George, and they intend to vote for the Democrat now, not only in New York City but in all parts of the country, to make sure of the defeat of Roosevelt.

This Republican vote for Wilson will make up and surpass any Democratic defection there may be. I have been unable to find any considerable Democratic defection, but that is the sort of thing that is not always apparent. There have been stories that certain religious influences, strongly against Roosevelt, will be exerted for Taft, and these religious influences, in times past, when exerted, have had control of more Democratic votes than Republican votes. However, there is specific denial that this influence is being or is to be exerted, and there is a claim on the part of the Wilson people that the organization in question is not at all averse to the election of Wilson, and is friendly and not antagonistic. The antagonism, it is claimed, if there is any, is for Roosevelt; but the whole thing is so indefinite and so nebulous, as far as public demonstration is concerned, that nothing can be based on it in the way of estimate or comparison.

It takes small skill in politics to know that if Wilson holds the normal Democratic vote, and the regular Republican vote is split, even in wide-apart proportions, between Roosevelt and Taft, there are few states that will not be carried by Wilson. Therefore the result in November appears to depend, and does depend, on the solidarity of the Democratic party, for it is sure enough that Roosevelt will not get all the Republican votes, or rather all the former Republican votes. If it were a clean-cut fight between Taft and Wilson, or between Roosevelt and Wilson, the result would be as apparent in one instance as the result appears to be now, and as indeterminate in another instance. Wilson, as conditions exist, would defeat Taft in a straight-out contest between the two, but whether Wilson or Roosevelt could win in a fight between the two is another kettle of fish, and that is what it would be—a kettle of fish.

Complicated as this fight is by the third-party movement led by Roosevelt, there is one reasonably sure thing, one apparently sure thing, one mystery and one contingency. Taft will not be elected—that is sure enough. Wilson is likely to be elected. That is what any unbiased analysis of present conditions shows. The Roosevelt movement, which admittedly will draw a large number of votes from the remains of Republicanism and from non-party Progressives, may get sufficient support from Democrats to win. If there is any landslide it will be a Roosevelt landslide. That "if" is vital. It predicates a situation that appears impossible—appears, I said. Then the contingency obtrudes. There may be no election by the people, and the Congress may have to decide.

A Gentlemen's Agreement

BALANCING one condition against another, as a result of investigations that have now covered the entire United States with the exception of the Southern states, always Democratic hitherto and undoubtedly Democratic this time, and New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, of which I will write later, there are two conclusions that must be reached. One I have already set forth, and that is that Wilson seems sure of an approximately solid Democratic vote and a large vote from old-line Republicans. The other is that Roosevelt will get a tremendous vote, a vote much larger than those who have not inquired into country-wide conditions anticipate or realize. There will be a great number of astonished politicians and students of politics on the morning after election—astonished at the size of the Roosevelt and Johnson vote, if present conditions continue, as they probably will. It is not likely anything can occur between now and election that will change many votes.

Something may, of course. Blaine had his Burchard, and either Wilson or Roosevelt may have some Burchard or other lurking in the shadow to drive votes away at the last moment. But, with present conditions existing until November, only the politically blind can fail to see that the Roosevelt campaign will be tremendously supported at the polls.

I have heard many assertions, since the middle of August, that the Roosevelt wave is subsiding. It may be that these assertions are based on facts. If they are I have been unable to discover the conditions set forth. It may be the Roosevelt movement will fall apart, that, at the end, small support will be given to it, but I cannot discover any evidences of it anywhere in the United States. Mostly the men who have told me these things are men who hope that what they say is true.

"I am quite confident," said a big Republican in Chicago—a Taft man—to me—"quite confident that the Roosevelt wave has reached its crest and is now subsiding. There will be little left of it by election day."

"Where did you get your information?" I asked him.

"Oh, a number of us were talking about it at the Chicago Club and we all agreed it was so."

Think that over! A number of gentlemen at the Chicago Club, talking one with another, agreed that the Roosevelt movement was subsiding—that it would peter out. I venture to say that a number of gentlemen talking at the Pacific Union Club in San Francisco, or the Union Club in New York, or the Somerset Club in Boston, would arrive at the same conclusion. In fact, I know they would.

But here is the way to test it: Go into any factory, or any office building, or any place where a considerable number of men who vote are employed, and ask a few questions. It is immaterial whether the place visited is in Boston, or San Francisco, or Kansas City, or Chicago, or Des Moines, or Pittsburgh, or any other place, bar none, north of Mason and Dixon's line—pick your own city or town or village and your own place where men are employed—go anywhere you like and make a few inquiries. Ask the men for whom they intend to vote. Then you will discover why I say Roosevelt and Johnson will get a tremendous vote in this country. I do not say they will get enough votes to carry any state—although I think they may; I do not say they will be elected or that the election will go into Congress; I do not say even that they will get more of the popular vote than Taft. What I do say is this: Roosevelt and Johnson, if conditions continue as at present, will poll a tremendous vote in this country, poll it in states like California and Idaho, which are frankly radical, and poll it in Massachusetts and New York, which are supposed—supposed—to be conservative.

There is no way to estimate the size of this vote except to say it will be big. There is no way to estimate the probable result, for the conditions are new and unique. There are no precedents, no methods of classification. The bald fact is all that can be obtained. That third-party ticket is going to be supported at the polls to a degree that will astonish a large section of the people of this country. Do not make the mistake of underestimating it if you are interested in the result in November.

Three Kinds of Roosevelt Followers

NOBODY knows how big that vote will be. Nobody knows anything about it, not even the most astute of the Roosevelt leaders. Superficially there is a lot of noise and froth and piffle and tumult about it. The old-line Republicans affect to believe it is all on the surface—that every Roosevelt man is out shouting and making claims. In reality there are large numbers—hundreds of thousands—of voters in this country who intend to vote for Roosevelt and Johnson and are saying nothing about that intention. The shouters are the perfervid ones, always attracted by a new propaganda, and the hacks who have attached themselves for political purposes of their own; but the Roosevelt movement isn't all noise, by thousands and hundreds of thousands of votes. It is protest. It is anti-Taft. It is desire for a change. It is revolt against economic conditions. It is the beginning of the political readjustment of this country that is as inevitable as the life of the country itself.

The Roosevelt movement, as a whole, viewed broadly in all its aspects, from San Francisco to Boston and all the way between, and up and down throughout the Northwest, the Southwest, the Middle West and the East, falls almost automatically into three separations. It has three distinct units, making a not particularly homogeneous whole. The first unit consists of the Roosevelt men, the men who are for him because he is Roosevelt and who believe in him and would follow him anywhere on any kind of a platform and in any sort of a fight. Admittedly the most popular American of his generation, his former following has been clarified and scaled down until now those who support Roosevelt because he is Roosevelt, not because he was a Republican and a regular nominee, are all in line and they are not few in number. His bolt cost him the support of a good many Republicans, of course, but not the support of all Republicans except the fanatics—not by many, many thousands.

The second unit is the class of hack politicians, the men who are practically outlawed by the old parties, who cannot get office or preferment or attention from the leaders of the parties with which they formerly acted, and who have seized on the Roosevelt movement as a possible medium for their political rehabilitation. There are a good many others, too, in various parts of the country, and they have been in evidence principally in the jockeying back and forth in states here and there over the proposition of naming third-party state tickets and that sort of local detail, with nothing in view but their own selfish ends.

Then comes the third side, the indeterminate, not-to-be-estimated, independent element that is convinced there must be a political and economic readjustment, and is willing to use Roosevelt as a possible instrument for the bringing about of the changes it wants. These men are not particularly obsessed by Roosevelt. They would be as willing to vote for La Follette or some other professed Republican Progressive—perhaps more willing, inasmuch as there are some progressive Republicans—some—whose Progressivism considerably antedates that of The Colonel. What they want is a readjustment, and they see a way of bringing it about by working with Roosevelt. Hence they intend to vote for Roosevelt more as a protest than with any hope of getting what they want at this time, but largely in the knowledge that whatever falls out will have no effect on the inevitable readjustment that is coming, save to delay it temporarily in case of defeat. These are the men who are not saying much, but who have made up their minds to vote for Roosevelt. They are largely young men who would normally, from environment or perhaps from conviction, be Republicans; most of them have been Republicans, but they recognize no party ties and are looking forward to the new party division that is coming in this country, and coming much sooner than the older and more regular voters imagine.

These are the three sources of Roosevelt votes. Combined they will make a showing in November that will at least have the effect of impressing on the American people the truth that there must be and will be a change. The second unit isn't worthy of much consideration. What it seeks is merely a medium for political exploitation that will accommodate itself to the manipulations of men who have ceased to be manipulators elsewhere. The first unit is large. Colonel Roosevelt is still the most popular man in America, notwithstanding the attitude of the regular Republicans toward him. The third unit is without standard of measurement. It is there. It will announce itself on election day. The political fate of the Roosevelt candidacy depends upon it.

As to guessing on the size of this element, that would be as absurd as guessing on how much sunshine there will be on New Year's Day. It isn't a thing to be guessed at; for a guess, to be a good, reasonable guess, must be based on information to some degree and backed by the knowledge of experience. In this case there is no information and there is no experience. All anybody knows is that this element is there, waiting, silent, convinced, determined. It exists. That is our entire information. It may be overwhelming. It may fall short of expectations. It may do anything that any body of men who have the voting power and a secret ballot can do; but there can be no computation as to its size. It is intangible in its dimensions, although very tangible in its determinations. It may carry states for Roosevelt. It may throw the election into the Congress. It is sure to defeat Taft. That is the only specific statement that can be made about it, and that is made for the present moment of writing and for no other time.

There is this to be held in mind, however, this one thing: As it stands, the popularity of Colonel Roosevelt has much to do with the strength of the third-party movement. Something may happen to detract from that popularity. If, for example, it should come about that Mr. Roosevelt should fare badly before the Senate committee which is to look into the question of contributions in former campaigns, and should be shown to have had knowledge of Standard Oil and other corporation contributions, as charged by the late E. H. Harriman, John D. Archbold and others, some of his followers might desert him. Of course this is written before that committee meets, and Mr. Roosevelt is capable of protecting himself, and has already denied all these charges; but the men who are pressing them are determined to make them stick if possible, and will work very hard to that end. This is merely cited as a possibility, not as a probability.

Why the Democrats are United

AND how about Woodrow Wilson? As I have said, so far as I can learn Wilson seems sure to have practically the united support of the Democratic party, or seemed sure to have that support when this was written, which was just at the time when Mr. Wilson started out on his first speaking trip. There are some who think that Mr. Wilson would be surer of getting all that is coming to him from the Democracy if he had been content to sit at home and make a few speeches—a very few—from his front porch. They say that his managers slipped a cog when they started him off on speaking tours. Of course Mr. Wilson was hard put to it to resist the importunities of his countrymen who wanted to hear him speak, and there were undoubtedly loud cries from various sections that the people must see and hear him if they are to vote for him.

Still, all that is problematical. Some political students think that Mr. Wilson's great strategy was to stay at home and say as little as possible; not that his speeches will hurt him any, but because the plot of the piece in which he is the principal actor demands silence on his part. But they let him go—and we shall see what we shall see. He may make votes or he may lose votes by his addresses. He is a good speaker, of course, and has been guilty of very few errors of oratorical judgment up to the time of going to press.

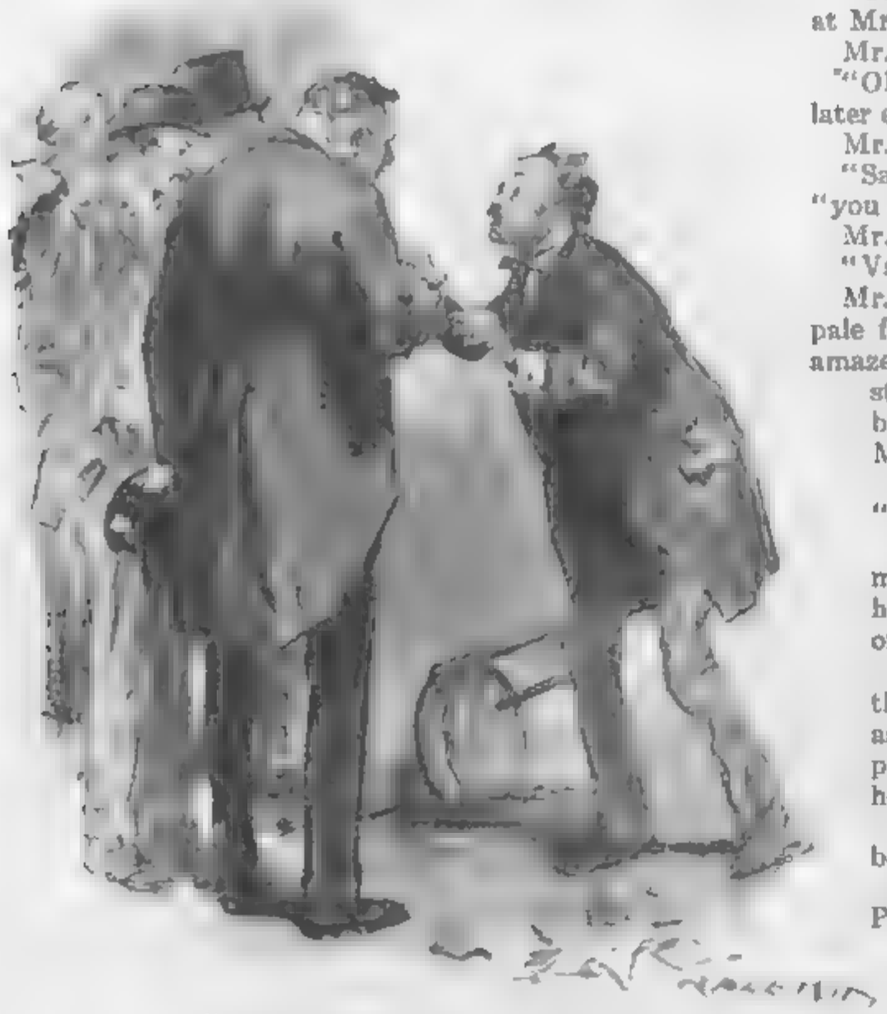
The impressive truth Mr. Wilson and his managers have overlooked in this contingency is that there is no wide popular acclaim for Mr. Wilson. He has not stirred many Democrats to brainstorms of enthusiasm. He hasn't incited any continuous demonstrations of approval, nor has he evoked many fanatical cheers. The popular view of

(Continued on Page 81)

MR. JEANS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Rooker, Don't You Try to Con Me!"

AT HALF past two on the first of the Nipper panic days the corner in Northern Pacific a little commotion suddenly disturbed the crowded customers' room. Its cause was evident. One of the dabblers had just gone broke, and in the misery of the moment had so far forgot himself as to squeal. Consequently white, moist and volubly protesting, he was now being elbowed to the door.

Mr. Jeans rose with the others. He, too, was white and moist, as if he felt a little sick.

"Why—why, what is it?" he faltered, nervously wetting his lips. "What is happening?"

The person appealed to was a Mr. Pincus, a gentleman with Oriental features, whose specialty was dealing in Chicago futures—pork ribs and shoulders as a rule.

"Vy, nutting much," responded Mr. Pincus calmly; "that shine, Sills, he gets his; so he makes a holler. . . . They bounced him!" he idly added.

"Bounced him?" echoed Mr. Jeans. Wiping the moisture from his brow, he gazed about him at the crowd. Some—a good many—were grinning openly; a few scowled. "H'm!" murmured Mr. Jeans; and, drawing in his breath, he let fall a sigh that made Mr. Pincus stare.

Customers at the New Street house of Rooker, Burke & Company often wondered about Mr. Jeans. He was more or less of a mystery. Every morning, promptly at half past nine, he wandered in at the door, as at three he wandered out again; but who he was or where he hailed from Mr. Jeans had never told. Naturally in a crowd like this—the usual throng of good fellows, good mixers, found in all the Wall Street margin shops—his reserve was open to suspicion. What made them wonder most, though, was that a fellow like him should speculate—be a trader too, as they called themselves—that is, dabble in the market. Mr. Jeans looked anything but a gambler.

He was a seedy little man not above five feet six in height, with a white, frightened face and pale, protuberant eyes. He rarely spoke unless spoken to, and when addressed answered in monosyllables. However, that he was not a boor or ever intentionally rude was evident in his smile. It was shy, wistful and appealing; in fact, at such times as he was out of the market, or otherwise at peace in mind, Mr. Jeans fairly beamed. Obviously he would have liked to be friends with every one had he only known how.

Mr. Jeans did not know how—that was the trouble. At any rate, he seemed thoroughly unfitted to shine in his present surroundings. Again wetting his lips he leaned over and once more touched Mr. Pincus on the sleeve.

"Ain't it awful?—rotten!" whispered Mr. Jeans.

Mr. Pincus gaped.

"Vat?" he queried.

With his eyes shifting awkwardly, Mr. Jeans jerked his head toward the door. Rooker himself, the firm's senior, stood there, his jaw outshot and grinning. It being that gentleman's policy to allow no squealing on the premises, he had personally assisted in ousting the unfortunate Mr. Sills. Mr. Jeans fixed his eyes on Rooker.

"They almost threw him out," he muttered as he stared at Mr. Pincus, his tone aghast. "It was horrible!"

Mr. Pincus shrugged himself.

"Oh, I dunno," he answered absently. "Sooner or later every feller gets it—only he hadn't oughter squeal."

Mr. Jeans looked at him swiftly.

"Say, Pink—er—Mr. Pincus, I mean," he said abruptly, "you don't like it—do you?—like stocks? What?"

Mr. Pincus seemed astonished.

"Vat?" he again inquired.

Mr. Jeans, with his eyes leaping everywhere and his pale face now scarlet, awkwardly repeated himself. Still amazed, Mr. Pincus took pause to consider. Did he like stocks? It was a question he had never been asked before; and, perturbed, he stared suspiciously at Mr. Jeans.

"Vell—and if I don't, vat?" demanded Mr. Pincus. "Vat's the answer? I'll be the nanny."

Mr. Jeans leaned toward him, his brow beaded with moisture. "I hate them!—hate stocks!" he mumbled, his tone fierce. "If you win you take it from some one else. If you lose they take it from you."

The statement was undeniably true. However, that did not prevent Mr. Pincus from again staring in astonishment. After a pause he leaned back; and, placing one thumb in his armpit, with his other hand he pulled out a toothpick.

"If they can, yes—sure they take it," he had begun, when the little man abruptly cut him short.

"It's stealing!—stealing!" he shrilled; but Mr. Pincus with a sniff shook his head ironically.

"Nix," he said. "Nix." Then, contemptuously, with another awkward shrug, Mr. Pincus voiced a well-known axiom of the Street: "Naw, nutting ain't stealing unless they jail you. . . . Say," he demanded, suddenly suspending his dentistry, "vat's eating you anyhow?"

Mr. Jeans disregarded the question.

"It's stealing—just stealing, I tell you!" he repeated. "If you play stocks you're no better than a thief!"

At that Mr. Pincus' choler arose.

"All right," he retorted—"you ain't got nutting on me. . . . Yeh—vy don't you quit it then?" he asked, and at the question Mr. Jeans fell back in his seat and nibbled first one thumb, then the other. Suddenly he spoke.

"If I only could! If I only could!" he mumbled so that Mr. Pincus marveled at the feeling in his tone. "Oh, if I only could!" Then, stumbling and confused, he shoved back his chair and, rising, stared about him bewilderedly.

"Why, what was I saying!" exclaimed Mr. Jeans, and gave a foolish little laugh.

Mr. Pincus, with a muttered "Search me!" abruptly moved away. Evidently, as he later informed a grinning circle, Mr. Jeans had "bats in his skylight."

"Sure!" Pincus averred. "It's like this, y'know: them marks that thinks always of only money, if they lose it they loses their mind also. D'ye get me? I shouldn't wonder maybe he got broke himself today—vat?"

But no! So far Mr. Jeans had managed somehow to evade the disaster that lurks at every dabbler's heels. For five years now he had been hazardously tempting Fortune with his meager little hoard—a shoestring Rooker termed it contemptuously—yet Mr. Jeans still survived. It was, in fact, the one and only thing about him that was wonderful—the one thing open to wonder. His was the oldest account on the books of Rooker, Burke & Company. Otherwise Mr. Jeans was in no way exceptional. He was, instead, merely a humdrum little fellow with a humdrum story—a life experience no whit different from that of a dozen others there at Rooker, Burke & Company's.

Briefly Mr. Jeans was a bookkeeper who had been discharged by his employers for dabbling in the market. Many like him frequent the Wall Street margin shops.

Five years before he had worked in The Swamp, the leather dealers' district, just south of the Brooklyn Bridge. There, for fifteen years, he had posted the books of a shoe-findings firm, toiling faithfully at his task—obscurely, too, if it must be said. In return for this Mr. Jeans had enjoyed the confidence of his employers, as well as a salary of thirty-five dollars a week. Then, one unhappy day, his sister and her husband, a Mr. Waldemar, had induced him to take a flyer in the market.

It was disastrous—a calamity; for, instead of losing, Mr. Jeans had won. Afterward he won again. Left to himself he might, perhaps, have pulled out with his winnings—but no, his sister and her husband would not have it. Like all the others who first guess the way the cards are stacked, they had visions of sudden wealth, vast riches, a killing; so one night, pale and moist, Mr. Jeans stumbled in at his home in the Bronx. Disaster had fallen swiftly. Not only had he been discharged, turned off without warning—he had also dropped half his earnings, as well as all the Waldemars'.

They had never forgiven him—especially Mr. Waldemar. Not any of the money had been his, for he had nothing. Nor did he stop to consider that every cent his wife had lost had been given her at her wedding by Mr. Jeans himself. Mr. Waldemar, in fact, forgot a lot of things—including the fact that he and Mrs. Waldemar had urged Mr. Jeans to gamble. Fretting dismally, he took to his bed and lay there for a week—his heart, it appeared, being weak, or so he said. However, that is neither here nor there. The Waldemars, disgusted, held Mr. Jeans strictly to account. Since then, bit by bit, he had been paying off the debt.

So this was why Mr. Jeans remained a Wall Street piker—a tin horn dabbling in the market. Discharged by his employers, stung by disgrace and unable to find another job, he had returned to the Street—the cause of his disastrous downfall. Sometimes he won—more frequently, it happened, than he lost—and all the time he prayed. If he could only win!—win heavily!—make a killing once! However, it was not wealth, not sudden affluence—the dream of every greedy dabbler—that Mr. Jeans was praying for; instead, it was release, freedom, the ability to pay that onerous debt of his. Then, when he had, he knew clearly what he would do. He would quit Wall Street—flee from it as from a plague—and, far away, make a new start in his broken, wasted life.

Mr. Jeans, though, was not a fool. He knew that his was a race against time—against chance—against every cast of Fortune. Ultimately, if he had to keep on playing, the market was bound to clean him out—he knew it; and every trade he placed, every play made upon that game, was laid down with sickening apprehension, with terror and a heart that quaked. If he could only win!—only make a killing once!—for what would happen to him if once too often he risked his meager capital, that shoestring margin of his?

Weak with the thought of it, Mr. Jeans raised his sweating face and stared at the quotation board. Then he gasped.

The close had just come in. The ticker, several minutes behind the market, was still reeling off the prices—all, in turn, an evidence that something momentous was at hand. Mr. Pincus, having perched himself on a stool beside the machine, gave vent to an excited high cackle.

"I'll Show You—Yeh, and All the Others Too—if I'm a Man or a Mouse!"

"Oi-yoi! Oi-yoi!—see her hop! . . . Nipper, an eight'! Five hunnerd more, the same! Nipper, a quowter! A quowter again! Three-eight's for Nipper! Nipper, a half! Vait! Now she drops! Nipper, three eight's! Three-eight's again!" Then a cry suddenly escaped him. Leaning forward, Mr. Pincus stared at the tape with wide, protruding eyes. "One t'ouzand Nipper at five-eight's!" roared Mr. Pincus; and thrusting both thumbs into his armpits he cast a glance round at the crowd. "Vell, all I got to say," he announced oracularly, "this here *Gesellschaft* ain't no place for small children!"

He had just made the remark and again was turning back to the tape when all at once he paused. Then, with a start, Mr. Pincus' glance fastened itself in astonishment on a remote corner of the room.

There stood Mr. Jeans. His eyes were bulging; his mouth was agape and quivering, while down his white, ghastly face the sweat streamed in little rivulets. "Oh!" his lips framed silently. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Turning away, with his hands fumbling blindly in front of him, he groped his way to the door. Then, with one last look at the quotation board, Mr. Jeans blundered through the doorway and was gone.

Mr. Pincus grunted loudly.

"Say, d'yer see that?" he remarked to the quotation clerk.

"See what, Pink?"

Mr. Pincus jerked an expressive thumb toward the doorway.

"That nut—this here feller Jeans. Vy, he looks like he sees his *Grossmutter!*"

The quotation clerk gave a little laugh.

"Yeah," he returned carelessly; "a lot of them pikers has been seein' things today. I wouldn't wonder if a bunch of chairs here was goin' to be empty this week."

. . . . . .

At half past eight the following morning Mr. Waldemar woke ponderously in the flat's one bedroom and, turning over on the pillow, stared mistily at the clock. Then, having drawn the bedclothes a little tighter round his chin, he rolled up his eyes to the ceiling and, as was his habit, essayed an experimental groan.

It was a complete success. From its depth, its dismalness, one expected momentarily to see Mr. Waldemar begin picking at the coverlid.

Mrs. Waldemar had already risen. She was a large woman, ample in stature as well as girth, with a triple chin, a prominent nose and dull eyes—a face that ran to an apex in a narrow, slanting forehead. To this she was now attaching an oakum-colored frontpiece made up of prior combings. Attired in an ill-fitting Canton-flannel dressing sack, somehow she impressed one as lacking imagination.

"Well," she inquired negligently as she impaled the frontpiece on her brow, "what is it?"

Mr. Waldemar gave vent to a second groan. Clearing his throat, he faltered feebly:

"I ain't feeling so well this morning."

It was no news to Mrs. Waldemar. Rarely, if ever, a day began without his hint of misery. Again stabbing the frontpiece with a hairpin, Mrs. Waldemar sighed. Five years before, or at the time their financial calamity had visited them, her husband's heart had given out. It was the shock, he said—too much excitement. Since then, at any rate, he had been able to do very little. If he worked at all, his job being that of shipping clerk, the strain soon told on him. Consequently most of the time he was bedridden.

It was only at night that Mr. Waldemar felt like himself at all. Feebly leaving the house, he wandered down the street to the corner café, where a few friends assembled every evening. The café had a billiard room and bowling alley attached; so, often, to stimulate himself, he would play a string or two at pool or roll a few frames below in the alley. All his cronies felt a good deal of sympathy for Mr. Waldemar. Among them it was understood that an unscrupulous relative was responsible for his condition. He had robbed Mr. Waldemar not only of his money but of his health as well.

Mrs. Waldemar walked over to the bedside and felt her husband's pulse.

"It's beating somethin' orful," she announced.

"Hermy," she added—his name was Herman Otto—"you hadn't oughter have rolled all those seven frames. The two-dollar pool wasn't worth it."

Mr. Waldemar shrugged himself, with a grunt.

"Say," he demanded irritably, "ain't that feller brought up my tea? It's ha' past eight a'ready."

Mrs. Waldemar stroked him with a soothing hand.

"Now don't get excited," she warned; "it ain't good for you. He'll have the fire lit presently."

Mr. Waldemar half rose, his air belligerent.

"What!" he exclaimed, scowling as if aghast. "You don't mean he's still abed?"

"I don't know. I ain't heard him yet," Mrs. Waldemar replied. Going to the door she opened it and leaned forth.

"Benny!" she called. "Benny, you get up right away!"

Mr. Jeans' voice responded. It emerged from the dining room where he slept, the flat's one bedroom being used by the Waldemars.

"All right, sis," he returned—"I'm getting up."

"You'd better!" Mrs. Waldemar retorted, her tone direct. Closing the door behind her, she sniffed. Mr. Waldemar groaned again.

"Great Ned!" he exclaimed resentfully. "That's the way with some people. The idea of him lying there in bed when I'm faint for nourishment!" Rolling over on his pillow Mr. Waldemar again jerked up the bedding to his chin, at the same time giving vent to another disgusted grunt. Mr. Jeans, in fact, had been thoughtless. At any rate, for once, he had forgotten the invalid's welfare.

"Where Was You Last Night?" Mrs. Waldemar Demanded

For Mr. Jeans—though only a boarder, with no more rights than any boarder has—still had his duties. At seven o'clock sharp he rose. At seven-thirty he was supposed to be dressed, to have the gasrange lighted and the water put on to boil. Then, promptly at eight, his duty was to knock at his sister's door. Afterward, or when he had made sure Mrs. Waldemar was up, it fell to him to brew Mr. Waldemar's tea, toast his toast and, after nicely buttering it, to arrange a tray that he carried to Mr. Waldemar's bedside. This effected, Mr. Jeans had half an hour to himself. During it he engaged himself by removing the bedclothes from the dining-room davenport, by putting the room to rights and by setting the breakfast table. The meal followed. Its hour was eight-forty-five or nine or nine-fifteen, as it happened to suit Mrs. Waldemar's convenience to cook it. After breakfast, if there were time and Mr. Waldemar had finished with the paper, Mr. Jeans was allowed a few minutes to read the morning news. Then he went downtown.

The Waldemars supposed him to be employed in a Wall Street banking house. He was. The house was Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. As already said, Mr. Jeans' employment was dabbling in stocks—but he had never told the Waldemars.

For his home comforts—all the domestic privileges his sister and her husband granted him—they charged him a modest figure—that is, Mr. Jeans paid half the household expenses and all the rent. It stood him in about twenty dollars a week. In addition, of course, he also paid monthly installments on the debt. Originally it had been thirty-eight hundred and fifty dollars; but, bit by bit, Mr. Jeans had paid back thirty-two hundred dollars in cash. This left a balance due of only about two thousand, the Waldemars having felt naturally that he should be charged with interest. Its rate was eight per cent—compounded; for five years, in fact, they had done very nicely on this income. Clearly there was no real reason Mr. Waldemar should work at all, unless he wanted to.

It was past nine when Mr. Jeans came in with the tray for his brother-in-law. "Say ——" began Mr. Waldemar truculently; but his wife cut him short. At the first glimpse of her brother's face she started, then peered at him closely and curiously. Mr. Jeans looked haggard and drawn, unusually so—ghastly. Moreover, his hand shook so that the tea slopped out of the cup and spattered over the napkin and the toast.

"Where was you last night?" Mrs. Waldemar demanded.

Mr. Jeans' pale eyes evasively flitted away from her. Setting the tray on Mr. Waldemar's knees, he as evasively replied:

"I hope I didn't keep you up." Then somewhat hurriedly he addressed his brother-in-law: "How're ye feeling, Hermy?—pretty fit, eh?" Mr. Waldemar emitted a toasty growl. Mr. Jeans hurried on: "Sorry about your tea, old feller. You'd 'a' had it sooner, only I overslept."

"Overslept, did you?" inquired Mrs. Waldemar, disclosing her rabbitlike upper teeth.

Mr. Jeans gave forth a little giggle. There was no merriment in it—only embarrassment.

"I thought you wouldn't mind. It's my birthday, you know. . . . Yes," said Mr. Jeans, and gave them each a smile.

Mrs. Waldemar, before responding, placed both hands on her hips and with a deliberate gesture smoothed down her imaginary waistline. Mr. Waldemar, on his part, bit deeply into the toast.

"Birthday—huh!" he grunted, and gurgled down a swallow of tea.

"Yes, I'm forty-two," Mr. Jeans added simply.

Birthday or no birthday, there was a bulldog tenacity about Mrs. Waldemar that was not to be downed—not to be evaded. As a man she would have succeeded hugely as a cross-examiner.

"Look here!" she announced. "You ain't answered my question. Where was you last night?"

A faint tide of color suddenly rushed up under Mr. Jeans' pasty, pallid skin. Again his frightened eyes went skipping all about him; and, but for the steely, searching pair of eyes fastened on his, Mr. Jeans looked as if he might have lied—lied heartily, bravely, manfully. But Mr. Jeans did not lie. Perhaps he lacked the spirit.

"I—I took a walk," he faltered. "I—I went into the country." It was a simple statement. There was no reason in the world why Mr. Jeans should not walk there, should he so see fit. However, had Mr. Jeans thrown the proverbial bomb, the effect could not have been more explosive. Mr. Waldemar, who had just helped himself to a second slice of toast, now sat with the slice suspended before the gaping chasm of his mouth—a statue, a frozen image of astonishment. Then incredulity got the better of him.

"Aw, tell that to the marines!" he boomed forth suddenly; then savagely bit his toast.

Mrs. Waldemar, though, remained silent.

"I was looking at the places," said Mr. Jeans, disregarding his brother-in-law's somewhat blunt remark, "at farms and things." Brightening suddenly he peered at Mr. Waldemar with a smile. "Yeh! There was one place—I wish you c'd 'a' seen it, Hermy! They had pigs and a cow, and behind was a garden with flowers—beans and cabbages, too, like a regular grocery! That's right now!" he averred, bobbing his head. "There was enough vegetables for a block, and you c'd go right out and pick 'em. I call that living—living'" said Mr. Jeans. Then, with a gulp, a sudden, startling little cry, he thrust out both his hands toward them. "Say, Hermy! Say, sis!" choked out Mr. Jeans. "Let's quit all this! Let's mosey out of here—this mangy flat, the dirty street and all! Let's go to a place like that—somewheres that we c'n find sunshine 'nd flowers—yeh, and breathe real air, and live!—live!" cried Mr. Jeans. "Won't you? Won't you?"

When he had recovered his breath Mr. Waldemar put down his empty teacup, bolted the last bite of toast, then spoke.

"Say, you ain't bug, are you?" he inquired, adding: "What—me go bury myself out among a lot of rubes?"

"You won't?" asked Mr. Jeans, his voice falling.

"Aw, chase yourself!" Mr. Waldemar grinned. Afterward the grin was effaced by a little scowl of disgust, of

contemptuous disdain. "Hot air, Benny!" he observed; then added significantly: "Before you go blowing anything on farms just remember you've got other calls on your money." Afterward he mumbled: "When you get it—if you ever do."

Mr. Jeans made one more appeal.

"But a farm—don't you see? It would support us. Yes; we c'd live on what we grew! Aw, Hermy!" He was protesting, queerly emotional, when abruptly Mrs. Waldemar cut in.

Silent until now, her voice rose booming.

"Benjamin Jeans," said Mrs. Waldemar, "where was you last night?"

Mr. Jeans started in bewilderment.

"Why!—why, haven't I told you?" he faltered weakly.

"No lies now!" Mrs. Waldemar grimly returned. "Where was you, I say?"

For a long moment Mr. Jeans stared at her; then, as if helplessly, he shrugged himself.

"I was where I said, Teenie"—her name was Christina—"I was up in Westchester."

"From five until midnight?—huh?" persisted Mrs. Waldemar.

Dispiritedly Mr. Jeans nodded. Folding her hands before her, his sister drew herself up until she was in imminent peril of falling over backward.

"And what were you doing?" she inquired icily—"doing from five until midnight, pray?"

Then he told her, and Mrs. Waldemar laughed shrilly when she heard.

"I was sitting on a hill," he murmured. "I was alone, and I sat there looking at the stars. It was quiet—beautiful," he said—and at that, with an ineffable gesture of outraged disgust and disdain, Mrs. Waldemar stilled her laughter and angrily waved him from her presence. Silently he went.

"Huh! the idea!" snorted Mrs. Waldemar, and turned toward her husband. "Well, what d'ye make of it?" she queried.

Mr. Waldemar with a grunt turned over his newspaper.

"A cinch!" he grinned contemptuously. "He was just on the loose somewheres—batting round the town."

But Mrs. Waldemar thoughtfully shook her head.

"No; something's really happened," she observed. "He looked like he'd seen a ghost. . . . Say," she suggested suddenly, "you don't suppose he's been gambling, do you?—taking a flinger in stocks?"

She meant flyer, but Mr. Waldemar understood.

"I dunno, Teenie—only it'd be like that pinhead to take what he owes me and blow it in Wall Street. . . . Have you sawn the paper?" he asked. "It says there's a panic on in Northrern P'cific. The stock's a'ready double in price. . . . Gee!" sighed Mr. Waldemar. "I wish we'd had some."

Mrs. Waldemar suddenly inflated her nostrils and let forth a hissing breath.

"That's it!" she uttered grimly. "He's been gambling, and they've cleaned him out again!"

With flashing eyes and a lowering brow she strode toward the door. Flinging it open she stalked on down the hall to the dining room.

"Look here, you!" began Mrs. Waldemar; then she gave a gasp.

The dining room was in disorder. On the davenport lay the bedclothes just as Mr. Jeans had tossed them off him when he rose. Nor had he fulfilled his usual task of setting the breakfast table. He had gone. Without breakfast or so much as a polite adieu, Mr. Jeans had flitted from the house.

What is more, thirty-six hours came and went ere Mrs. Waldemar again laid eyes on her brother.

. . . . . .

High tide in Nipper common came on the third day of the panic. From a normal value of round par or thereabout, the stock jerked upward, doubling, quadrupling in price. Then, on the third day, in the midst of a maniacal uproar—shouts, yells, clawing hand-to-hand encounters—the insane mob of traders on the floor drove up the figure to one thousand dollars a share!

It was more than a panic. It was slaughter—a massacre! Long ere this, though, the rest of the list had broken, burst, tumbled like a house of cards; for firm after firm, terrified at the storm, was tumbling into the market every security it possessed—jettisoning, without regard to value, its precious cargo of stocks and bonds. Then came the reaction. Touching a thousand dollars a share, Nipper rebounded like a soggy tennis ball, limply falling.

Half an hour before, the "high" Rooker came out of his private office and rushed toward the quotation board. All day he had been doing that, just as it was being done that day by the keepers of every other margin shop in and out of Wall Street. Ordinarily chipper, usually swaggering, important and self-confident, Rooker now scarcely looked himself. The mangled end of a black cigar was clenched between his teeth, and on this he bit savagely. Now and then, too, he abruptly jerked the cigar from his mouth and, spitting out the shreds of its mangled butt, as abruptly thrust it between his teeth again. His face was pasty. On his brow the moisture stood in beads. Shifting his eyes from the quotation board, he let his glance roam over the crowd that—white and nerveless—thronged the customers' room. Then he scowled.

There was reason for Mr. Rooker to scowl. Convinced, at first, that the stir in Nipper was nothing but a flurry, a little raid at the bears, he had backed his judgment, at the first ten points' rise, by bucketing his customers' orders—that is, instead of buying the stock as ordered, Mr. Rooker had bet with his own money that they were wrong. The practice is not unusual among Wall Street brokerage firms—the margin shops, at any rate. On the second day, however, Mr. Rooker had seen his error. Nipper was booming; and hurriedly, in agitation, he had covered the orders he had bucketed.

Afterward, or when the Exchange closed, he and Mr. "Sunset" Burke—the firm's fat floor member—had put in an unpleasant quarter of an hour figuring up their losses. They were considerable. Somehow they would have to be made up; so there was every reason why he should scowl. Furthermore there was reason why he should look pale, pasty-faced and moist; for that day, the third of the Nipper panic, dozens of the firm's clients had been cleaned out—squeezed of every cent they possessed. Still further, in the crash—the downfall of the entire list—Rooker, Burke & Co. had suffered like all the other margin shops. In twenty-four hours they had been stripped of the gains of years, the fruits of long and arduous commerce in the Street!

Rooker's eye fixed itself on a distant corner of the room. There in a chair sat a small and rumpled figure, abjectly huddled down. "Huh!" grunted Rooker, and scowled more contemptuously. "Huh!"

It was Mr. Jeans. His clothes were soiled and wrinkled, his collar was limp; and, as again and again he wiped his brow, one saw his hand shake as if with ague. Clearly Mr. Jeans was in distress. All night he had walked the streets; then at half past eight, when the first of the clerks had opened the office for the day, he had slunk in and taken his place in the corner. There, through all the hours, Mr. Jeans sat silent and shaken, trembling as if palsied, his eyes glued to the quotation board, his mouth dumbly working.

"The piker! The tin horn!" growled Rooker with the contempt that every broker feels for the dabblers who give them their money. "Huh!" he growled.

After another savage look he turned back to the quotation board.

The two clerks rushed to and fro, snatching out the pasteboard quotation cards—as frantically slapping in others to replace them. Work as they would, though, they were far behind the ticker, just as the ticker was far behind the market; for chaos ruled, and each new quotation pounded out upon the tape spelled but one word—disaster. Rasping and chattering, the machine poured out the narrow paper ribbon; and, with a voice that cracked, Mr. Pincus, perched on a stool beside it, kept up a steady chant.

Nipper, pulsing like the steamgauge of an overstrained boiler, was backing to and fro. The day's close was near at hand; and in the wild variations of the tape was echoed the disorder that ruled on the floor. All knew now—the dubs, the rubes, the veriest boob among them—that Nipper had been cornered; and that in this war among the money gods—the deities that, high above, rule the destinies of the Street—the hapless shorts were being squeezed to the last drop of their lifeblood.

For Nipper, crossing five hundred, had by more frenzied fits and starts leaped onward. Mr. Pincus slightly raised his voice. Emotion long had died within him, killed by too much excitement. "Nipper, six hunnerd!" he said, and gave a little sob.

There was a sudden stir, a disturbance that broke suddenly in a farther corner of the room. A chair scraped first; then with a crash it toppled backward to the floor. Mr. Pincus, his nerves already stretched to the breaking point, leaped as if at a shot. Rooker, too, turned with a startled curse; and round the room the throng of dabblers stirred like a flock of sheep touched with a sudden panic.

Mr. Jeans had risen. Blundering to his feet, with his hat fallen off and his hair matted with the sweat, he staggered toward Rooker, his mouth working soundlessly. One hand was held out before him, and with this he beckoned or rather clutched at Mr. Rooker. "Gott! Gott!" breathed Mr. Pincus, and gaped at the scene enthralled.

Rooker waited. On his face contempt, disgust, amazement—all struggled for the mastery. Then the swaying figure, with its mouth still working dumbly, reached Mr. Rooker; and from Mr. Jeans' lips came now a small inarticulate rattle. Presently it resolved itself into speech. One word burst from him, thick but still coherent, and repeated over and over again.

"Sell!" said Mr. Jeans—or rather he stertorously wheezed it forth. "Sell! Sell! Sell!"

Rooker had half turned away when a sudden light sprang into his eye. One saw it clearly. It was shrewd, calculating, sly, as if in that instant Mr. Rooker took stock of the man that stood before him, weighing who and what he was.

"What's that?" demanded Rooker, and cast a furtive glance about him. "Sell, you say?"

In his tone was surprise, the rising inflection of astonishment. Mr. Jeans bobbed his head and went on bobbing it.

"Yes, sell!—sell!" he iterated. "Sell at the market! Hurry!"

Rooker, with a grin, with the corner of his lip uplifted, spat suddenly.

"Sell what?" he asked, and again looked sidewise at the crowd.

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Jeans. He stared at Rooker with frightened eyes. "Why—why," he stuttered, "my Nipper—yes; of course. My Nipper—I want you to sell it—sell it at the market!"

"Your Nipper?" returned Rooker, and he laughed.

"My fifty shares!" said Mr. Jeans, stammering. "My f-fifty shares! . . . Oh, my God!" he uttered suddenly. "I have four hundred points' profit! It's twenty thousand dollars!" Leaning forward, he peered up into Rooker's face, a wild surmise in his eyes. "Say, you're joking—ain't you?—say, you are!" shrilled Mr. Jeans. "Rooker, don't you try to con me!"

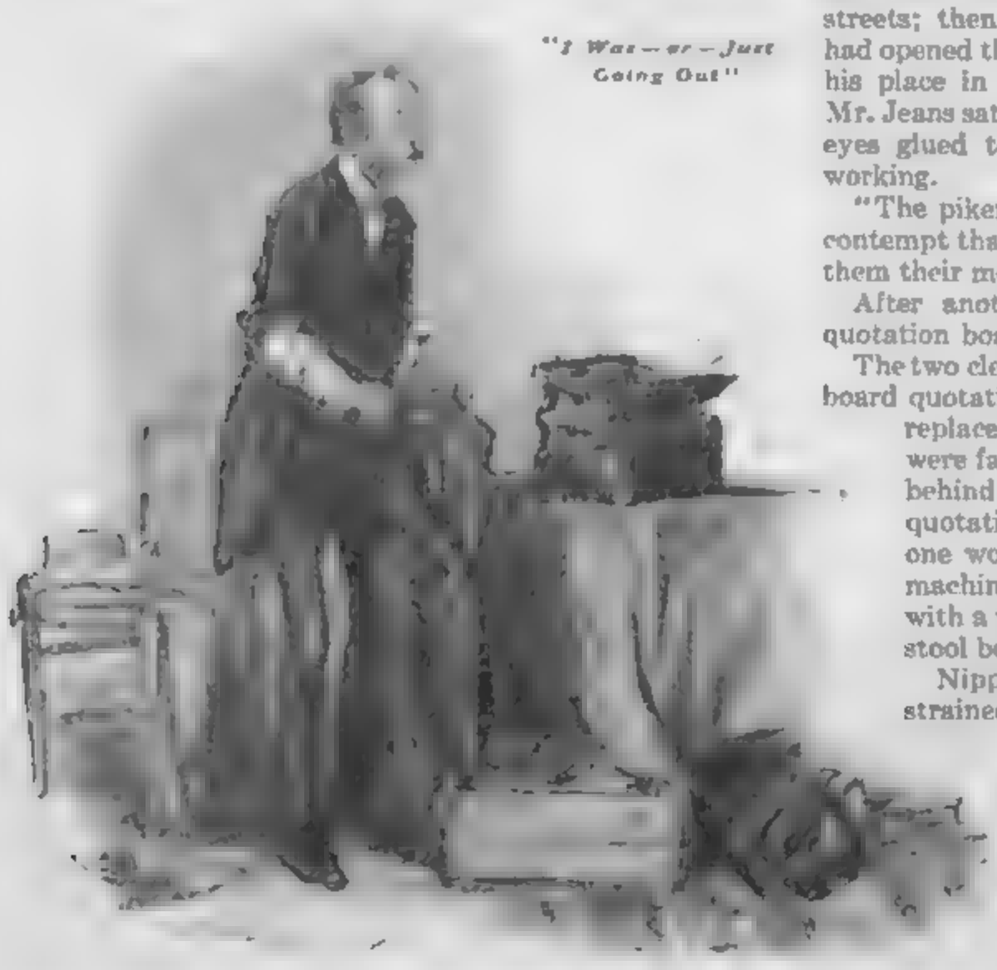
But Rooker answered with a snarl.

"Why, you pinhead, you're crazy! You went short on Nipper—short—d'ye hear?—and long ago I bought you in. You're busted higher than a kite!"

The next instant there was a new diversion. Pitching forward, Mr. Jeans fell to the floor like a sack.

. . . . . .

"No—no more, thanks," murmured Mr. Jeans. His hand, weak and uncertain, shoved the glass of raw whisky



"I Was—er—Just Going Out"

from him so that it slopped over on the café's mahogany-topped table. A waiter hovering near made haste to wipe it up, and Mr. Jeans smiled apologetically. "You know I'm not used to drinking."

Mr. Pincus nodded.

"Sure," he responded indulgently. "A feller e'd win money on it you ain't no booze-fighter—vat?" Leaning over, he helped himself to the unfinished glass, after which he loudly smacked his lips. "Vell—and now vat's the plot?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

It was he who had raised Mr. Jeans from the floor when Mr. Jeans had fainted. It was he also who masterfully had sent others running for water, whisky and a fan. He had also found time to address Rooker in a brief but sharp aside; and, at what Mr. Pincus had said, Rooker had first looked startled, then he had sworn. "Here, what're you butting in for?" he had demanded; to which Mr. Pincus, grinning slightly, had made some other rejoinder. What he had said none but Rooker had heard. Breathing sharply, he had withdrawn. Then, when Mr. Jeans had been fanned, watered and whiskied back to consciousness it had been Mr. Pincus, too, who led him from Rooker, Burke & Company's crowded office to the more quiet and comforting atmosphere of Fred's place, down on the corner. There Mr. Jeans had so far recovered as to be able to talk.

"The plot?" he echoed bewilderedly. "How do you mean, Pink—er—Mr. Pincus, I should say?"

Mr. Pincus overlooked the apparent familiarity.

"Vy, the vay I dope it out," said he, falling naturally into the vernacular, "is like this: First you lose your receipt—your confirmation memo—and Rooker he knows it. Then, when you say you're long fifty Nipper, this here crook, he says you ain't. . . . Vell, am I right 'r am I wrong—vat?"

He was right—indubitably so. Hopelessly, his tone voicing utter depths of misery, Mr. Jeans recounted what had happened.

At the opening, the first day of the Nipper flurry, he had bought his fifty shares—that is to say, he had turned in the order to buy. Moreover, the transaction had involved every cent he possessed; for, after five years of dabbling in the market, Mr. Jeans at last had faced extinction. Only five hundred dollars remained—a veritable shoestring! However, he had bought—bought Nipper and, nerveless, had seen the stock go soaring. It was the answer to his dreams, his fervent, pious prayers. Release was at hand—freedom from his burdens, his debt, his daily, hated doubts and terrors, that five years of dabbling in the market! "H'm! If you only knew! If you only knew!" he droned.

Mr. Pincus idly sucked his teeth.

"Cut-out the music," he advised. "Vell, then vat?"

There was little else. Like a bolt out of the blue the catastrophe had fallen on him. Instead of winning, far from being twenty thousand to the good, he had found he was ruined, cleaned out, stripped of every cent.

"But it ain't so—it ain't!" cried Mr. Jeans with a sudden access of spirit. "Rooker cheated me! I told him to buy—to buy! I'm sure of it!"

Again Mr. Pincus idly sucked his teeth.

"All right," he remarked laconically. "You stand for a flimflam like that? Vat?"

"Stand for it?" Mr. Jeans stared at him in surprise. "Why, Mr. Pincus!" he protested, and flushed hotly. "You don't think I'd squeal, do you!—put up a holler?"

Mr. Pincus gazed at him curiously.

"Vell—you stand for it then? Vat?"

By now Mr. Jeans was gaping at him widely.

(Continued on Page 50)

SOME EFFICIENCY SECRETS

Earning Fees as a Production Engineer

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WITH a varied and unusual shop experience behind him Billy returned to the school of technology. He had done things; he had caught and held the eyes of busy foremen and superintendents; he had turned the distrust of the men who did the work into confidence and friendship.

Being young and human, he talked. He championed the shop and its workers whenever drawn into a discussion with his fellow students. He thought they were inclined to look down upon the shop and the shop-workers from an outside and theoretical viewpoint, and he wanted to set them right. So he hit out hard and rapped the tennis-flannel theorist whenever occasion offered—not knowing that this was to give him one of the big lessons of his life.

The bolt fell after he had been assistant manager of the track team for about a year and, according to established precedent, was slated for promotion to the position of manager. When the votes were counted at the close of a hot campaign he found that this precedent had been broken and he was declared defeated. This was a stunning blow to his pride—for all admitted that he had made a capable assistant manager. What was the reason, then, for this knockout blow? He found out later. A friend told him the truth:

"Some of the men say you're a mucker—that you can't talk anything but shop and the affairs of laborers and machinists. They feel that you don't quite fit; that a real man ought to have some interests and some life outside the shop."

So he was a mucker! When he cooled off he thought it all over carefully and concluded there was some sense in the attitude of certain men after all. Besides, it was bad business to hold a grudge; the man who does that stiffens his mind, hurts his future work and shuts out good things that only the man without a grudge is open to receive. Again, he recognized that the man who had defeated him was a better man for the position than himself. Therefore he went to this man and assured him of every support and assistance he could give. Almost immediately he found the tables turned; the element that had been against him decided that a mistake had been made and that he was not a mucker, but a thoroughbred—"one of our sort after all."

There were few things he learned in the remainder of his school experience that stuck with him as long as this very useful lesson.

Billy's first professional connection as a production engineer was with an efficiency firm that furnished special service to several large plants. This time he stipulated that he was to study methods and labor from the efficiency viewpoint only, and that his work should have no relation to labor organization matters. He was delighted to be assigned to a large locomotive repair shop.

The first day he entered the shop his eye took note of several hydraulic jacks standing beside the door. Glancing down into the pits, he was astonished to see that the workmen were using old-fashioned screwjacks under the heavy locomotive frames. As it takes about five times as long to lift a locomotive with a screwjack as it does with a hydraulic jack, he was astonished at this situation. He casually asked one of the workmen why the hydraulic jacks were not being used. The answer was that the washers were worn out and they had not been repaired.

It Required Hours of Patient Argument to Convince Them

This was an eye-opener as to railroad shop management. At every step of his investigation he found further marvels of waste and inefficiency.

"Despite the fact," says this production engineer, "that there were high-speed steels on the market, and that the speeds and feeds to be used with them were thoroughly tested and known to all first-class mechanics, there was only one high-speed tool in use in this shop—and that was run at the speed suitable for an obsolete carbon steel. Further, I found there was not a tool in that shop which was not underspeeded at least twenty-five per cent. Take the case of a single machine—a boring mill for boring and facing brasses on locomotive driving boxes: Simply by shifting the belt over to the other cone, to increase the speed, and by grinding the boring tools at a proper angle, I was able shortly to increase fivefold the output of the machine.

"Again, I found that bolts were being driven out of the frames by hand. Drilling was at once substituted for this method, with the result that the machine accomplished in an hour and a half the work that had required a day and a half to three days under the old hand-driving practice.

"An almost unbelievable amount of labor and time was wasted in that big shop by the improper placing of machines. For instance, I traced the routing of one set of drivers through the shop and found that they traveled fully half a mile. Under the proper rearrangement of the machines the distance traveled by these drivers was reduced to three hundred feet. Right then and there I came to the conclusion that to look upon a record example of inefficiency and waste, one need travel no farther than the roundhouse or repair shop of an old-fashioned railroad. That opinion has remained unchanged; though it is only fair to say the repair shops of certain of the more progressive railroads, especially in the West are now in fine condition from the efficiency viewpoint. I was dumfounded at the waste and bad management encountered on every hand in this shop. I spent my days with the stop-watch in my hand, moving from one job to another, and my evenings in writing out a report on the inefficiency I had found during the day. The very fact that my nightly report averaged eight typewritten pages single-spaced is a sufficient indication of the astonishing mass of things I found to overhaul.

"Despite the special character of this work, it was possible that summer and the one following it to standardize every operation in that big locomotive repair shop. But was this done? Only in part! Why? Because I found that the management of the railroad itself was just as rotten, loose and inefficient as that of the shop. This taught me a lasting lesson. If I were today called upon to standardize the operations in a railroad shop and leave it under modern efficiency management the first thing I should want to know would be that the president of the road would back the reorganization to a finish.

"After working six weeks in the shops of a certain railroad I was called off because my reports very nearly smoked the general manager out of his job. He was responsible for many of the wasteful conditions that were exposed. Many railroad officials below the rank of president always talk pleasantly about thorough efficiency organization and agree that it would bring wonderful results. They have an impulse to give it a fair trial, but they are almost powerless to do it, for the reason that they are entangled with the men whose heads would have to be lopped off in reorganization. If the presidents of some of the railroads of this country would reorganize their systems and their shops under thorough efficiency methods—regardless of where the reorganization would hit—the actual saving would mount high into the millions.

"Why do I say this? Because I know what the waste from inefficiency, bad management and irregularities of all sorts is—know it from actual investigation. Here is an example: A certain ordinary milling job took five hours in the railroad repair shop. In a machine shop where the work was done under thoroughly efficient conditions, with precisely the same machines and tools, that job was done in one hour. The result of this comparative test was the permanent employment of efficiency men in two or three of the shops."

In the repair shop Billy suffered a severe shock to his faith in human nature, so far as the railroad-shop workman was concerned. He could hardly believe the testimony of his own eyes! One day he saw a machinist and his helper go down into the pit under a locomotive frame and sit for an even hour without doing a tap of work. At the approach of the foreman their hammers began to strike. This incident started him on a new line of investigation and he found that soldiering in the shop had been reduced

to a thorough coöperative system—including a set of signals to give warning of the approach of the foreman.

In one of the railroad shops where Billy worked that summer a spy system had been tried. An airpump had been dropped from the running-board of the locomotive upon one spy and he was put out of the running; another spy had a locomotive frame toppled over upon him and for several weeks following his paycheck was sent to the hospital. Knowledge of these incidents put the young production engineer on his guard and caused him to promote the understanding among the workmen that he was particularly interested in bettering their working conditions. This was backed up by the fact that one of the first reports he made to the management resulted in the improvement of the sanitary conditions of the shop.

"I have always worked on this plan," says the efficiency expert: "First, demonstrate by actual changes and improvements that you are there to improve working and living conditions for the workmen at the expense of the company, and you will get the confidence of the men in the shop. This not only is the right thing to do, but it gets the men with you, fosters confidence and disarms distrust. After the washrooms in this shop were improved, better light and heat provided, and the workmen furnished with suitable places in which to keep their clothes, I had no further fear of being treated as a spy and finding myself sent to the hospital for repairs. That experience proved, too, that it pays the management to make it possible for the workman to keep himself clean and neat. A workman can have no pride in his personal appearance when he is compelled to hang his clothes on posts or castings in the grime and soot of the shop, or to go home with the dirt of his work on his face and hands; and a man does better work and more of it who has a decent regard for his personal appearance and is in a position to maintain it."

They Stole Nothing But Time

"MY WORK in those shops also forced me to the conclusion that failure to provide proper light and right conditions as to heat and cold in the general run of shops incurs a surprising waste of efficiency. It is just as essential to have a shop that is reasonably cool as to have one sufficiently warm. Time and again I have been called upon to say to general managers: 'You should have every working position in your shop under such physical conditions as would make you willing to sit or stand in that position and do the work yourself. The man who is obliged to occupy that position has the same feelings that you have.' Of course this principle cannot always be applied to the limit of the letter, because there are positions at furnaces, forges, and the like, where the temperature must be extreme—where no man not thoroughly seasoned could possibly endure the heat."

In this shop Billy had a broad opportunity to study the subject of waste and to reduce his observations to general principles that were of lasting value to him. Here he saw malicious waste on a scale that astonished him. The greatest waste of the deliberate sort was in time. Not only did he find the workmen loafing in pits and actually taking naps inside of boilers, but he discovered that it had become the general practice of all hands to drop work about twenty minutes before the quitting whistle and spend the remainder of the time getting ready to quit. This one item of wasted time mounted into hundreds of dollars in a short period.

"I Had No Further Fear of Being Treated as a Spy"

The net result of the young production engineer's work here was that the shop did the same amount of work at a reduction of twenty-five per cent in payroll cost and without any reduction in wage rate. This was by no means the full gain that could have been made if thorough reorganization measures had been applied. The major part of this gain was secured by cutting out actual loafing. He discovered a curious contradiction in the moral code of the workmen in this shop: Most of them would not steal anything material from the shop; few of them hesitated to steal as much time as possible—and labor was the most expensive element that went into the output.

"The more definitely tangible the money value of anything used in a shop" says this efficiency expert, "the easier it is to check its waste. Having the price marked on any supply has an immediate effect upon the mind of the stockkeeper who hands out that supply and of the workman who uses it. Both recognize its definite money value; but workmen and those immediately over them generally fail to translate shop time into terms of money, and therefore they waste it with hardly a thought." Just before the quitting whistle sounded in this shop the men formed a line at the toolroom window and secured balls of white waste soaked in oil. The extravagant use of these two items—waste and oil—amounted to nearly twenty dollars a week in this shop. It was at once discontinued.

When Billy received his diploma from the school of technology he decided that he would go into the efficiency business on his own hook. His first independent job was a small one, but large in the lesson it taught him. The owner of this shop was an inventor rather than a business man, and his shop administration was lamentably loose and ineffectual; but he bitterly resented having this pointed out to him by a young upstart. Billy discovered that because a manager pays for criticism it does not follow that he is broad enough to receive it—except as to the inefficiencies of his workmen. This experience caused Billy to make a rule that all criticisms of the management should be withheld until the day of his departure and delivered after he had been paid for his services. He also concluded that the shop management would "stand the gaff" better where the man making the investigation had behind him an efficiency firm of established standing: so, as soon as possible, he allied himself with a firm of this character—but after that he reserved all criticisms of the management until his work was done. He found this to be a wise policy.

Selling Products Without Profit

UNDER his new connection his first task was to make efficiency studies in a shop of a type with which he was familiar. Though a reorganization of the stockroom effected a saving of ten dollars a week, and several other small, permanent economies were put into force, he was able to make a strong showing here in a way he had not expected. This experience opened his eyes to new possibilities. He had been called in because the firm was making too meager a profit on its total volume of business.

Billy's studies soon indicated that the work was being done with more than ordinary efficiency. This suggested the questions: "Are their machines costing them more than they think? Are they getting too little for their product?" He then made careful cost studies, and located the African in the woodpile. On one machine they were making next to nothing—and this was one of their best sellers. They promptly boosted the price thirty-five per cent. Now thirty-five per cent on a total sale of seventy-five thousand dollars a year is a solid consideration, and the firm decided that in the future it would know the cost of each item of output instead of guessing.

In the next machine shop to which he was assigned Billy found an interesting extension of this lesson on the importance of knowing costs. Up to this time he had thought that to be a successful manufacturer was to operate a factory efficiently and without waste, to keep costs down to the bottom, and to know what those costs were—to a cent. Salesmanship was to him merely taking orders for the goods. This time, however, he was brought hard up against the problem of salesmanship. A new man had come into this organization—"by marriage and inheritance," as he himself explained. A relative of his wife had died and left her a substantial interest in this concern. The husband was an insurance solicitor—and a good one too. It was decided that his wife's interest in the factory was too large to be neglected, and so he came into the directory and the management. After a little investigation he decided:

"We're making the best machines on the market and lots of 'em—but we're not making any money to speak of. Let's find out where the trouble is and if possible fix it."

The Order Was Posted, and One by One the Men Came Back

When he read Billy's report to the effect that several important items of output were selling below cost he at once declared for a raise of twenty-five per cent in price.

"But how're you going to get it?" inquired the president. "The machine-tool trade is all shot to pieces; the trade is used to the present prices on these machines. They're standard. Raise the prices and you'll see what will happen. You'll just hand that part of the business over to our competitors."

Then the insurance solicitor came back with this startling proposition:

"Raise the price and I'll get it—and also sell as large a volume at a profit as we're now selling at a loss."

It was a bold offer and Billy was keen to see whether the director could make good on it. He did—and thereby gave the young efficiency engineer a new definition of salesmanship. The new director went on the road and made a special point of selling the machines on which the price had been raised. When a prospective customer exclaimed, "But that's twenty-five per cent higher than you've been asking!" the salesman didn't go into a cunningly devised explanation of how labor and material costs had advanced. Instead he answered:

"I know it. And that's because we didn't know any better before. Now, if one of your customers tried to convince you that you ought to sell him your goods at less than cost you'd tell him you were not in business for that purpose. You'd tell him you had to have a fair profit. Same way with us! We've just found out what this machine is actually costing us—found we'd been selling it a shade below cost. That's why the company hasn't been making money to amount to anything. We had an expert come in and he's shown us what every item costs. Here's his report. Read it. It says we've been selling this machine at three per cent below cost—this cut down the firm's profits hard because it's the best machine on the market—the big seller—they all want it. We're asking you to give us a profit of just twenty-two per cent—which is only fair. You make a better margin than that yourself."

Then he went into the merits of the machine and clinched the sales. The trade stood for the raise and every buyer knew just how much profit he was paying on this machine. That salesman-director's methods taught the amazed Billy that salesmanship is not merely getting an order at a competitor's price—or a little under—but is making the sale at a better price than the competitor asks. Today, when he finds a factory that has been unwittingly selling a product without profit, he does not hesitate to recommend an immediate advance of price, and he tells the story of the life-insurance solicitor.

The Value of Diplomacy

ABOUT this time the head of the efficiency firm was called to a certain factory of which a Scotchman was the superintendent and main driving power. In making the preliminary survey of the plant the efficiency man passed out an occasional criticism to the president in the hearing of the Scotchman—just to indicate that there was a need for a more efficient and modern system of management.

The president decided in favor of the efficiency service, but not so the Scotchman! He had come up from a machinist's place and believed that his processes were right, his costs at bottom and his plant a model of efficiency. When the young production engineer entered the shop and presented himself to the Scotchman he narrowly escaped a forced exit through the nearest window. This threw Billy upon his own resources and called for quick action.

"I know it!" he exclaimed. "Your shop is all you say it is. Haven't I heard about it! That's just why I'm so anxious to go through it; I can see that it's a big chance to learn. It would be a great disappointment to have the opportunity to study your methods knocked out after our principals have agreed that I should come here and make efficiency studies. Anyhow, you might show me through—now that you know just how I look at the situation."

And there was a justifiable degree of sincerity in Billy's statement, for this man was widely known for his ability as

a factory manager. He expected that he would learn much from the Scotchman and would be satisfied if he were able to leave the shop with honors even between them.

This appeal finally won, but Billy realized his path in that factory would not be an easy one. He never made a criticism and all his suggestions were put indirectly—as: "Have you ever tried this operation on the smaller machine? It would be interesting. I've seen good results from that kind of an experiment." This way of putting things to the angered Scotchman finally soothed and disarmed him—especially when he found that the veiled suggestions were thoroughly practical.

Aside from the game of diplomacy involved, this investigation was interesting to the young efficiency man by reason of the fact that it presented a new problem: Here was a shrewd, practical, able executive who had, as a workman, handled almost every process under his supervision—and yet was failing, somewhere, somehow, to get results that expressed themselves in net earnings and dividends. The equipment of the factory was almost of model character and completeness. Where was the trouble? He had a suspicion and followed it until it turned to a conviction. When the factory had only twenty-five hands the superintendent had carried all the details of management in his head; he had not changed as the establishment grew. Now that it had several hundred hands, this personal method was insufficient; it could not secure that vital thing—coördination, the harmonious teamwork of all the forces in the establishment. Billy at once began to interest the superintendent in an intensive study of production requirements.

"How many machines are we going to make next month?" he asked. "What castings shall we need, and how many have we on hand? How many and what sort will the foundry need to produce, and at just what moment will they be required? How far ahead must we run the screw machines to keep things moving without a hitch, and how far ahead must work on the planers be planned?"

The answers to all these questions and many others were reduced to black and white—not left to the overloaded memory of the superintendent. All these data were then placed in charge of a keen young man who had nothing to do but chase stock and trace orders, and see that every item was delivered from one department to another on schedule time, with no hold-ups, delays or mistakes. This was not done by any complex system of red tape—the entire order, production and cost system was covered by six extremely simple forms.

The Value of Thinking Ahead

AS A RESULT, the superintendent found himself relieved of an amazing burden of detail work; he had plenty of time on his hands for doing real solid thinking—planning how he could increase production and cut cost without sacrifice of quality. And he was fresh for the work too. Before Billy's work was over the output was increased thirty per cent with the same working force, and costs were materially reduced in various directions. The next year the concern paid a good dividend and the Scotchman was ready to admit that he had just begun to learn the meaning of real management.

"It's nae rememberin' s' mooch—it's thinkin' ahead!" he declared.

When Billy was directed to begin a thorough study of a very large shop organization he felt that he had turned over a new chapter in his work. It was far-and-away the biggest thing that had thus far made a demand upon him and he began his work in this great institution with a heavy overhead burden of responsibility and a high voltage of interest. His hopes for a new problem and a fresh experience were not disappointed. The organization was strong, the executives were able, the equipment was up to the minute and the methods were modern and progressive.

Before many weeks, however, he was able to put his finger on the sore spot. There was war between the office and engineering forces on the one side and the manufacturing force on the other. The factory and the office were pulling in opposite directions.

He Narrowly Escaped a Forced Exit Through the Nearest Window

The purchasing department was where the trouble centered; it refused to acknowledge time as the essence of the contract, and considered it highly fitting that the factory should wait upon its good pleasure for the delivery of materials and supplies—that was one of the things a factory was for. It took time and deliberation to buy materials at the right figure—a figure on which the office could make a showing.

The factory end of the business was just as eager to settle blame upon the purchasing or the engineering department; in fact, the life and aim of the factory was to put the office in a hole. However, the manager of this organization was a salesman of the highest order. Of fifteen municipal contracts let on open bids, he secured thirteen at a higher figure than his competitors offered. When this man was shown where the trouble was located he went after it with the war-cry of "Get together or get out!" To insure a clear understanding, a few conspicuous heads were lopped off, the purchasing department completely reorganized, and the whole works shaken up to a point where a factory man considered it safer to take the blame that really belonged to the office than to suggest the old familiar cry: "The other fellow did it." And any member of the office force was willing to fall on the neck of the factory superintendent in the presence of the directors.

This whole wasteful warfare between the "boiled shirts" and the "dinner buckets" had started in petty feeling and had grown to proportions that threatened to disable the entire big enterprise. Still, the men who were in it could not see it until the efficiency man drew a diagram of the situation and proved his ground with figures that could not be questioned.

After this job was completed the head of the efficiency firm announced:

"Billy, I'm going to put you up against the hardest nut you've ever tried to crack—a factory that's absolutely up-to-date; and you've simply got to make good and show cause on this assignment. It's highly important to us that you should; but don't forget that you'll have to sleep with both eyes open to find any weak spot in that business. I've taken a look at it myself; but they want our service and I've sold it to 'em—and it's up to you."

Reporting to the Waste Basket

THIS new assignment was with an important company of a large and active manufacturers' association in the Middle West. A big volume of future efficiency business depended upon getting solid results from the investigation. Billy went through the factory carefully; then began again and traveled the same ground still more thoroughly. Though he could see a bare possibility of making the cost system a bit more accurate, he admitted that his chief had not overstated the difficulties of the situation. There were also a few possibilities for piece and bonus work. On the other hand, the organization seemed discouragingly modern. Every workman had to turn in a time ticket; there were formal requisitions for all materials and supplies, and a complete order system covered the operations of the entire factory.

Then the young production engineer had an inspiration. He sought the general manager and drew him into a free-and-easy talk about the business. In the course of this informal conference that official made an astonishing confession.

"Oh, yes," he declared, "I get all these reports and things; but you don't think I have time to read 'em all? Not much! They're for the purpose of making the folks out in the factory feel that we're watching 'em every minute. Most of the stuff is thrown into the waste-basket; but now and then I go through it until I find something that looks open to criticism and then I send for the men concerned and read the riot act to 'em. That helps to keep up the factory feeling that we never sleep.

"To tell the truth, we haven't any method of sugaring off all this system stuff and getting the real good out of it. We don't know how to do that. Then there's the cost man. We've got one, but we're just about as far down in the guessing class as before he came. I'd like to know—not guess—what things cost us. And I've got a notion that the right kind of a man can cut some corners for us in our production operations." As Billy went out the door the general manager called after him: "Sorry I can't help you any—but I guess it's up to you."

Couldn't help him any! Buly chuckled over the revelation for a whole day. Then he turned loose upon his job with a new confidence. With a management stuffing costly reports into the wastebasket and maintaining an elaborate system of office checking as a bluff to impress workmen, he was morally certain that the whole fabric of scientific office management was a surface veneer—and probably a thin one at that.

His investigations were made with unusual care. They forced the conclusion that the concern had been oversystematized—loaded down with a complicated network of forms that shot over the heads of the executives, from the general manager down to the job bosses. First he installed a simple cost system that every machinist understood and that really told the executives what the articles in the output were costing.

He was astonished to find that the entire specifications of the product were in the heads of the foremen and the superintendent, and that these specifications covered at least twelve hundred different articles. Also the tool vault—which contained fifty thousand dollars' worth of tools and fixtures—was operated by a custodian who depended wholly upon his memory.

Instantly Billy began the big job of reducing all this information to writing. A history sheet was prepared for each part manufactured. There were nearly four thousand of these sheets and every operation in the making of each part was clearly and minutely described—after that operation had been thoroughly standardized. This roused the antagonism of the foremen and superintendent, who felt the transfer to the history sheets of all this information they had carried in their heads for years was reducing their value to the factory at a sacrifice rate. It required hours of patient argument to convince them that the new system would give them the first chance they ever had to do real department managing that would show and prove their actual abilities.

The Sin of Craft Sacrilege

EACH history card recorded the name of the part; the kind, amount and cost of its material; the order or sequence of operations in its manufacture; the departments and machines through which it must pass; the specific tools and fixtures required in each operation, and the standard time or rate for each operation. When a piece started on its journey through the factory a card with all these data was attached to it, and every workman whose hand touched it knew just what was required at every stage of its progress. The saving of time was instantly apparent when this new order was put into operation.

One department in this factory was devoted to the sewing of leather goods. When Billy entered this room to study the operations conducted there the operatives were aghast. Did this young man think he could improve on the methods of sewing leather that had been handed down to them unchanged by several generations of ancestors? It was a joke! No, it was craft sacrilege! For hundreds of years the motions of leather-sewing had remained unchanged.

However, Billy started in upon his motion studies as calmly as if he did not know that every workman there was horrified at his audacity. He soon discovered that the workman used the same length of thread regardless of the length of the seam. This meant that a useless length of

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The Workmen Were Using Old-Fashioned Screwjacks

ON MAIN STREET

The Gold Bonds of Matrimony

ILLUSTRATION BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"He Loves Me! He Loves Me Not!"

THERE has been talk of more international weddings for next year. At the coming of the summer, when ordinary founts of news run dry, there is always such talk. Dipping her honeyed pen in a congenial mixture of soft soap, cornmeal mush and sugar water, the lady society reporter begins throwing off disclosures regarding the international weddings of note that may be expected confidently with the coming of the fall. In so many words—in so many, many words—it is stated that the daughters of certain of our ruling families are to bestow their hearts, their hands, and as much of the parental fortunes as their fond fathers may be induced to separate themselves from, upon scions of certain titled families of Europe that would be ruling families also—only the police over there won't let them.

These announcements invariably create much excitement. As a general rule, the newspapers are very sorry that such things should be—on the editorial pages—and very glad on all the other pages. One would gather from a perusal of the daily prints that international marriages are rare and conspicuous events among us, whereas they are taking place by the thousands every year all over the country—especially in the big cities.

Only recently attention was directed to the increasing number of marriages between Italian youths and Jewish girls in New York. The ebb and flow of population on the lower East Side and the upper East Side having thrown the Latin and the Jewish stocks into close juxtaposition, the result is abundantly shown at the marriage-license bureau. This sort of thing mainly passes unnoticed though: it is of too frequent occurrence now to be a novelty—and, anyhow, it is taken as only another phase of the fusing of different races that is going on so constantly in the big crucible of New York.

Marriages between young people of German and Irish parentage have been common for many years. Occasionally a parent objects, or a pastor; but, in the main, these international marriages appear to be very good things not only for the young people themselves but for the community at large. Husband and wife have constant material for friendly joking in the racial peculiarities of each other; and it seems to be a well-established fact that where two people find something in common to laugh at they are less apt to find something to quarrel about. And their progeny, representing a commingling of differing sturdy bloods, generally develop whatever is strongest in the two strains and make a mighty valuable breed of Americans—so the sociologists and the students of heredity influences say. They say it is a fine thing all round.

Little Lizzie McGee, who works behind the ribbon counter at Wannawhooper's, and big Heiney Schwartz, the plumber's helper, come to a definite understanding some moonlit night on the beach at Coney or sitting side by side on the front stoop of the tenement. And the following Saturday afternoon, when they both have a half holiday, Lizzie takes Heiney by the hand and leads him round the corner to the parsonage, where these two are made one either by a plain-clothes preacher or by a member of the uniformed clergy, depending on whether Lizzie's folks came from the north of Ireland or the south of it.

When the Masses Unite in Marriage

THERE are no pieces in the newspaper about this event. Why should there be? Lizzie brings no dowry except her strength, her good looks and her heritage of pluck and independence. Her father isn't a coal baron or a mine monarch, a sugar magnate or a railroad king. He hasn't made his millions in amalgam fillings or first and second mortgages, or in hay and feed. He hasn't any millions; he only works by the day for those who have.

Heiney has no army of creditors camping on his trail. He doesn't owe anything except the installment on the furniture. He comes of no line of belted earls; he doesn't look something like an albino rat and something like a barrel jockey or an outlaw track, and he stands nearer six feet than three-feet-six, as seems so often to be the case with those who do come of belted earls. He is merely a husky, hearty, square-jawed plumber boy. Why should he and she have space in the papers? They don't expect it either.

They settle down to life together in a three-room flat up in Two Hundred and Something Street, which is almost as far north as Doctor Cook got. And after a while there are some little Heineys and some little Lizzies coming along—though baptismally known perhaps as Harolds and Gwendolyns; and they grow up to multiply and replenish the earth. Maybe the original Heiney invented a bathtub or something that became in time a trust and earned its forty millions or so; and possibly it will befall in the third generation that the family will acquire a good rating in the Social Register and a better one in Bradstreet's. Then they'll erect a marble courthouse called a mausoleum over old Heiney, dedicate a few memorial windows in a chapel to Lizzie, and buy a grafted family tree for themselves—grafted is the proper word—and then, perchance, a granddaughter will land a title for herself; for we are a growing people and such things have happened before. Or, on the other hand, Lizzie's and Heiney's descendants may be satisfied just to go on being solid, substantial, good Americans, proud of what they are and not ashamed of what they were. We breed that kind, too, in large quantities.

It is the other kind of an international wedding that commands the large headlines and sends the lady society reporter's temperature up to one hundred and seventy-six in the shade for weeks on a stretch. It starts first with rumors of the engagement, contradictions of the same and reiterations of the same. Every phase of the courtship is as accurately and fully reported as the proceedings of a big murder trial. Elections, aviation meets and the annual warcloud in the Balkans are shoved over on to the inside pages to make room for it. The happy pair might just as well be doing their wooing for a moving picture film. There are published photographs of the young man's ancestral castle, which only needs to have the roof restored and the cows driven out of the great hall to make it almost habitable for human use. There are pictures of the bride's father's cozy two-million-dollar marble residence at Newport, with a private yacht in the distance, floating on the bosom of a private ocean. There are excited cable dispatches, telling us approximately how much the fond bridegroom is going to want paid down. Special stories are printed showing that the groom's creditors, marching four abreast, would be two hours passing a given point; and that the wealth of the young woman's father, if changed into dollar bills and placed end to end, would stretch from Paris to Palm Beach and back again by way of Reno.

A little later, along come those advance details so dear to the feminine heart: descriptions of the wedding frock and how much it cost—and the going-away gown and the coming-back gown, and how much they cost and the eighty pairs of shoes; and the sixteen trunks full of hats, and all the rest of it—more fittings, in short, than a first-class battleship needs, and considerably more expensive. If some enthusiastic chronicler of these glad tidings makes a natural error and says in print that something in the trousseau—one of those fluffy, lacy, hand-embroidered things with a French name to it and ruffles—cost nine hundred dollars, when, as a matter of fact, it cost only a mere beggarly ninety, nobody connected with the matter undertakes to set the public right, but just lets it go at that. For, as the Latins say, it is but a lapsus lingerie—or, as we would put it, a mere slip.

The Wedding of a Belted Earl

THE date for the wedding is announced. This calls for very large-sized headlines; and shortly after this a shipload, more or less, of the groom's noble relatives arrive, all carrying their titled noses aimed at the Big Dipper and all filled with the sincere conviction that they aren't going to be able to care for a country where people worship the vulgar dollar, whereas it would, of course, be an altogether different thing were the vulgar dollar translated into francs, shillings or marks.

By such preliminaries are the expectations of the masses raised to the proper pitch of appreciation and interest, until finally a flattered and complimented sun is accorded the honor of rising upon the happy marriage morn. By nine o'clock traffic is suspended for three blocks in both directions from the Church of Saints Midas and Croesus. The populace, it would seem, has turned out almost unanimously. Business is practically at a standstill; the Stock Exchange is almost deserted, and the ticker carries fragmentary details from the festive scene instead of market quotations. Mounted policemen and the kind who are not mounted but merely stuffed—those who have made a study of taxidermy, and New York cops will understand this application readily—are on hand in vast numbers, riding down the proletariat and clubbing them on their heads. The merry wedding bells ring out, but are not heard distinctly owing to spirited opposition by the ambulance gong and the riot call. Strong men trample the weak and feeble under foot in an effort to reach some favored point of vantage from which they will be able to command an uninterrupted view of the back of an usher's neck. Struggling women snatch off one another's clothes until they are properly dressed for the opera, but improperly dressed for any other occasion.

Thus wile the merry hours away! The society reporter runs entirely out of adjectives and has to fall back on verbs; the ordinary reporter rams his way through the jam to the nearest telephone and flashes bulletins of glad tidings to his office, so the city editor can get out another extra describing Mrs. Van Astorgilt's costume in full. The invited guests come; the bridal party comes. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! The carriages run over a few persons, but the victims are persons of no social consequence and nobody bothers to get their names. The bride enters the sanctuary on the arm of her father and the groom enters on the arm of a policeman, who has just saved him from being picked to pieces at the portals.

Behind a screen of rare exotic blossoms, each one of which is guaranteed to have cost at least three dollars, a picked nine of the highest-priced grand opera stars in the New World utter costly and melodious sounds. The organ softly peals off those deep chestnotes that would sound like indigestion symptoms if we didn't know they constituted

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FOR SWEET CHARITY

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"A FAILURE FARM!" repeated charming Cordelia Blossom, concealing her sudden twinge of envy under a sparkling demeanor. Why, why hadn't she happened to think of it herself! "What a perfectly picturesque—and noble and useful—and most unusual philanthropy!"

"Isn't it?" agreed the shrewd-faced Clara Pikyune, studying the curving lips and frank round eyes of Cordelia with a thrill of satisfaction. After all, though, she had to admit that Cordelia was a woman of flawless poise. "I've had tremendous difficulty in keeping the whole delightful project a surprise until I had everything ready for you energetic workers." Of course she did! thought Cordelia. "I've put you on the executive committee with me," and Mrs. Pikyune permitted herself a patronizing smile.

Cordelia's round cheeks flushed delicately—presumably with pleasure.

"That's sweet of you," she murmured. "I am so very happy to have such an active part in it. I saw a mention of the plan in a New York paper recently, but it never occurred to me that we had a local need for the system. That must have been my stupidest day," and for a mere instant across her smooth brow flashed the trace of vexation which the older social warrior had waited to see.

"It's a European idea, but it is sweeping the world," explained Mrs. Pikyune, toying contentedly with her lorgnette. "Each worthy family that has proved its utter inability to cope with city life is given a cottage and a small plot of ground and set to work. The association finances the miniature farm, markets its products—whether they be chickens, or berries, or vegetables, or something else that the family takes most interest in raising—pays all expenses, and puts the profits to the family's credit. When enough has accumulated the amount is used for the purchase of a similar plot of ground and cottage, the deed for which is then turned over to the reclaimed subjects; whereupon another previously hopeless family is given a chance for self-respecting independence."

"It's a delightful opportunity to help the struggling!" half sighed Cordelia. "All the papers were full of it. Where did they get that splendid new photograph of you?"

"I can't think," frowned Mrs. Pikyune, no doubt quite annoyed. "These newspapers are absolutely unscrupulous. Of course you will have Mrs. Fleecer on your subcommittee?"

"I shall need her," thoughtfully responded Cordelia with no trace in her clear brown eyes of the dawning speculation which was forming behind them. "By-the-way, you forgot to tell me what my subcommittee is to be."

"On the Examination of Candidates," stated Mrs. Pikyune sweetly, repressing the flicker in her usually cold eyes. "It's really the most important committee of all, in spite of its possible unpleasantness. You won't mind that, I know, my dear."

"I feel complimented to have you intrust me with it," accepted Cordelia with no outward resentment. "I have always found that when these people have an opportunity to meet me personally I am able to help them so much more effectively."

"It's your irresistible charm," conceded Mrs. Pikyune, almost too readily for comfort. The rôle of Lady Bountiful was so easy!

Cordelia smiled. "How many of my families can we make happy?" she asked.

The three creases in Mrs. Pikyune's brow and nose and cheeks deepened a mere trace. Cordelia's families! Possibly she had put Cordelia on the wrong committee after all. Could she have made a mistake?

"Only ten at first, I think," she returned. "I've purchased ten acres of ground, and have already been assured of a sufficient fund to erect the ten cottages. It seems a pity that we can't offer immediate assistance to all; but of course the plan is capable of infinite expansion."

"Oh, yes; that's true, isn't it!" cried Cordelia, instantly brightening.

Mrs. Pikyune studied her dubiously. Now she was sure she had made a mistake!

II

CORDELIA BLOSSOM turned somberly from the front page of the morning paper. Really she sympathized with Clara Pikyune. No gentlewoman likes to appear so prominently and persistently in the public prints, and since Clara had inaugurated the Failure Farm Movement there was scarcely anything else in the papers! This morning's article was about the model cottages which Mrs. Pikyune had designed for the wonderful new philanthropy, and it was illustrated by a bird's-eye view of the first colony, each picturesque cottage with a different exterior to avoid that poverty-stricken monotony and each in the midst of an abnormally fertile farm of one acre. Across the entire top of the first page ran the big black headline:

SOCIETY LEADER'S VILLAGE OF HOPE

MRS. CLARA PIKYUNE'S STUPENDOUS NEW PHILANTHROPY ASSUMING CONCRETE FORM

On the third page of the paper was an article concerning the formal organization meeting of the Failure Farm Association at the residence of Mrs. Clara Pikyune, in the white-and-gold ballroom where Mrs. Clara Pikyune had for so many years entertained the social exclusives of the city, the East, and the Old World. At that meeting the founder of the movement, Mrs. Clara Pikyune, was elected permanent president. The executive committee, headed by Mrs. Clara Pikyune, chairman, contained the name of Cordelia Blossom!

Cordelia Blossom meditatively pulled a daisy from its bowl and plucked off the petals with the thumb and forefinger of the hand with which she held it.

On the fifth page was a news item conveying the fact that Mrs. Clara Pikyune was about to take a flying trip to the East to study the operating methods of the three Failure Farms which had already been inaugurated. The social column on another page was headed by an account of the luncheon given by Mrs. Clara Pikyune to the members of her Failure Farm executive staff, who were as follows. The editorial page contained a two-column-wide essay on the wonderful boon offered to struggling humanity by that noble society leader, Mrs. Clara Pikyune!

"Mrs. Clara Pikyune Is a Woman With a Heart!"

Cordelia Blossom, also the undisputed local society leader, did not throw her paper on the floor. She folded it neatly and laid it by her plate. "Oh, Watt!" she called.

Colonel Watterson Blossom, who was slow with his toilet this morning because of an infernal, confounded, imbecile lack of hot water, had a sharp struggle to determine whether it were nicer to present himself to Cordelia immediately or to delay until he could go before so charming a woman in as attractive a guise as possible. Why could not the gallant youth of the spirit remain in the body? He decided his debate by coming to the door of the breakfast room with one side of his face shaven and most of the lather hastily washed from the other side.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, holding the collar of his dressing robe closely about his neck and regretting that he had not taken time to arrange his sparse gray hair more carefully over the thin spot. It was distressing to look old.

Ordinarily Cordelia, trying to keep pace with his sublime courtesy, would have apologized for compelling him to appear as such a negligent exhibit, but just now she was too intensely occupied.

"Watt, dear, have you paid much attention to the Failure Farm movement?" she inquired.

The Colonel brightened.

"It is wonderful!" he earnestly declared, almost oratorically. "The noble bigness of the idea, when it first suddenly dawned on me, almost made the tears come to my eyes! Mrs. Clara Pikyune is a woman with a heart!"

Three fragments of struggling emotions flashed over Cordelia's well-controlled countenance before that charming face could express its usual sweetness.

"She's a remarkably clever woman," she acknowledged with a clear conscience. "Watt, I am most anxious to help her further this great cause. Mrs. Pikyune has been kind enough to place me on her executive staff and at the head of one of her most important committees, and I wish to do everything I can to make the project bigger and broader and grander—and more widely useful."

The Colonel kissed his wife's hand as gallantly as if he had on his dress suit, though the effect was not the same.

"Always my generous Cordelia!" he complimented her, beaming on her with fond eyes. "If there is anything I can do to help you, even in the most humble capacity, I beg of you and Mrs. Pikyune to make free use of me."

"I knew you'd help us!" she told him with enthusiastic confidence. "You see we women are so limited in our resources. Mrs. Pikyune has been most lavish in her gift, but after all she has been able to donate only ten acres, which will care for only ten families; and we have so many hundreds of poor people who need just this wonderful chance to lead useful, happy lives. Couldn't the city do something?"

The Colonel sat down. The sheer genius of that suggestion almost overcame him.

"The city!" he exclaimed. "How dull in me not to have thought of that means of helping in the movement with which every humane man must be so thoroughly in sympathy. The city should do something, and, by George, it shall! What do you suggest, Cordelia?"

"Oh, everything," she brightly assured him, smiling up at him with her round eyes. "To begin with, the ladies of the movement should have a hundred acres added to the ten, and, as a matter of fact, the city should take over and finance and control the organization! It is too tremendous for individual enterprise."

"That is very true," heartily agreed the Colonel. "As mayor of the city, I have not used my influence for any expenditure toward which I might be said to have a private leaning. But this is a matter far larger than myself, and the city must and shall engage in it! At the council meeting this very afternoon I shall demand a fund for the purchase, equipment and maintenance of a hundred-acre Failure Farm with a hundred cottages!"

Cordelia became deeply thoughtful. Of course there would be a reorganization.

"How dear of you, Watt," she acknowledged.

III

THE mail-carrier and Cordelia Blossom called on Georgia Fleecer at exactly the same moment, and the postman handed to the maid a delicately tinted envelope which Cordelia recognized as of the sort used by Clara Pikyune.

"Don't let me keep you from opening your mail, Georgia," greeted Mrs. Blossom.

"Thank you," returned Mrs. Fleecer, eying the envelope which the maid brought in. "I think I will if you don't mind. It's from Clara Pikyune."

The friends exchanged a glance in which there was no trace of any expression whatsoever—far from it!—then Georgia opened her envelope. It contained one of Mrs. Pikyune's regulation invitations.

"What a stunning idea!" Georgia commented. "Listen, Cordelia. She's going to give a grand bazaar and ball at her own residence, and charge for the tickets—twenty dollars a couple! Besides that everybody is to donate some object of art, which is to be auctioned off by Dickey Gummoly to the highest bidder. The proceeds are to go to the Failure Farm Fund."

"Isn't it a stunning idea!" approved Cordelia. She took the invitation which Georgia handed her, but she did not look at it; instead she gazed studiously at Georgia. "Of course we shall all go. How popular her Failure Farm Movement is!"

"Tremendously so," agreed Georgia. "Jim says it's a great idea. By-the-way, Cordelia, he suggested last night that if our committee didn't like to mix up in the rough work of selection he'd furnish our failures for us."

For the first time since breakfast Cordelia smiled with genuine amusement. She could see Jim Fleecer treating the Failure Farm as a pension, and stowing away on it, as a reward for faithful services, the members of his political riff-raff who were no longer useful. There was something about the intensely practical mind of the notorious gang leader that Cordelia was bound to admire.

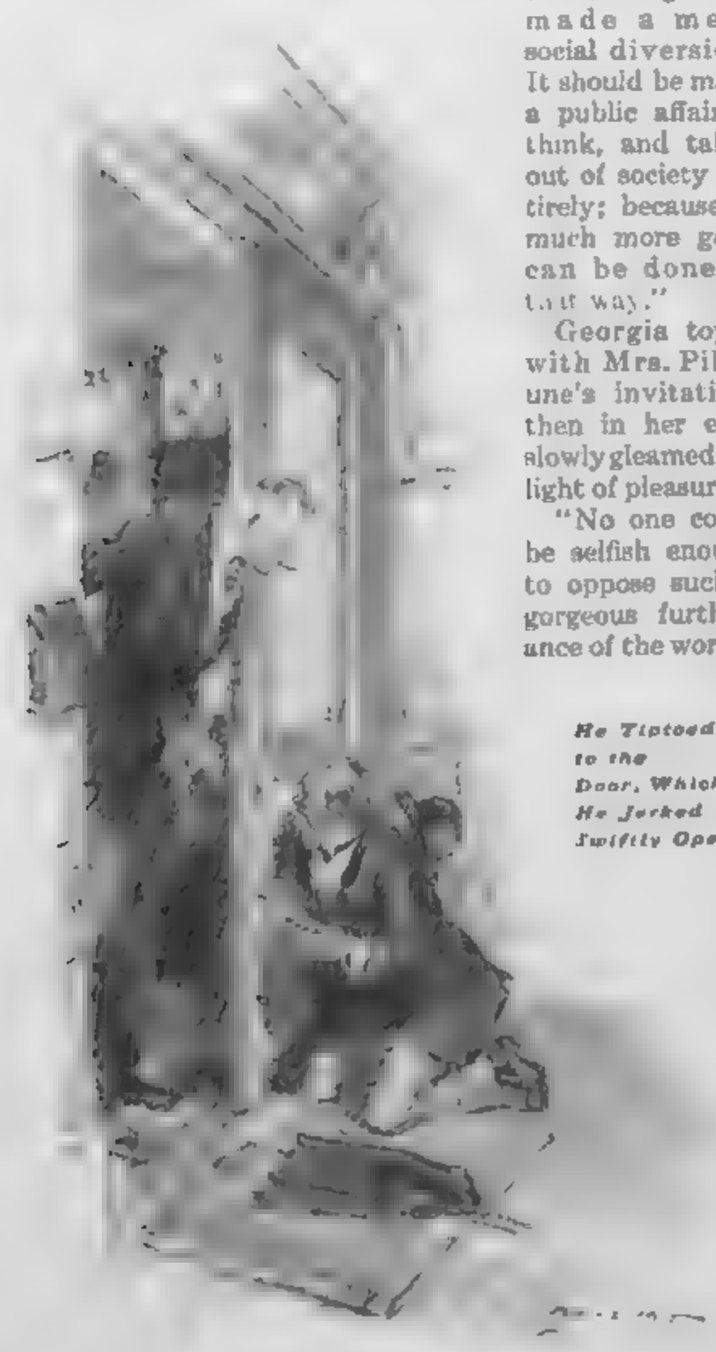
"It might be a satisfactory manner in which to handle that detail of the work after all," she thoughtfully admitted. "Of course Mr. Fleecer would know better than we possibly could just who would be the most worthy of assistance."

"Oh, he was only joking," laughed Georgia, wondering what Cordelia wanted her husband to do. However, she would soon know.

"I don't see why," persisted Cordelia, revolving that idea slowly in her mind and trying to make it fit in somewhere. She found a beautiful niche for it. "The selection of candidates will really be a stupendous task, especially if the plan is extended."

"Mercy, I should think it was large enough now!" protested Georgia. "I don't see what we would do if it were to be projected on a more extensive scale. It keeps everybody busy as it is and monopolizes the entire social life of the city," and she glanced again at the lavender-tinted invitation. Really one never had a chance to attend anything but one of Clara Pikyune's Failure Farm affairs!

"That's just why it should be extended," argued Cordelia. "You see, Georgia, this splendid philanthropy is too serious a thing to be made a mere social diversion. It should be made a public affair, I think, and taken out of society entirely; because so much more good can be done in that way."



He Tiptoed to the Door, Which He Jerked Swiftly Open

Georgia toyed with Mrs. Pikyune's invitation, then in her eyes slowly gleamed the light of pleasure.

"No one could be selfish enough to oppose such a gorgeous furtherance of the work," she speculated. She could see Clara Pikyune, who had been out of social prominence for some time, receiving the exciting news.

"I wonder how it could be done," she remarked, and, looking at Cordelia, she divined something. "Do tell me!"

"I spoke to Watt about it this morning," replied Cordelia demurely. "He's about to have the city take over the entire uplift, and add a hundred acres to the ten we already have, and supply money for the cottages and equipment, and make it really big and worth while—and useful! There's a council meeting this afternoon."

"This afternoon!" repeated the thoughtful Georgia, rising. "I must telephone Jim right away."

Cordelia smiled in relief. Mr. Fleecer had so much influence with certain members of the council.

IV

JIM FLEECER, sitting in his bare little real-estate office, in which there was never any real estate bought or sold, stabbed a penknife in his old desk and lassoed it with a rubber band.

"I don't get it, Dickson," he puzzled. "Three of the boys of my own party have been up to get the word from me, but I couldn't slip them anything flat until I knew more about it."

"Nobody knows anything about it," returned Dan Dickson, equally perplexed, and looking into the crown of his faded old brown derby as if it contained an answer. "This morning the Colonel calls up all the aldermen and tells 'em about this hundred-acre Failure Farm ordinance, and asks 'em to railroad it through, as a personal favor. My boys all come to me, and I can't tell 'em if it's graft or enthusiasm; but I told 'em I'd see you and get wised up," and the leader of Colonel Watterson Blossom's party puckered his foxlike face into an anxiously inquiring expression; directing his inquiry, however, into his hat in place of into tall Jim Fleecer's eyes.

"I'm on the outside," responded Fleecer, pushing forward his big jaw in concentrated thought. "The Colonel doesn't often have a reason that a practical politician can understand; but I have a pipeline to him, and if you just give me a few hours I'll tap it."

"You're a wonder if you can get to that old snab," declared Dickson, his face reddening with anger as it did every time he thought of the unmanageable Colonel. "I'm barred from his office, but you, on the other side politically, seem to be able to find out what he thinks when he's asleep. I wish you'd put me next to your pipeline."

The raw-boned boss glared down at wizened Dan Dickson half savagely for a moment as he thought of Georgia and Cordelia, and then he chuckled.

"My pipeline would order you cremated on sight," he grinned. "You tell the boys to lay low until I slip you the word."

"You'll have to move quick," warned Dickson. "The Colonel wants the ordinance railroaded through this afternoon. What are they to do if you can't locate any information?"

"Table the ordinance," ordered Fleecer briskly. "Now you slam out of here. I want to get busy."

The moment Dan Dickson had edged himself out of the door Fleecer grabbed his telephone and called his house. Before he had a reply, however, he obeyed a sudden instinct and, rising noiselessly from his chair, tiptoed round the wall of the room to the door, which he jerked swiftly open. Finding Dan Dickson there, conveniently stooped over, he picked that small gentleman calmly up by the scruff of his neck, took him over to the head of the stair, set him on his feet, straightened him up, backed his head against the wall, and, placing his thumb on Dickson's nose, pressed against it as if he were pushing an electric button! Then, without a word or a smile, he walked back into his office and closed the door.

"Excuse me, Tumpelly," he said in response to the voice which was patiently saying "Hello" over and over again; "my keyhole was stopped up. Say, Ribbons, I wish you'd find out for me what our friend Colonel Blossom is up to with a certain Failure Farm ordinance he wants to push through this afternoon."

"Oh, tell them it's all right!" urged Georgia with eager promptness. "I was just trying to get you."

"Oh, that's what I do, is it?" he chuckled. "Tell them it's all right, eh? Well, am I supposed to understand the situation, or am I merely an instructed delegate?"

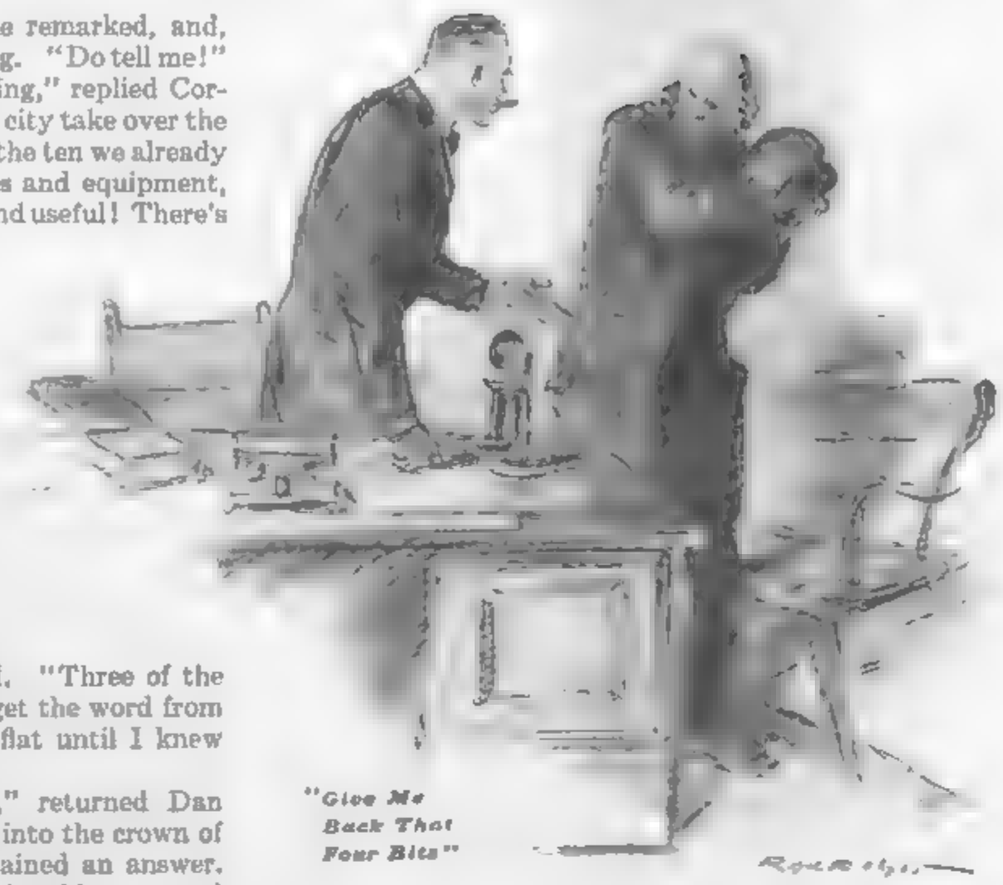
"It depends on how much time there is," his wife briskly informed him. "You'll like it though."

He laughed aloud.

"I'm glad I'm to be tickled," he admitted. "What is your scheme?"

"Why, Jim, the philanthropy, which is really an excellent one, is far too big for a mere society affair under the absolute control of one woman."

Jim Fleecer covered the transmitter with his big hand so that she should not hear him snort with the suddenness of his grasp of the cause of war



"Give Me Back That Four Bits"

"I thought one woman was hitting it up pretty strong in our daily journals," he suggested with deceptive mildness. "I suppose you know that this little pink-tea contest will cost the city at least a hundred thousand dollars, and without a cent in it for anybody?"

"Suppose it does!" she warmly argued; "it's in a noble cause. There doesn't have to be a personal advantage in everything. Say, Jim, Cordelia is right here now. We've just been talking it over. You know we're on the committee to select the beneficiaries. If we get this extension plan through would you mind helping us pick out the candidates?"

She heard him choke.

"Goodby, Tumpelly; I'm in a hurry!" he chuckled in a low tone; "I have to pass the word to the boys to be sure not to table that ordinance."

V

SO MUCH in this world depends on mere coincidence. If Georgia Fleecer and Cordelia Blossom had not sallied out to buy a bonnet for one or the other of them in mad and riotous celebration, the mayor of the city, telephoning frantically for information, would have located his wife at home, or at Georgia Fleecer's, or in the Isis Club tearooms. As it was, he acquired an intensely practical thought, and telephoned directly to the headquarters of the Failure Farm idea and unfortunately found Clara Pikyune at home!

"This is Mayor Blossom," he sedately informed her. "I need some information and I was unable to locate Mrs. Blossom, or I would not have taken the liberty of disturbing you. What is the official title of the Failure Farm philanthropy, please?"

"A local branch is usually named after the founder," she modestly advised him; "although, of course, I have never urged that procedure. I could not becomingly do so, you know," and she laughed with careful confusion.

"It would be only just," asserted the mayor gravely. "I shall be happy to inform the city council, when they take up the Failure Farm extension ordinance this afternoon, that such is the courteous custom; although there may be some objection that, since the movement is to be made a public one, the local branch should bear the name of the city."

"The extension ordinance!" repeated Mrs. Pikyune, the three sharp creases in her brow tightening into a triple line. "I did not know that the city was interested."

"Indeed!" commented the Colonel in some wonder. "Oh, I see! Mrs. Blossom is probably keeping the news, until the ordinance is passed, as a pleasant little surprise for you."

"How like Cordelia!" dryly observed Mrs. Pikyune, who knew Cordelia perfectly. "Now that the cat is out of the bag, however, you must give me the details."

"I fear I should leave that pleasure for Mrs. Blossom," returned the Colonel, considerably worried.

"Just as you like," replied Mrs. Pikyune very lightly indeed. "However, from what you have just said, I judge that you will need some advice in the preparation of your ordinance, and if you cannot locate Mrs. Blossom I am sure that you will be driven to confide in me."

"I think I must do so," agreed the Colonel after some painful thought. "Mrs. Blossom prevailed on me this morning to espouse the noble cause which you inaugurated, and after having struggled several times today with the members of the city council I think I may at last give you

the assurance that the city will come to your aid in a handsome manner. It will take up the beautiful Failure Farm project as a public munificence, and add a hundred acres, with a hundred furnished cottages, and funds with which to support a hundred families, to the nucleus due to your own generosity. Moreover, it will relieve you from the entire worry and responsibility of management. This, Mrs. Pikyune, is Mrs. Blossom's contribution."

Clara Pikyune, who had stood the brunt of countless social battles without flinching, now gulped quickly.

"How delightful," she managed to assure him. "I shall always remember Cordelia for this," and she meant it. "Perhaps I had better come right down to your office."

That evening the Colonel went home to dinner in a most joyful mood, prepared to receive the overwhelming approbation which was his due.

"Well, my dear, I have done it!" he exultantly declared.

Cordelia, who with the crumpled evening papers by her side was bathing her smooth forehead with eau de cologne, looked up at him with tired eyes.

"Yes, you have done it," she listlessly agreed. "You have accomplished so much more than I thought possible, Watt. It was perfectly splendid of you," and she moistened her lips.

"Not of me, but of you, my dear," he said with an old-school bow. "I was sorry to have blundered into telling Mrs. Pikyune the good news, but I can assure you that her pleasure in being made the head of a philanthropy so greatly enlarged was beyond my power to describe. When I failed to reach you by telephone I was compelled to call on her for information, and she came down to my office immediately. She was of invaluable aid to us."

"So she announces," acknowledged Cordelia with a glance at the papers strewn recklessly about her.

The Colonel had a vague feeling that some little trifle was not entirely satisfactory, and he sat down.

"I've been so busy with the council that I haven't had time to read the late editions," the Colonel explained.

The faint trace of a smile curved the corners of Cordelia's lips as she picked up a front page and gave him a condensed account.

Mrs. Clara Pikyune, after a conference with the mayor this afternoon, announced that the Failure Farm Movement, which that well-known social leader inaugurated, is to receive an impetus almost greater than she had dared to hope for. With Mrs. Pikyune's assistance and advice, Mayor Watterson Blossom prepared the ordinance put through by the council this afternoon, by which the Clara Pikyune Failure Farm comes under the protection of the city and receives a municipal grant of one hundred acres, one hundred cottages, and funds to equip and maintain the same. All of these are to remain under the able management of Mrs. Pikyune, after whom the great new charity has been officially named. Mrs. Pikyune, always both grateful and gracious, this afternoon at her stationers' ordered to be engrossed a vote of thanks, which she will later, at a banquet in the Hotel Gilder, present to the mayor and the city council for their furtherance of her favorite charity. By the importance of this movement its founder, who has been somewhat in retirement of late, will be compelled to reassume the social reins which she for so long wielded with dignity and skill. Society, commerce and the professions have all been pressed into the service, and are following enthusiastically the leadership of the capable Mrs. Clara Pikyune.

Cordelia paused, and the Colonel felt still more certain that some trifling detail was slightly unsatisfactory.

"There is a lot more, Watt, but it's all about the same," went on Cordelia patiently. "Mrs. Pikyune has really secured a conspicuous personal achievement."

The Colonel's head became more erect and the back of his neck began to stiffen. "Let me understand, Cordelia," he requested with a trace of sternness creeping into his voice. "Is Mrs. Pikyune given entire credit for the extension?"

"Why, of course, Watt," stated his wife, her round eyes widening. "It's her movement, you know. Naturally she told the papers about it."

"Yes; but, my dear, the extension was your thought entirely, and it was due to your influence alone that I interested myself in the cause, going so far as to compel the city council to pass this order as a personal favor to me."

Cordelia smiled. What a handy person Jim Fleecer was!

"Never mind, dear; we have done good," she sweetly said.

"It is unjust!" decided the Colonel severely. "I shall see that this impression is corrected."

"It would be a mistake to do that, Watt," she gently chided him. "I hope that we, at least, are above a scramble for personal glorification in a cause so beautiful."

The Colonel almost choked with emotion.

"My unselfish Cordelia!" he breathed.

VI

SIC'EM TOWSER shuffled in to see Jim Fleecer, with a bleary smile that was not overconfident, and sat on the edge of a bench not too close to the desk.

"Hello, chief," he hailed with a trembling attempt at easy nonchalance.

"Hello, Sic'em," returned Jim with a calculating frown. "How much do you want?"

"Well, chief, I didn't exactly come round to make a touch," replied Mr. Towser, a quivery old man who should have been middle-aged. His big-boned frame was shrunken and drooped and his hair and beard formed a series of irregular russet-brown tassels.

"You came exactly for that purpose," insisted Fleecer. "Your wife's sick again, or one of the kids has broke a leg, or you'll be turned out of the shack if you don't meet your rent, or you'll have to go on the dry list if you don't pay your tab at Kelly's."

The injured pride of Mr. Towser was almost painful.

"Nothing like that," he denied with a wave of a shaking hand; "nothing like that, chief. It's Mary's and my fifteenth wedding anniversary, Jim, and ——"

"Your memory's rotten," interrupted Fleecer. "Three wedding anniversaries a year is pulling the romance trick for too many encores. Try something else."

A spark of something that had once been virile flamed up in the face of Sic'em Towser for an instant.

She Could See Jim Fleecer Treating the Failure Farm as a Pension

"At that, I don't think I have to prove that I need a couple of bucks," he declared. "Will you slip 'em to me or not?"

"Not," decided Fleecer pleasantly. "I'll give you four bits, and you may come round tomorrow, and the day after and the next day, for the same amount. It'll do you more good," and he laid a half dollar on the leaf of his desk.

Mr. Towser leaned forward and clutched the coin and slipped it jerkily in his pocket.

"It's kind o' tough lines," he whined. "I've been a loyal party worker for years, and what do I get for it? Nothing."

"You're allowed to live," Jim reminded him. "You past-due ward assassins think that because you helped win an election back in the nineties you're entitled to a golden chair the balance of your lives."

"That's right, rub it in," remonstrated Sic'em. "There ain't any gratitude for public services any more. I guess you don't remember that time I stole the fourteenth precinct ballot-box for you; nor that time, in Ward G, when I slipped knock-out drops in the coffee of the judges of election; nor the time I slugged the bean off'n Big Bill Braley; nor the time I slipped my little old hunting knife in my pocket ——"

"That'll be about all," interrupted Fleecer. "Any time you strong-arm boys stuck up a pedestrian and rolled him for his leather, you set up the noise that I ordered it for political reasons. But I won't stand for the charge at this late day, especially when you haven't strength enough to lift a blackjack or pull enough to influence your own vote. You're as useless as the smell of an automobile, Sic'em; but, after all, I suppose you'd rather live. How would you like to have a little truck-patch out in the country?"

Sic'em cocked his head sideways to consider that startling idea.

"I guess the wife and the kids could work it," he decided.

"You might work a little yourself after you had been kept away from Kelly's for a month or so," surmised Jim, studying the remains of Mr. Towser with curious speculation. "Anyhow, I'm going to give you a try-out. There's only a hundred and ten of these Spavin City truck-patches to distribute, and I've already listed fifty-seven of them. It's this Failure Farm thing."

"Oh, that's it?" responded Towser with a trace of a sneer in his voice. "I ain't for it. I don't like the name."

"It fits all right," retorted Fleecer. "Look this proposition in the eye, Sic'em. You'll have an acre of good ground, a clean little house rent-free, a healthy place for your wife and the kids, and a living guaranteed. Besides that, you have a chance to be independent."

Sic'em Towser rose in the full height of his pride.

"I'm a free-born American citizen and I'm no pauper," he declared, swaying.

Jim Fleecer handed him a piteous ultimatum.

"Give me back that four bits," he demanded, and, rising, held out his hand.

Sic'em Towser shrank in dismay. That threat meant more than the loss of this particular four bits.

"Who-all is going?" he wanted to know.

"Johnny Kilduff and Spider Doty and Lemon Church and—— Well, here's the list—all the old workers. It will be like a family reunion. Look them over for yourself."

Sic'em bent over the paper, and as his eyes ran down the list of familiar names they began to glisten.

"That was a live bunch," he commented.

"They're the ones who failed to die in jail," returned Fleecer dryly. "I can see you roughnecks out there all lined up on the fences, swapping tobacco, while the women and kids do the work—and at that they'll be better off than they are now."

Sic'em sighed.

"I'll take a chance," he decided.

"You bet you will," agreed Jim. "It's the only chance you'll get. Why, Sic'em, this Spavin City is the greatest cinch ever invented for dopey old has-beens! It's a grand little reward for faithful public service."

The telephone bell rang and Jim's face brightened as he recognized the voice of his wife.

"Hello right back and many of 'em, Tumpelly," he greeted her, and the change in his voice made Sic'em Towser's mouth drop open. "What's the excitement?"

"It's something very important!" she agitatedly informed him. "Can you come right home?"

"I have to attend a directors' meeting at the bank in a few minutes, but I can come as soon as that's over," he told her. "Of course if it's very important——" "It is, Jim!" she urged. "Cordelia's here, and we can't wait!"

"Whose goat's loose?" he wanted to know.

"The Failure Farm," she answered. "Jim, you can't pick out the candidates. Mrs. Pikyune has shifted us to the Extension Committee because Cordelia has done such good work! Isn't it mean? Do hurry!"

"I'll come right away," he promised her, and hung up the receiver.

"Well, Sic'em, it's all off," he said. "I won't send you to the Failure Farm. You don't like the name."

(Continued on Page 62)

GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

I Set Foot in Park Row, With a Small Grip, a Portable Typewriter and a Dictionary

I SHALL not soon forget my first summer in New York as a freelance writer. More than ten years have passed since I set foot in Park Row, with a small grip containing all my clothes, and a portable typewriter and a dictionary. The project was to make a living with that outfit, plus my experience and what it pleased me, as the Englishman put it, to call my mind. It was a summer to stick in the memory.

At the Brown Pitcher Club, in Chicago, we used to speak of New York with both awe and disdain.

It was the country's publishing center—the home of the big magazines, newspapers, book houses, literary syndicates, and so forth. Every writer and artist in our club hoped to try his fortune in New York some day, and many did drift there. If a man succeeded and stayed he was regarded as a superior being. His ability had received metropolitan indorsement. His name would be used familiarly by those who had known him personally to impress members who had not, and by-and-by a tradition would grow up to the effect that this or that great New York publishing house had been compelled to send for him to pull it out of difficulties. Even the man who drifted to New York and came back because he could not stay enjoyed a certain distinction, simply because he had been there.

On the other hand there was disdain due to civic rivalry. Every loyal citizen of Chicago felt it his duty to discount New York. It might be bigger, because it had annexed Brooklyn; but it was musty, effete and un-American. At the club our respect for the metropolis as a publishing center was tempered by the firm belief that every capable man and successful concern it possessed had come out of the West anyway.

Writing for the People

WHILE I was working on Stubblefield's trade journal, The Shrewd Buyer, I wrote a good many odd things and sent them East. These were skits, scraps of verse with a laugh in them, technical articles that came as a by-product of reporting, and so forth. Not one in twenty was accepted; but I discovered so many corners in New York where writing could be disposed of at long distance that it gave me an alluring idea of the market there for such products, and I resolved to go there some day; so, when Henry Withers finally took control of The Shrewd Buyer and my editorial connection ceased, I was ready to set out.

Funds were none too plentiful. Salaries on Chicago trade journals were never fancy. I had earned a little more than a journeyman printer. It was plain that all my spare money would be needed while I was getting a foothold in the metropolis.

I went to New York on a cattle ticket. Perhaps this method of traveling east from Chicago has been abolished by the Interstate Commerce Commission—though I hope not. You bought your cattle ticket from a Chicago scalper for six to ten dollars and were entitled to ride from the Union Stockyards to Jersey City in freight cabooses. A young man in the employ of the ticket scalper took you out to the stockyards about nine o'clock at night and let you entertain yourself in a saloon until your train was ready to pull out, when he introduced you to the crew, handed you your transportation and wished you a pleasant trip. Nominally you were supposed to be in charge of a car or two of export cattle somewhere in the train, and to get out often and see that they were all right. Actually you only rode hour after hour, changing from one caboose to another at the end of each division and letting the cattle take care of themselves. Once upon a time the man traveling with cattle looked after them; but shipping methods had improved and this now appeared to be a device of the railroad to lessen liability, shippers selling the transportation as a perquisite.

The ticket man solemnly assured you that you would reach New York almost as quickly as by passenger train. However, it took the greater part of a week. There are few pieces of railroad rolling stock more comfortable than a freight caboose, though, with its roomy seats to stretch out on and its cupola to look from, and its crew for company, and its homelike atmosphere generally. Sometimes the riding is a bit rough, especially when the engineer is cranky; but I was used to that.

After three days and four nights I dropped off in Jersey City past midnight with a serious old drover who got on upstate that afternoon. He had a car of his own cattle that he got out to inspect in a serious way at each stop; and because I was traveling with cattle, too, he kindly offered to take me to the best place he had ever found to stop in New York, which was a twenty-five-cent lodging house in Jersey City, close to the yards, kept by an elderly couple who had to be routed out of bed by the policeman on the beat at that hour, and who were as serious as the upstate drover himself.

The new writer arriving in New York wants to see editors, just as the newly married couple wants to see Chinatown. I called on editors. The publishing center was still chiefly round Park Row, though some of the magazines had gone uptown. I spent a week investigating in and round that thoroughfare, which is probably the hottest place in the metropolis in summer and the bleakest in winter. The editors were kind. There were certain preliminaries not common in Chicago then, such as sending in your name by a boy and stating your business; but they came out of their offices and talked a few minutes, or sent an assistant to chat with me. As soon as I had seen the inside of some of the famous publishing offices I gave up this visiting, however, and have bothered mighty few editors since.

Editors are of very little consequence one way or the other to a writer who knows what he wants to write and has begun to learn how to write it. Some of them are the most guarded buyers in the world. They do not know what they want or are unskillful in describing it. They are afraid somebody will lead them to commit themselves and are ill at ease so long as you keep them away from their manuscripts. What they are actually looking for is something no one has ever seen, because it has not been produced yet; and when they finally do get their hands on it they are apt to be frightened. They are creatures of very few hopes and many dark doubts, and I have found that it is better not to be round at all when they are making their decisions.

To tell the truth, I was as much at sea as they when it came to definite ideas about what I could write for them. Experience soon taught me that the whole business of a professional writer is to follow the interests of people who know nothing of editors or publications, and to write accordingly. When he does that—and does it fairly well—all the editor can do for him is to get out of the way and let him at his readers; and this most editors are glad to do.

What interested me most in New York after a week or two was not the editors or publications but the town itself. There are two different phases of New York. One might be called the outside and the other the inside. It answers just as well to call one play and the other work.

What New York Really Is

MOST visitors to the metropolis see chiefly the surface aspect—the play side of big hotels and waiters, theaters and show people, the skyscrapers, the crowds and the sights. To see how New Yorkers live they take short trips into Chinatown and the East Side, and dine at some of the odd uptown restaurants. This phase of the town is variegated and fascinating enough, even to people who live there, and is so cleverly emphasized by picturesque newspaper writing and systematic press work that it comes pretty near figuring as the whole of New York. The bridal couple on their honeymoon, who must make one visit last them all their lives, go away with this impression; and so does the buyer who has been coming every three months for years—the latter often knows so little else about the town that one could lose him in the big city among strange people and surroundings within five minutes' walk of his own wholesale branch.

The work aspect of the town lies deeper, however, among the many trades and industries for which it is the center. I know the average visitor goes home under the impression that New York is populated wholly by waiters, taxicab drivers, bellboys and actor-folk; but really these are the merest incidentals to its workaday life. It is the home of great exchanges and markets, the clearing house for all sorts of intelligence, from that sent out on a ticker tape to that sent out in a book. In one street you will find the financial interests and in another those dealing with fashions. The man who comes to New York because he wants to float a company brings his wife, who wants to trim a hat. Select any great staple commodity, and it is a matter of an hour to find the executive offices of its dominating corporation and feel the trade pulse. Or, if you want a specialty, an accessory, a trifle of any sort, it can be found somewhere in New York, if anywhere. The whole of American business is summarized here in the directorates of the big trusts and the modest sales branches

of the small factories. The town is also full of foreign business, from the genteel European importer down to the newly arrived Greek pushcart man. In the men associated with these many varieties of work, and their methods and ways of looking at things, lies the real metropolis; and you can depend upon it that a man established here in any line is pretty certain to be a leader at it—even if he is only a promoter of worthless enterprises he will probably be a kingpin of plausibility.

During that first summer I moved round principally on the outside, writing many articles on surface subjects.

For instance, some of the newspapers could be counted on to take an occasional Sunday article if it was timely and not too long; so in June I wrote Fifty Different Ways of Being Married in New York, which described every marriage ceremony I could unearth, from the solemn high-church wedding of convention to that of the Salvation Army, all squeezed into half a column. When you need money for next week's roomrent it is exciting to hurry through the Sunday papers and compute the amount you can collect along Park Row the next Friday. My Sunday articles seemed always to be available for filling out a corner, where they had to be made smaller by leaving off paragraphs and pulling out the leads. Newspaper leads are so thin, anyway, that compositors say they blow away, being "twelve to pica" technically. It takes just seventy-two of them to make an inch. To lift fifteen cents' worth of them out of a needy freelance's article struck me then as the very apotheosis of economy.

Sunday editors have pet theories and fashions in reading matter. I found one who was partial to little bits of articles for the tired Sunday-morning mind. They must be no longer than his thumb, and all about what the cashier said as she handed you your change or what the bartender observed to the fat man. That was supposed to give the true metropolitan tang.

The Weekly Lantern of Paul Revere

THERE were weak sisters among the magazines and reviews, where it was easy enough to place an article or story, but hard to get money for it. You waited several weeks after publication, and maybe before payday came round the publication suspended; but it was sometimes possible to place an article this week and then get some money in advance on it next week. I remember one instance in which this would have worked successfully but for the fact that the editor died before the next week and evidently took my article with him wherever he went—for it was never found.

Hard-luck stories of this kind are common enough, I suppose; and so let me merely say that I stayed through the summer because I had to, not getting my hands on enough money at one time to leave and having no place in particular to go. It was a scorching summer, with a Wall Street panic at its height; and there was a period during the dogdays when editors were all out of town on their vacations and the possibilities for a freelance seemed at their lowest point. However I was used to close living and had found a landlady who did not worry when I fell behind a week in roomrent; so I hung on, and pieced out the two and three dollar checks and squeezed through somehow. And along in autumn, with cooler weather, I began to get on my feet.

One publication had taken a small batch of paragraphs from me every week. It was a trade journal, called Revere's Weekly Lantern, after its owner—a sterling old patriot of that name who had been christened for his illustrious kinsman. This Paul Revere belonged to the brownstone-front and trotting-horse generation of New York business along in the seventies and eighties, and had come from Boston as part of the New England invasion at a time when the immigration into the metropolis was Irish, German and Yankee instead of Hebrew, Italian and Western. He had made a comfortable fortune as a broker in one of the staple trades, and his journal had grown out of a weekly letter he sent to his customers. It was something like Stubblefield's paper, because as a broker he had always acted for the buyer, taking issue against the sellers. Raising some moral points touching the methods of the latter, the old gentleman had formulated a sort of ten commandments of his own, which he believed everybody in the trade ought to observe. For the sake of these commandments, and to be able to say what he wanted to, he kept his little journal alive; but trade conditions had greatly changed with a new generation and his paper was now a bit antiquated. Younger men had come in everywhere. Brokers had almost disappeared, for direct selling prevailed. A big corporation known as "the trust" dominated business.

Revere's Weekly Lantern was edited by a pale young man who had been a clerk. Every week I climbed four flights of stairs to see him, carrying a bundle of paragraphs and an occasional article; and the pale editor would read them then and there, and write an order on the cashier for such as were accepted. My paragraphs were chiefly epigrams on such themes as Honesty is the Best Policy. These were in harmony with the spirit of the paper, and in writing them I merely twisted and turned and tortured classic old proverbs from a dictionary of quotations. As the pale editor paid only twenty-five cents apiece for such gems it was great good luck to sell him three dollars' worth in one week.

Old Mr. Revere gave me my first introduction to the real New York of work and business.

It seemed that every fall, when he returned from his long summer in the country, he brought back an abounding energy and fresh plans for his journal, and proceeded to make the dust fly out of all his old trade enemies and all the old trade scarecrows. When he came back that year in September he astonished the pale editor by asking for me. Something I had written for his paper pleased him and he wanted to see me. We had a pleasant chat and I found him a whimsical, dry little man, with a shiny bald head and a great crop of bristling whiskers. In appearance he was like a cocklebur, and in temperament too; for most of his life he had been fastening himself and his opinions on to men and institutions in the trade, and sticking tight. At the same time, he was kindly to those he liked and eminently fair even toward his enemies.

Old Mr. Revere hated the trust. It had been organized by Western promoters and he had an ingrained conservatism that led him to dislike everything in the shape of Western enterprise. It was doing business on lines very different from those followed in his own active days. Finally it had overlooked his personal ten commandments.

During the summer the old gentleman had written some scathing editorial articles against the trust, and while these were running he wanted me to get some trade opinions in harmony with them. Under his direction, therefore, I interviewed a dozen men who undoubtedly hated the trust as cordially as he did himself.

The New Writer Arriving in New York Wants to See Editors, Just as the Newly Married Couple Wants to See Chinatown

Interviewing Back Numbers

SOME of them were oldtime brokers, now picking up a slender living from a decayed business. Others were disgruntled purchasers. All were old boys of his own generation, many of whom had come down from Yankeeland about the same time he had. They were clearly out of touch with new tendencies and methods in the trade. They dwelt upon a prosperous past of individual opportunity and denounced the present, declaring that the country was on the verge of a revolution.

I went round and listened, and wrote the gist of what they said; and old Mr. Revere kept me at it until we ran out of trust-haters. The last man interviewed, I remember, was a venerable citizen who smelled strongly of whisky. He met Mr. Revere on the street, told him that the trust had put him out of business by refusing to sell him goods, and said that every time he passed the trust building in lower Broadway something there made him shudder. The old gentleman sent me to see him immediately, and round that shudder I had to construct a readable interview. It was true the trust had refused to sell him goods—because credit was expressed by something like the letter Z and a cipher.

Some instinct—perhaps it was Echo—made me see a common interest running through all these oldtimers' stories. Their fulminations against the trust were only generalities, but they related many incidents about conditions and men in the trade when it was in its infancy, and these interested me. They were history and I made a good deal of them, and by an unforeseen stroke of luck they were just the thing to please old Mr. Revere. Those yarns and details of a bygone period were merely quaint to me. But to him they were his active youth recovered from the past. He had lived and worked through those times, and forgotten many points; but now they came back.

"Why, yes!" he would exclaim with delight as he read my copy. "I remember that very well, though I supposed Foster Jenkins had forgotten it years ago. Young man, this is an extremely readable article."

He paid me so well for those interviews that the pale editor was shocked. I was rather taken back myself, because it was more money than I had ever earned in a similar period before.

After we had thoroughly walloped the trust with editorials, trade opinions and some cartoons specially drawn,

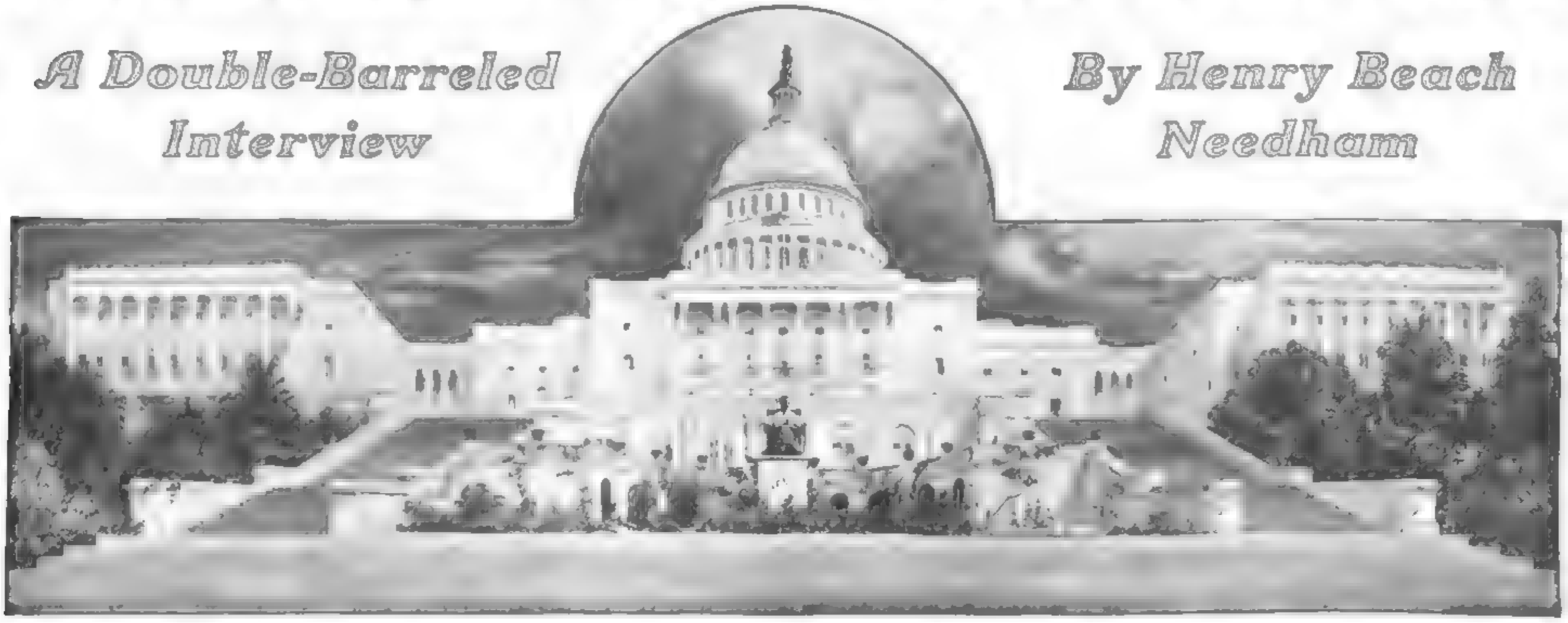
(Continued on Page 58

Stormed Into Our Office and Threatened to Have Us All Arrested for Criminal Libel Unless We Published a Full Retraction in Our Next Issue

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

A Double-Barreled Interview

By Henry Beach Needham



THAT British protective enterprise which insures against every known variety of untoward happening, from a rainy day to the loss of a steamship at sea, is taking chances on the presidential election in "The States." According to the press dispatches the odds in this guessing contest—or the "rates," as they are commercially designated—when considered together, indicate that the bookmaker of Lloyd's has a hunch that the presidency is to be thrown into the House of Representatives, there to be battled over by Democrats, Tory Republicans, Insurgent Republicans, a Socialist and—at this writing—one lone red-bandanna Progressive.

Secondly: The actuaries attached to the person of, or embodied in, the Washington correspondents, after a careful survey of the official register of the Congress, together with an unbiased diagnosis of the political past of the Congressmen, have arrived at the conclusion that, in the event forecasted in the introductory paragraph, the House will be deadlocked and the fourth of March, 1913, will roll round with the official scorers still chalking up, "No choice for the presidency."

If you wish an evening's pleasant entertainment any time from now until November fifth, take a perfectly good copy of the Congressional Directory, 62d Congress, 2d Session, turn to the State Delegations, and follow the rule in the Constitution that "in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote." Which means, of course, that where no candidate has a majority in a delegation, that state would be recorded "present, not voting." This would presumably happen to Maine, Nebraska, New Mexico and Rhode Island, as each of these states has in its Congressional delegation an equal number of Republicans and Democrats. Hence, the inevitable result of the evening's pleasant quest is 22 to 22—Deadlocked!

Thirdly: "And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a president whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the vice-president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the president." What particular vice-president? Not "Sunny Jim"! His term expires March fourth. This brings us to

Fourthly: As the candidates for president and vice-president of each party are coupled in the betting, likewise the balloting in the Electoral College, no choice for president would also mean no choice for vice-president, and if no person have a majority of the whole number of electors, then, says the Constitution, "the Senate shall choose the vice-president." Those who qualify for the finals in the Senate are "the two highest numbers on the list" in the College; therefore, exit James Schoolcraft Sherman; remain, Governor Johnson, of California, and Governor Marshall, of Indiana.

Fifthly: Neither Lloyd's nor the newspaper actuaries aforesaid would conjecture the result in the United States Senate. The session of Congress ended with the high office of president pro tempore of the Senate unfilled, because the Regular Republicans wanted a Standpatter, the Democrats a Bacon, and the Get-Ahead Republicans a true-blue Insurgent. In the happy event we are discussing, the Republicans would probably be deprived of the opportunity of voting for an Upholder of the Constitution and by the terms of the Constitution! Would they vote for Marshall? Unlikely. Would they vote for Johnson? Unlike 'em, but some of 'em would, 'tis a safe bet. Anyhow, Marshall hasn't a cinch, because the Constitution insists that "a majority of the whole number—of Senators—shall be necessary to a choice," and the Democrats have five less than the necessary majority—four less counting La Follette.

Conclusion: Any way you figure it, Hiram W. Johnson and Thomas R. Marshall are well worth knowing. There's no telling where one or the other may fetch up. And they're worth knowing anyway.

Johnson is the worst correspondent extant; in fact, he isn't a correspondent in any sense—he doesn't answer letters or telegrams and he keeps the telephone receiver off the hook. Without going farther into details, I became somewhat prejudiced against—not against the governor of California, for I knew, in a general way, what he had accomplished; but I cherished a robust dislike for a man by the name of Johnson. And I told him so, face to face, when we met for the first time not many months ago.

Mr. Johnson Blames Governor Johnson

HE DID not loosen his cordial grip of my hand. He looked me straight in the eye. He said he was sorry—and he was. And he put the blame on the governor! You see the governor of California was very busy campaigning for the adoption of the constitutional amendments for the initiative, referendum and recall, including the recall of judges.

"What was the result on the recall?" I asked eagerly.

"Carried by a larger majority than any other amendment!" Johnson did not let slip his earnestness, but did not conceal his pleasure. He looked then, as he always looks to me, like a judge who believes in the recall of judges—an apt metaphor for fairness and fearlessness.

So we talked about the "eighty-five days that rebuilt an empire," as the regeneration of California has been called, and I forgot all about my prejudice. Anyhow the governor was to blame, and I was interviewing Hiram Johnson. From this first impression I carried away a lasting regard for the man's frankness, simplicity and his direct way of expressing his views of measures and of men, even of California's chief executive.

"In Governor Johnson," said Colonel Roosevelt to the Progressive convention, "we have a man whose every word is made good by the deeds that he has done—the man who as the head of a great state has practically applied in that state, for the benefit of the people of that state, the principles which we intend to apply throughout the Union as a whole."

"When our campaign of almost a year's duration was undertaken," said Johnson, "there was but one plank in our platform. That purpose was, as announced in every by-way and in every town and every city of our state, to kick William F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Company out of the government of the state of California."

After his election, Governor Johnson entered into a contract with the people of his state to effect some twenty-six reforms. Within one year after he was inaugurated every one of these twenty-six promises had been kept. Moreover, they were not minor but major operations on the body politic—the initiative, referendum and recall; the Oregon plan of directly selecting United States senators; the restoration of the Australian ballot, free from either the party circle or the party column; non-partisan selection of the judiciary; the short ballot; a public-utilities law with teeth in it; prison reform; free textbooks furnished by the state for school children; and an eight-hour law for women—all in a year!

Johnson has been called "a Progressive in a hurry"; but there was nothing hurried in the reform process. The methods of constructive work were outlined to me by the governor in this wise:

"Prior to the meeting of the legislature I adopted a plan which we have found efficacious in California. I called together for conference about seventy members of the legislature—we have forty senators and eighty assemblymen—and discussed with them the subjects to be covered by statute and the methods by which we should consummate the legislation desired. Regular committees were appointed by this conference upon the various subjects, and to these committees were added men of known probity and ability who were familiar with the particular matters. Among other committees was one to deal with legislation by which we proposed that the public utilities of the state should be brought under our Railroad Commission for regulation—not only as to rates and service, but in relation to stocks and bonds. Long before the meeting of the legislature this committee called before it representatives of the various public utilities of the state and said to these gentlemen, in effect:

"'We are going to regulate your corporations, and we desire that you shall, in good faith, give us your suggestions and advice.'

"The very remarkable spectacle was presented, therefore, of those who were determined that public utilities should be truly regulated meeting with those whose business was to be regulated, for the purpose of framing a bill that should be just at once to the corporations and to the people. The attempt, of course, was experimental, but it turned out well. Perhaps two-thirds of those who met with us acted in perfectly good faith; the other third was constantly trying to insert bugs of various kinds into our bill, but we had sufficient confidence in ourselves to believe that we could discover these bugs and enact a really efficient measure.

"Before the legislature met, Mr. Eshleman and Mr. Thielman, of the Railroad Commission, carefully investigated the state activities in this regard of every state wherein any endeavor was being made to regulate public utilities, and they were familiar with every act in existence. They were able to determine from long study of the subject how best those acts could be improved, and they were fortified and prepared to put their fingers upon the jokers that our enemies tried to insert in our public-utility bill. The ultimate result was the acknowledgment by the public-utility corporations of the state, and particularly by the Southern Pacific, that in California they must bow to regulation. This was the hour of our triumph, because the Southern Pacific and its allied interests had regulated the state for more than forty years."

I asked Governor Johnson to define his position in regard to the Progressive party, and this is what he said: "I am fond of Colonel Roosevelt—I am more attached to the cause. If it had been necessary for me to choose between the two, unhesitatingly my choice would have been for the movement. But to my mind the biggest and bravest thing The Colonel has done is to lead this fight. Recent history proves how fortunate our party is in its nominee for president. Go back only a few months—consider the presidential preferential primary. La Follette, Bourne and others of us might have urged its adoption for years without getting it generally accepted. In the brief campaign for the Republican nomination Colonel Roosevelt established the direct primary. Never again will there be conventions made up as were the Republican and Democratic national conventions. Four years from now practically every state will have adopted the presidential primary—and a caucus-chosen delegation to a national convention will be looked upon with suspicion.

"The initiative and referendum are also pretty well established—or will be when the Progressive party's campaign is over. So we may safely say that the reforms demanded by the people are in process of realization. Certainly this part of our program is bound to come.

"What remains is the economic and—even more important—the social and industrial reforms. Personally I believe that we must approach the question of social abuses from an angle. Poverty is at the base, and for that no one of us can offer a cure. We can ameliorate conditions—shorter hours, better wages, insurance—touching and improving conditions here and there. For this improvement we Progressives have a definite program—the Democratic and Republican parties have no program. And what a fortunate thing to have a leader like Roosevelt to proclaim, as he did at the convention, our program for social and industrial justice!

"You ask me why Theodore Roosevelt is necessary to the cause; to the new party movement.

"First, to enunciate its principles or, as Jane Addams said, 'to interpret the common demand.' In this no man of our time is his equal, because, in the words of Miss Addams, he is a leader 'of democratic sympathies—one endowed with the power to identify himself with the common lot.'

"Second, to obtain the widest possible hearing for Progressive principles—publicity, you would call it.

"Third, to lead a great fight—as only a man of his wonderful vitality and forcefulness can lead it. He is to campaign in forty of the forty-eight states, and—well, no one can foretell what the effect will be on him physically and politically. The physical strain will be awful, and his enemies believe that defeat, if it were to come, would mark the end of his public career.

"In any event his help to the cause will be inestimable. Think how far along it will advance the Progressive movement. It is not wild prophecy to assert that from November next the Progressive party will be, at least, the party of opposition. Certainly the sturdy and rapid growth of the Republican party will be equaled and, I hope and believe, surpassed.

"We are moving on. Instead of government being exploited to make men richer, we'll use it to make men better—to establish livable conditions for all."

Tom Shipp, who learned politics under Senator Beveridge and conservation at Gifford Pinchot's right hand, is a neighbor of Governor Marshall in Indianapolis. Politically the two men do not agree, especially as Tom Shipp is running for Congress as a Progressive Republican while Governor Marshall hopes to preside over the United States Senate and cast his vote with the Democrats in case of a tie. They are mighty good friends "in real life," and not long since Candidate Shipp wrote a kindly piece about Candidate Marshall, in which the prophecy was made that no matter what political windfall came his way, he would "still be Tom Marshall, good neighbor, good story teller, good lawyer, good citizen and good friend."

What follows is the gist of Governor Marshall's ready answers to the reporter's very leading questions, propounded in the governor's private office at the state capitol before he started on his stumping tour.

"As an old-style Democrat," said the governor, "I'm opposed to the Government going into business except as a last resort. Governments were not instituted to do business. Governments were instituted to see that you, if you're a corporation, can't skin me and that I can't skin you. They were not instituted to confiscate the railroads. Government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines is the last thing I want to see. The real need of the hour is an immediate divorce of government and business.

"I'm an income-taxer. Personally I should much prefer to have the income tax for the benefit of the state. However I'm in favor of giving this power to the Federal Government, so that those who have incomes may take some of the burdens from those who have none.

"The progress made by the general Goverament in eliminating the trusts has been equaled only by the frog that jumped one foot and fell back two. The trusts can be eliminated by the states."

Marshall would hold over Big Business the threat: "Be good, or the state will declare your corporate charter forfeited." Further, he believes that the several states should enact laws forbidding corporations that own stock in other corporations from doing business in the state and from resorting to the courts of the state to enforce contracts.

The governor is a tariff-for-revenue man. He is opposed to every form of special privilege. If he had his way he would "wipe out the protective tariff as speedily as possible." He wouldn't "be turned away by other issues that becloud the larger question." But he hasn't his way.

"Some day," he said to me, "I hope to see the fight squarely made between tariff for revenue only on the one side, and protection on the other. I want to see a general assault on special privilege."

(Continued on Page 77)

THE SURAKARTA

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

XIV

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"Before I Can Do This I Find That the Emerald Is to Be Taken to America"

AMONG the figures crowding into the room somewhere, and, as it seemed to Hereford's dizzy senses, with more authority over them all than any other, was his ward, Lorine. He heard her voice cry out once when first she caught sight of him but later he heard it only in quick, imperative directions and commands. She was arguing with some one for a moment and she bested that one, whoever he was. Hereford recognized that it was under her direction, though she did not come near him herself—or was he conscious that once she spoke to him?—that he was soon led into another room and laid upon a bed, and that soon after a doctor came.

How long it was before the confused half-consciousness of his dizziness gave way to entirely conscious thought again, impeded only by the pain in his shoulder and a splitting headache, he did not know. It was some time, however; for his man from his apartments was there with clean clothes and another suit for him. Very soon afterward—for the cut in his shoulder from the thin rapier blade was clean and had cut no important vein he insisted upon dressing.

He learned then that it was a few minutes after ten; that Annis, who had come to himself some time before, already had been removed to jail.

As he finished dressing a messenger from Lorine came to his room.

"Miss Regan has a parlor downstairs in which she would like to see you." The messenger gave the number.

Hereford took a drink and went down unassisted.

As he entered, Lorine, who was alone, rose with a cry of concern. "They told me you were quite yourself!"

"That is what I told them. I am sorry if I do not appear it."

She hastily arranged the lounge in the room so he could lie down and, ringing for her maid, sent for a pillow from the next room.

"Thank you. Don't!" he forbade. "I feel quite all right. I'll only sit down." He did so, regarding her agitation with surprise. "I have to thank you for the care you have already given me," he said, "or instructed to have given me."

"Hush!" she stopped him. "How can you speak of that when you all but gave your life for me—and might have given it but for good fortune."

A little flush came to his face in spite of his pallor. "So you know it was for you?"

She saw she had said too much.

"You meant it, at least, for what you believed my benefit."

He watched her a moment.

"I am sorry I have got myself in such a state that it distresses you upon so joyful an occasion for you as the return of the emerald."

She remained silent a moment.

"I was stupid the last time I saw you," she said suddenly. "It seemed to me that you had surely taken the emerald. When what you did told me that you had not I couldn't readjust at once. I didn't see that you'd done more. You couldn't get it yourself; but, immediately you found another had, you turned everything upon yourself—you took his danger, ran his risk! And now you let yourself be all but killed to stop its coming back to me!"

He studied her.

"I do not understand you. You speak as though you wished me to have prevented that."

But again she evaded him.

"Whether I did or not I forced you into this place, where you, to do what you felt your duty to me, had to run into danger."

"You know I did not do anything I have done as a duty."

"No?"

"No!" He started to rise.

"Wait!" She prevented him. She bent toward him in earnest intentness. "Tell me now, how was the stone taken from the box?"

"The stone—from the box?" he repeated.

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"Tell me," she directed impatiently.

"I do not know."

"You do not know?"

"No."

"You do not understand what I have brought upon you."

"I think I do."

"Do you understand," she asked, "that the police have now learned of Annis' visit to you the afternoon before the disappearance of the emerald?"

"Yes; they have told me.

"They have traced his movements that night—at least enough to make certain he was the agent of the disappearance of the stone."

Hereford nodded.

"So, also, they have said."

"You have told them yourself now, through the doctor's statement, how you protected him immediately. They know now, too, of course, that both you and Annis knew the stone, though taken from the box, was not got out of the room. Of course they found you in the room after having fought for it."

Again Hereford inclined his head.

"I"—the girl continued earnestly—"I understand your motive, of course; I know your reason."

"Then," Hereford said a little wearily, "that should be enough."

"But the police will not make allowance for such a motive. They will be guided by the facts. Annis, on his way to jail, said that you planned with him to take the stone; you plotted and prepared everything when he saw you that afternoon. He has said so to the police. Everything seems to confirm it. So they must take you with him!"

"So, also," Hereford said resignedly, "they have told me."

"But—but you do not understand," his ward protested. "Unless you can disprove Annis' statement it means—it means ——"

She started to him, and he stared at her in increasing astonishment as there was a knock on the door.

"There are the police!" She checked herself. "They have come for you!"

When she opened the door, however, only a little, gray, bushy-haired German entered, carrying a suitcase.

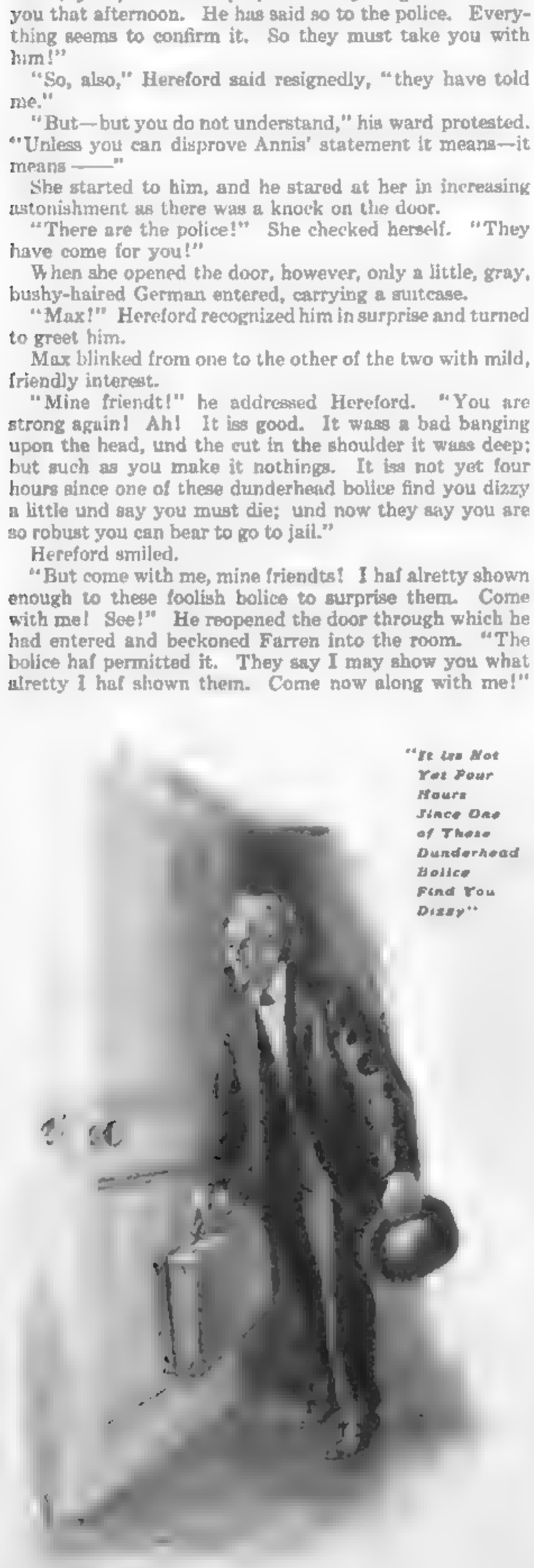
"Max!" Hereford recognized him in surprise and turned to greet him.

Max blinked from one to the other of the two with mild, friendly interest.

"Mine friendt!" he addressed Hereford. "You are strong again! Ah! It iss good. It wass a bad banging upon the head, und the cut in the shoulder it wass deep; but such as you make it nothings. It iss not yet four hours since one of these dunderhead bolice find you dizzy a little und say you must die; und now they say you are so robust you can bear to go to jail."

Hereford smiled.

"But come with me, mine friendts! I haf alretty shown enough to these foolish bolice to surprise them. Come with me! See!" He reopened the door through which he had entered and beckoned Farren into the room. "The bolice haf permitted it. They say I may show you what alretty I haf shown them. Come now along with me!"



"It iss Not Yet Four Hours Since One of These Dunderhead Bolice Find You Dizzy"

Hereford looked at Farren for confirmation. The officer was regarding the little German with half-superstitious, half-incredulous amazement.

"I'm instructed to take you upstairs, sir, to see what this man has shown us—if you wish to come."

Hereford looked to Lorine.

"Let us go," she decided.

Max led the way in triumphant, bubbling suppression. They took the elevator back to the floor where the Javanese formerly had their suite. Arriving there, Max immediately led them to the room where the emerald had been and where Hereford had recovered it from Annis. It was half full of men—the police, Baraka and members of his suite. They were all grouped, curious and exclaiming, about a table at the foot of the bed, upon which the steel box that had contained the emerald had been placed; and beside it, as Hereford now saw, was another box of precisely the same design, the same appearance.

XV

HEREFORD, though Max's manner had in a measure prepared him for a surprise, halted astonished at the sight of the second box. There were, then, two such boxes in the world! Had that ancient artificer of Java, who made for the sultan the box in which to keep the emerald, made at the same time another just like it, perhaps in revenge? But as those about the table gave way to allow him to get nearer the illusion disappeared. The grotesque bodies of the figures on the four sides of the box were not of steel delicately hand-wrought, but of some rough composition which resembled but had more tenacity than clay—only the heads, the hands and the feet were, like the body of the box, of some wood that Hereford guessed was teak. These heads and hands and feet, as Hereford knelt beside the box and touched them, moved with soft clickings of wooden levers within; while from under the lid of the box, which stood partly open, came a strong smell of sandalwood.

Hereford looked down at Max.

"See!" The German motioned triumphantly. "It iss the dublicate box. You recall I telephoned to you I haf it. This iss it—the dublicate box!"

The captain of police, who seemed to be in charge of the situation, turned to Hereford.

"Your friend has been telling us some surprising things, Mr. Hereford," he said, "and has suggested some still more surprising. Already he has proved enough so that we are to permit him to demonstrate the rest."

Hereford nodded his understanding.

The marks of his recent struggle with Annis had been removed, he saw. The room, as nearly as possible, was arranged as it was upon the night of the robbery. Max already was removing the box he called the "dublicate box" into the next room.

He now asked every one there to move over by the doorway. Accompanied by Baraka and the captain commanding the police, Max made an examination of the windows and the bathroom door to show that all were locked and that entrance to the room was impossible except through the one doorway, now filled.

The bed, the chairs—every article of furniture—were in place. The original box was in its former position near the foot of the bed.

"Gif me, please, your watch," Max requested of the police captain. "The emerald we will not ask to be risked again. Your watch you will surely know." The officer handed it to him. "Now, please"—he turned to Baraka—"the box open again."

Baraka, with the assent of one whose mind already had been made up, concealed the operation of the levers and clicked them quickly. The top of the box sprang back. Max, in sight of all, took the captain's watch from the chain and placed it within the box, locking it by closing down the cover. He motioned to Baraka and the officer to join Hereford, his ward and the others in the doorway. He glanced round once more.

"Opserve now," said Max, "that all iss as it wass the night before the last. Only besides, I believe, wass there a handbag by the wall. Well, I will put mine there to take the place." And he put down by the blank wall the suitcase he had with him.

He placed himself then behind Baraka and the police captain, who stood in front and quite filled the doorway, so that it was impossible for any one to pass them. They crouched so that Hereford and his ward and the others behind them might see into the room, though there was nothing to see. Max turned out the light as he took his place. Everything was absolutely black.

Every one stood silent. Hereford could hear only the breathing of those about him, and he felt the soft touch of Lorine's arm against his and a strand of her hair against his cheek as she shifted her position slightly. In the darkness his hearing became more acute, so that he would have known the position of every one even if he had not already known; also he became conscious suddenly of the heavy odor of sandalwood, which filled his nostrils and seemed to ingulf and make negligible all other sensations for the instant. With it awoke strange, dim images from

How Long It Was He Did Not Know

the superstitiously imaginative East. He let himself seem to be upon that middle ground of the Oriental tales where the supernatural mingles with the natural at will. His hand touched Lorine's; and, as though she were unconscious of it, she permitted his touch. He started when Max's slow voice broke the silence.

"The sound of knocking now will be me against this wall," Max announced. "Remember, all are pledged only to opserve—to interfere in no way with what will follow." And, waiting for his own voice to become silent, he knocked four times with a peculiar interval between, and then repeated the raps.

In the silence which followed—enduring a full half-minute—Hereford was conscious that the girl beside him seemed to be holding her breath. Then, at the end of a suspense during which he heard her draw breath only as she panted for it, there came a sound—clear, distinct, perfectly unmistakable—a click within the room and toward its side where there was neither door nor window, only a solid brick wall. So like the click of a cocking pistol was it that Hereford felt the spontaneous checking of his pulses as the suggestion came to him. The tremble in the hand against his told him that Lorine was at least equally affected. What he heard next Hereford could not tell, or that any sound at all came to his ears—or by what sensations, beyond the prickling of the short hairs upon his skin, it was revealed to him, in the midst of the darkness and of the heavy sandalwood smell, that something which lived was moving in the room before them. Yet some one was in the room—who or what? Some one had entered to whom a brick wall had made no bar!

And suddenly, without warning, began the soft clicking of the box.

He heard before him and behind him the aspirate ejaculations of the Javanese not entirely suppressed, the movement of surprise about him, the shudder of superstitious fear.

Hereford had no superstitions. He tried—he swiftly tried at this sound to take hold of his nerves. Involuntarily he turned his hand to grasp his ward's to calm her, but met her grasp firm upon the same purpose. He smiled as there rioted through his mind strange, half-remembered stories of the East; of treasures guarded in temples by malignant squat deities; of significant jewels like the emerald, which ghostly agents brought back to the rightful possessor as often as they were taken away.

The clicking of the box went steadily on; and Hereford's mind, which tried to picture the agent by which the levers moved, saw nothing, but only thought them moving of themselves.

Mechanically, he noted now, he had counted the clicks. One, two, three, four—they were rapid and without hesitation. And he heard Baraka, just in front of him, counting, too, in Javanese with intense, irrepressible aspiration. At ten Baraka involuntarily started forward. Apparently checked by the officer next him, he settled back. At fifteen Hereford felt him, fumbling in his pocket, withdraw his hand; and as the last lever clicked he struck a match against the wall. The match-head broke in two—half shot like a tiny meteor through the dark; half sputtered in a weak blue flame that finally caught the wood and showed no one.

The captain tried to check him, but Max now made no objection—he himself was reaching for the light. He switched it on. As they blinked in the blaze of light they saw the box stood open; the watch, which had been locked inside, was gone! No one could have come in; no one could have gone out. Yet some one had been there, for it was done! It undeniably had been done!

In the hubbub of incredulity, questionings, confusion, Hereford stared about the room. He laughed nervously and looked to Lorine, who directed his eyes to Max. The little man was before him, smiling triumphantly.

"You," he said to Hereford, "und you, und you"—he indicated Baraka and the police captain—"und you also, if you wish," he said to the girl, "stay here and hear how these things haf been done. The rest—they can know what they must later," he commanded calmly.

The captain and Baraka bade their companions wait without. Max motioned the four who remained to seat themselves. The officer and Baraka sat upon the edge of the bed. Hereford and his ward dropped into the two chairs, which showed little trace of the fire.

Max perched himself on the little stand for baggage, beside which he had placed the suitcase.

XVI

"IF I TOLDT to you what hass chust again been done und how it hass been done, Mr. Bolice Officer," said Max, calmly looking at the captain, "you would not be ready to belief; scarcely you could understand it, simple as it shall be soon.

"So first let us go back to when I read in the bapers that the emerald wass stolen. It wass fery wonderful—wass it not? At once eferybody—the bolice und others—wass inquiring: 'How did he who took the emerald go in und oudt where eferything wass locked?' Here, where men are all und where men are fery much alike, they said, because they could not understand how it wass done: 'He wass clever—so clever!' Und as mine friendt, mine landlordt here, is so clever a man certainly, you say: 'May he not haf done this thing?' But I, hafing the mind of the naturalist, I began to inguire of myself first: 'What, indeed, iss the order of indelligence that hass done this thing?'

"The fery first thing I saw wass that whoever hass opened the box hass been fery, fery stupidt und hass not been afraidt. Loudly—so loudly that he woke up Baraka, who wass sleeping in the room—he hass teared the baper off the box into many strips, roughly und boldly, all roundt. This wass certainly fery, fery stupidt. 'Would mine clever landlordt, Mr. Hereford, he so stupidt?' I think to myself. Also, it wass fery, fery fearless. Could he be so fearless? Mine friendts, I haf lif'd the most of my life in dark continents und in islands where there are millions of peoples so unhuman that you und peoples here will nefer know the truth about them, becauss nobody who hass seen those peoples dares to write or print openly what he hass seen. I haf seen mans of indelligence so low that it iss not easy to tell if they are animals or mans—so stupidt as to tear bapers loudly away from a box; but I haf nefer seen any man of indelligence so low that he did not know enough to be afraidt.

"But this one iss so stupid or so bold, too, that he continues without disturbance to open the box efen when a pistol iss many times fired at him. But at the same time he iss so clefer that efen in the dark he know how—guickly und without hesitation—to open the box, und how to go in und oudt of a room which iss locked, und so guickly to move that when the light iss turned on alretty he hass disappeared. Then I reread in the newsbaper that it wass not customary for the baper to be wrapped roundt the box, but only lately it hass been that way—therefore, by whoefer opened the box, baper roundt the box wass not expected.

"So I saidt to myself: 'Max, this iss not one indelligence; it iss two indelligences—it iss a clever indelligence which hass planned how this wass to be done und a stupid indelligence which hass carried it oudt.' Und I changed the questions I wass asking myself like this: 'Max, who iss it that could be put into a locked room, und could haf been taught to open the box, und could do all that wass done in the way it wass done, und could disappear so guickly as not to be seen?'

"Und I saidt to myself: 'Certainly no one whom mine friendt Hereford could train und prepare in a few hours to do this thing; for mine friendt, Herr Professor Reimer, of Berlin, hass proved that three weeks at least iss required to teach one of the sort required to do this thing.' Now, Mr. Hereford had hardly three hours since he heard of the box; therefore he could not haf prepared the one who opened it. So I saidt: 'I will look more into this. Perhaps I haf seen what others do not see.'"

"What do you mean?" the police officer demanded impatiently, the others watching Max intently.

"Where I am in my story I am not myself sure yet," Max replied imperturbably. "Suppose there iss such a one as I suppose, so stupidt und so boldt; still, how would he know in the dark that the box iss under the baper so that he tear it off so certainly? With such an indelligence as I suppose, smell wouldt be fery strong. If it should be that the box hass a smell, therefore, I am made much more sure. So I search for a smell."

"I remember," Hereford nodded.

"Und to be sure, when I come to the box, it hass a smell of sandalwood! But then I must look for more. 'This one who opened the box is fery stupidt,' I say; 'yet he opened the box fery guick, fery sure. He had been taught, therefore, upon such another box; und, once hafing been taught, he must have constant practice efery day or—so many are the motions to be made—he might soon forget. Before the one who put him into the room would put him into the room that night, surely he would make certain he could open the practice box. Therefore, unless it hass been destroyed fery recently, there iss another box—a dublicate box, a practice box—fery near. How to find that!'

"In that I am helped by another circumstance. Mr. Baraka, he hass told how his pistol-shooting did not disturb him who opened the box. How could this be, only that the stupidt one who had been taught to open the box had also been taught that nothing must disturb him? That could be the only way. Not only hass he been taught to open the box, but he hass been made accustomed to open it whatefer iss done about him. Pistol-shooting iss, of course, the most likely thing to be done about him. At least, he hass been much trained not to mind pistol-shooting in any ways.

"So, when I am thinking of this and speaking of it, I find that earlier in the same efening a man—a foreigner—hass been pistol-shooting in his room without reason. So I get that man's address und I go to the house; und when he iss not in his room I find there the other box—the dublicate box—the practice box. Und I find—as I had expected—that it hass surely been made in Chava. All haf come from Chava, then—the secret of the box, him that knows how to open it, the disappearing one to whom it hass been taught. All! I am fery glad; for surely, then, mine friendt Hereford hass had nothing in it. But with all this much iss lacking.

"How did the disappearing one—the one able to make himself so small he cannot be seen—get into the room und get oudt? For, though I am sure that such a one as iss not at all suspected hass done this thing, still, I am sure he must have a way in und oudt.

"So now I go back to my own room in that boarding house where I find that box, und I lie down upon my bedt. I saidt to myself: 'Max, you are in Chava, und you are the man hafing a almost disappearing one whom you may teach things. In the tower of the Soesoehoenan iss a Surakarta. Somehow you haf come to know the manibulations of the box in which the emerald iss kept, und you haf made one like it so you can teach the disappearing one. Now think what more you will do.'

"Und I thought: 'There iss no window or opening of any kind into the room where the emerald iss except a door; und whenever that door iss opened there iss a strong guard whose eyes are sharp enough to see the disappearing one, for he cannot guite disappear. But sometimes things are put into that room—perhaps it iss a box; perhaps it iss a basket—which can be carried into the room; und I will teach the teachable one to stay inside that basket—guite still, so that nobody shall notice. Und when he hass been put into the room, und the door iss shut und locked again, he shall come oudt from his basket; und he shall open the box that hass the emerald, und shall go back with the emerald into his basket. Und then, when the door iss opened again, und there iss excitement over the loss of the emerald, the basket shall be carried oudt again—und the emerald will be in it.'"

Baraka exclaimed volubly. The police captain watched Max with narrowing eyes; Hereford and Lorine bent forward.

"Yes? But opserve now, mine friendt. Before I can do this that I have planned I find that the emerald iss to be taken to America. Now I must go along until the chance comes to get the emerald; but if I carry my pupil in the basket then eferybody will say: 'What haf you got in the basket?' So now what shall I do? When I had got as far as that, mine friendts, I thought: 'What wass there in the room at the hotel in which one—even a disappearing one—could haf been?' There wass in the room the writing desk, und the bedt, und the table, which belonged there; und there wass two suitcases, which a confederate among Baraka's suite could carry in und oudt. So I thought: 'That iss it; he shall be in a suitcase, which will not be noticed—only when I pass the customs officials shall there be clothes in that suitcase; for then I shall carry him wrapped in my *cabaya*'—my coat, that iss."

"In the suitcase!" the police captain now demanded. "He—your pupil—the disappearing one! What do you mean?"

"Here, in this suitcase!" Max replied calmly. "Holding your watch now—as night before last he would haf held the emerald if he had not been hurt by one of the bullets so that he ran up the tapestry und hide it in his excitement before he remember to go back to the suitcase."

"A monkey!" Baraka exclaimed with some excitement.

Max laughed. He knocked four times and a little door in the side of the suitcase opened—and a little brown form came forth.

"A monkey of Java!"

"So!" he confirmed, taking the watch from the little creature's hand and handing it back to the police captain. "Trained—as I learn at the boarding house where the Chavanese who had him wass still training him in case the emerald wass to be returned to the box—trained to come from this little door in the side of the suitcase when he hears knocks as I gafe them—so! Efery time he hear them he comes from the suitcase, he opens the box, takes what iss within, goes back to the suitcase und shuts himself in, und stays fery still—trained efen with shots, as I haf said; und so that efen when he wass hurt by the bullet"—Max pointed out the bandage upon one little brown forearm—"he returns to the suitcase und shuts himself in, und stays guiet—though he had put away the emerald in his excitement; learning which, they who taught him set fire to the rooms so they might get in und themselves find it.

"All this," Max continued, turning to the police officer, "iss what mine friendt, Mr. Hereford, und I—we saw; und which I chust now promised to make clear to you."

Hereford started; but he did not require Max's swift gesture of warning to make him keep silent and only smile his thanks.

"But also," Max went on impressively, "we saw that if one word of suspicions were let out then we could not hope to catch them—so easy if they were not warned. So Mr. Hereford makes a wound upon his hand, by which he called attention to himself; und meantime I und Mr. Lund we follow und watch them for Mr. Hereford. So, when we haf found oudt what I haf chust shown, he learns the emerald iss here—iss not oudt of the room. He waits here, therefore, in the room, guiet, alone, till the some one comes that haf done it all—Annis—und what happened then you know."

The police captain stared from the little German to his friend, and from him to the Javanese; but Baraka was still bent in curious examination of the monkey, an examination which seemed now suddenly to run to recognition. He started up.

"But it is Ukano!" he exclaimed.

(Continued on Page 53)

"It Will be Set in a Ring, My Dear"

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Thanks to the Campaign

EVERYBODY remarks that this presidential campaign, contrary to precedent, has not injured business. Few remark the larger fact that it has been a boon to business. Uplift and expansion have been in evidence for several months. Railroad earnings are now running ahead of last year at the rate of twenty million dollars monthly; bank clearings the country over show gains of from five to twenty per cent; steel mills are full of orders; crops are the largest ever gathered. Ordinarily, therefore, we should have had a great outburst of speculation; but, thanks to the campaign, transactions on the New York Stock Exchange have been the smallest in many years. The August total was less than half of that for the corresponding month in the last presidential year and little over a third of that for 1909.

This is a great gain. To carry legitimate business, money in New York is now about six per cent. If there had been big speculation during the summer we should be experiencing a pinch—with gamblers, as usual, preferred bidders for the short supply of funds.

Normally a stock boom means that greater prosperity is in sight and the insiders are rushing to grab—in a few weeks—all the enhanced profits that the mills and rails will earn in the next year. If there is something in this campaign that makes them exceedingly dubious about grabbing, that impresses them with a painful idea that it may be less easy in the future to skim the profits from industry by manipulating pieces of paper, everybody engaged in earning an honest living ought to be thankful for it. If the country has finally evolved a sort of politics that will discourage speculation without repressing real business, it is to be congratulated.

Mixing Up in Mexico

SLAVEHOLDERS who ruled the Old South and dominated the Federal Government were few in number. A table for 1850, in Hinton Rowan Helper's Impending Crisis of the South, gives only three hundred and fifty thousand of them, all told—under two per cent of the white population—while those who owned five or more slaves apiece numbered less than a hundred and seventy-five thousand. It was in obedience to the interests of this small band that President Polk ordered Taylor's advance to the Rio Grande and brought on the War with Mexico.

It was an admirable war from the military point of view, American troops fighting and dying with exemplary gallantry. "With all its inexcusable aggression and fine fighting," says Woodrow Wilson, the historian. But its results notably aggravated that division between North and South which was to issue, fifteen years later, in still finer fighting—and more of it—on our own soil.

For months, unquestionably, great pressure has been exerted at Washington to force this country into another war with Mexico. Evidence of this constant pressure has appeared in the press and in bellicose speeches delivered in Congress. Interests that are exerting the pressure know, just as Polk knew, that when the first shot is fired the country's fighting blood will rise and actual reasons for fighting will be lost sight of temporarily. The country might reap some glory. Many households would reap bereavement. And possibly a fifth of one per cent of the population, having more or less speculative monetary interests in Mexico, would reap some profit. Intervention in Mexico would be a great national calamity, and every resource of the Government should be exerted to avoid it.

The Land of Corn

THERE is small enough reason for calling this continent after the Florentine navigator who came west five years later than Columbus; and probably, if everything had its due, the continental name would be not Columbia, but Cornland. As A. M. Simons has suggested, a true account of that cereal would contain more of the actual history of North America than could be found in the biographies of any half-dozen of the greatest men who have lived here.

To the Indians, corn was what domesticated animals had been to other savages. With no other implements than a stone hatchet—to girdle the trees, kill the foliage and let in sunshine—and a sharp stick to make a hole in the ground, they could raise a crop that hung on the stalks without injury for weeks after ripening. This released them from complete dependence upon the chase, enabled them to live in settled habitations, and so to take that long step from savagery to barbarism that was in process when the white men came. The first white settlements subsisted upon corn, and largely upon it were borne those successive pioneer waves that subdued the continent from the seaboard to the Rockies—pioneers borrowing the simple Indian practice of girdling the trees to let in sunshine and planting seed in unbroken ground. By corn more than by any other cereal was developed the system of small farm proprietors, which to this day has been the biggest force in shaping our political life.

And in this year of grace nobody—except those persons whose professional engagements require it—is really alarmed over any foreseeable political contingency, because we are raising three billion bushels of corn. Human wisdom has not been able to put an appreciable dent in the cost of living; but this huge maize crop promises to do it by somewhat cheapening meat. The really important thing usually lies where nobody looks for it.

Prisoners' Labor

WE DO not know just when the law took cognizance of the obvious fact that an able-bodied man's refusal to support his wife and children is a crime; but for a long time the law dealt with this crime in a strictly typical manner—that is, it arrested the delinquent husband and locked him up so that he could not possibly support his family even if he wished to, or support himself. The later and better idea is to parole him on condition that he works and turns over a certain part of his wages to his dependents or to the court for their benefit. In non-support cases last year Massachusetts courts collected forty-five thousand dollars for destitute families, while the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago collected seventy-five thousand. Certainly this is a great improvement upon locking up the delinquent for the sake of a possible warning against non-support on the part of others.

The very crime against which non-support laws are aimed the state itself commits wholesale by keeping in prison at all times about a hundred thousand men upon whose labor, in many cases, women and children are dependent for sustenance. By the yearly commitment to jails and penitentiaries, for longer or shorter terms, of four hundred thousand men an appalling sum of destitution must be entailed upon perfectly innocent persons. And in penitentiaries prison labor has been very productive; many fat dividends have been derived therefrom by prison contractors. To these dependents the state obviously owes at least every penny that can be produced by the convicts' labor. Anything short of that is mere robbery of the helpless.

How to Make Uncle Sam Rich

WE REFER the following facts to the Money Trust investigation:

An ounce of silver costs about sixty cents; but when stamped by the Government it is worth a dollar and thirty-eight cents. By doing the stamping Uncle Sam made four and a half million dollars the last fiscal year, and his profit on coining silver since 1878 has exceeded a hundred and sixty million dollars. He pays thirty-four cents for a pound of nickel and makes ninety five-cent pieces out of it, realizing the handsome profit of twelve hundred per cent on his investment. A pound of copper costs eighteen cents and makes a hundred and forty-six cent pieces, showing a profit of seven hundred per cent. Total profits on coining silver and the baser metals in about forty years have amounted to more than two hundred million dollars. Silver and the baser metals are the money of the poor.

Gold is the money of the rich, and Uncle Sam coins on an average about a hundred million dollars of it. If he did as well on that as on the poor man's nickel he would be entirely self-supporting. All tariff, internal-revenue and excise taxes might be abolished and the Treasury would still show a round surplus; but, as a matter of fact, Uncle Sam loses something on every eagle and double-eagle he coins. The thousand million dollars of coined gold in the Treasury vaults netted the old gentleman a considerable dead loss. The chief use of this gold is to supply a base for certificates that are employed in Wall Street.

Success in Porto Rico

EVIDENTLY we are getting on in Porto Rico. When we acquired the island, imports from the United States amounted to little over three million dollars a year; they now amount to thirty-five millions. Meanwhile exports to the United States have risen from two and a half millions to more than thirty millions. The island's total foreign trade in the year after annexation fell short of ten million dollars; it now amounts to eighty millions.

This is a magnificent showing. We should—and generally do—stop with this showing; but a report recently made to the secretary of war goes a bit farther. "The patent fact in Porto Rico," it says, "is the rapid and enormous wealth of the few, the wretched poverty of the many, and the relatively insignificant returns made by large capital to the public welfare. . . . There is a lamentable absenteeism, both in spirit and in body, on the part of the highly fortunate. Without any stretch of imagination, one can see developing class hatred and a menacing unrest."

Porto Rico's prosperity under our flag is like Cuba's under its own, and like that of both islands formerly under Spain—great wealth for a few, great exploitation and great degradation for the many.

Philippine Independence

OUT of eight million inhabitants, about one hundred and fifty thousand Filipinos have the registered right to vote—comprising officeholders under the Spanish régime, owners of property to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, and those able to read and write English or Spanish. These constitute the audible, articulate, politically effective population of the islands. An overwhelming majority of them undoubtedly want complete independence, with a government in their own hands. The Jones Bill, introduced at the last session of Congress, proposes to give them such a government—not only modeled upon the Constitution of the United States, but pretty generally following it word for word.

Those words, written down by Madison, Morris, Franklin, Washington, to establish a measurably free government of Anglo-Saxons with ten centuries of more or less free political experience behind them, sound rather odd in an act to set up government by a handful of educated persons among eight million oriental barbarians. With the same restrictions upon the franchise, it is true, registration might increase considerably under a native government; but it would still be a government of the very many by the very few. We suppose no Philippine patriot imagines that anything resembling a democracy in its modern meaning of a rule by all the people is applicable to the islands. We heartily wish the Philippines were independent; but applying the famous recipe of 1787, under the circumstances, seems a doubtful experiment.

Manufactured Life

THE president of the British Association, at the eighty-second annual convention of that formidable body in September, held forth an interesting possibility that the making of living substance in a chemical laboratory "is not so remote as has been generally assumed." Already, he pointed out, science has advanced so far that we know just what elements compose living substance, and they are few in number—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, some phosphorus and certain inorganic salts, chief among them being chloride of sodium, salts of calcium, magnesium, potassium and iron. "The combination of these elements into a colloidal compound represents the chemical basis of life, and when the chemist succeeds in building up this compound it will, without doubt, exhibit the phenomena which we associate with the term 'life.'"

That sounds comparatively simple—merely a matter of adding a dash of nitrogen, subtracting a bit of phosphorus and throwing in a pinch of magnesium, until you strike just the right proportions; and from protoplasm which the chemist will thus produce, up to man, science has already traced the way. In the case of some men it is not far. But, in considering the prospect of a genuine, laboratory-made race, we should bear in mind President Schäfer's further statement that the substances mentioned are found in dead, or inorganic, matter as well as in live, or organic; and that the boundary between live and dead matter—if there be one—is so faint that science cannot trace it. This leads us to suspect that it will be impossible to tell the laboratory-made live man from a dead one.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Willing Little Worker

TURNING for the nonce—the rotating facilities being especially good at the particular nonce to which your attention is directed—so, gyrating for the nimble nonce from the seething vortex, not to say the vorticular seethex, of politics, about which we are hearing so much and seething so little, let us investigate another phase of life, another demonstration of the tremendous truth that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

It certainly does. Think over the persons you know. A moment's reflection will show you that very few of your acquaintances approach the perfection exemplified in the standard Nature so generously set forth in you yourself. And though you are at a loss to understand how it is so many folks who lack your manifold merits and extraordinary perfections can get anywhere at all, you are compelled to admit they do struggle along thus handicapped and are exceedingly numerous, although of course if they were more like you they would be far happier and would attain greater success.

Curiously enough, mankind, having an infinity of models for standardization, invariably continues to be variable. You, undoubtedly, are convinced that what you do is right, what you say is absolute, such examples as you set are correct; but you have the utmost difficulty in convincing others of this. Indeed, it is quite impossible so to convince others, for the universal reason that others with absurd obstinacy and egoism are constantly trying to impress on you that their individual archetype is the proper one.

Hence we are living in a world all cluttered up with different kinds of people, crowded and jammed with various varieties of folks, and among this vast number we discern a Reed Smoot. It is quite true that some years ago we discerned this same Reed Smoot, but discernment has become more discerning since that time and Smoot has learned to discern, which is the only term that will describe the evolution. In days agone Smoot, who was then and is now a United States senator from Utah, was of note merely because he was the only apostle held within the confines of that organization which is aptly designated the greatest deliberate body in the world—Senators Gallinger and others contending that the term should be "deliberative," but having little support except their own deliberations.

Now the advent of an apostle into Congress or into our public life elsewhere is no uncommon entrance. However, there is this difference: The usual apostle is the bearer of a self-selected designation. He announces himself as the apostle of tariff reform or any other burning or burned issue, and goes to it. Smoot, on the valid other hand, is a real apostle of his particular brand, having been so named and decreed by the Mormon Church. So far as that goes, in apostolic circles Smoot goes that far. Passing hurriedly over the circumstance that he lacks the whiskers and other genre effects usually associated with his cult, Smoot undoubtedly is a first-class apostle of his kind.

Ants, Bees, Drops and Grains

BUT long ago that ceased to be his sole distinction. Indeed, in the evolution of Smoot it practically has been forgotten that he is an apostle at all, and he is now considered on other specifications. It is this development I purpose to consider, for it is a matter that deserves consideration. I unhesitatingly assert that Reed Smoot, bar none, is the busiest little cup of tea in the great legislative forum of this country. More than that, I challenge contradiction for the statement that so long as his colleagues and colaborers can induce his continued effort he will, on his part, retain that diligent eminence.

Industry, we have been told since our youth, is a cardinal virtue. Seeking afield, our mentors have held up to us the bee and the ant as examples of industrious and applied effort worthy of our concentrated emulation. The bee and the ant are types selected with rare discrimination, as all will admit, for it would have been fatal to the precept if a blue-bottle fly, buzzing against a windowpane, had been chosen, albeit nothing could be more industrious than a blue-bottle fly in that perplexing situation. We are impelled by the bee and the ant, varied, when continuous effort is urged, by the elaborate results attained by little drops of water which, as is well known, will wear the hardest stone away, and little grains of sand, which by industriously accumulating make up the mighty land.

We all should be industrious. That is admitted. However there seems to be a general, almost universal, idea that industry, marvelous as are its merits, is perhaps as useful and no doubt more pleasurable when it is inculcated in others instead of being pursued personally. In the abstract industry is of great value. In the concrete it is a good deal of a bore. Wherefore we spend our days exhorting others to be industrious and in loafing on the job ourselves. If enough industrious persons can be found, persons naturally and congenitally industrious, the balance is maintained and things move along smoothly. The most engaging problem is to discover the persons to whom we can pass the buck.

That is a problem no longer, so far as the United States Senate is concerned. They have found the person to whom they can pass the buck. His name is Smoot—Reed Smoot, senator from Utah—who, shoving his apostolic qualifications behind him, has set himself forward as the legislator who is willing, nay anxious, to do all the work. In future dictionaries the verb "To smoot" will appear, and it will be defined: "To show a willingness to undertake all tasks and to labor constantly without rest or surcease."

Now it may be that this intense appetite for work on the part of Smoot is due as much to his personal idea that he can do the work far better than any other, rather than to his habit of industry; but that delves into motives, which is not allowed in the senatorial set, is not clubby. No senator who has respect for the traditions and precedents of that harassed institution ever delves into or impugns the motives of any other senator, the reason being that both delving and impugning are propositions that can be worked with the reverse English, and all senators have pet motives they desire to keep safely concealed within their chests. Hence senatorial courtesy.

No Protesting Voice Is Raised

WE MUST take it as it lies, merely remarking, in passing, that Senator Reed Smoot has a pleasant appreciation of the abilities of Senator Reed Smoot. The fact is, as stated, that since the first senator of these United States first clapped his hands for a page to turn his swivel chair for him, until this latest Senate wobbled wearily out into the night last August wondering what is the use, there never has been observed within the confines of that emporium for language a senator who was so industrious as Smoot. He is the Willing Little Worker of the Senate. No task is too onerous for Smoot to tackle; no problem is too complicated for him to investigate; no question so abstract that Smoot will not dig into it. Ever since Mr. Aldrich put into operation his celebrated method of revising the tariff downward by elevating the schedules the Senate and the committee rooms thereof have echoed and reechoed with the cry: "Let Smoot do it."

Was there an explanation of Schedule K to be made—let Smoot do it. Were the intricacies of the Dutch standard to be set forth—let Smoot do it. Was the doubtful public to be convinced that by taking off the duty on asbestos the price of shoes would be decreased to the consumer—let Smoot do it. Was there an investigation that would take weeks and weeks of dull, dreary figuring and benumbing computation—let Smoot do it. Was there any dry detail of any sort anywhere at any time—let Smoot do it.

And Smoot always does it. Talk about your gluttons for work! That man's appetite for toil is Brobdingnagian, cyclopean, colossal. They couldn't pile it on him too heavily. No added task caused him to murmur. He worked and works all the time and the Senate is willing he should. Nobody protests. They permit him to go as far as he likes. If by any strange chance he is observed sitting idly at his desk, some senator shifts a job on him and Smoot turns to. He likes it. So do the other senators. Thus all is peaceful and harmonious, and many lawmakers are given opportunity for diversion that might not come their way were there no Smoot to do the work.

Do not gather the impression from all this that Smoot is a weak and willing character and does not know he is being made the truckhorse. Do not, I beg of you, take from these few lines that impression. Should you, you will be wrong, woefully wrong. The Honorable Reed Smoot, of Utah, knows exactly what he is doing, and exactly what he is doing is this: Not being spectacular in debate, not being learned in the law, not caring to piffle round about the Constitution, he has picked out a unique method for attaining prominence in the United States Senate, which is this, to wit: Work. It is a part of Mr. Smoot's personal plan to become a big factor in the Senate, to be one of the leaders. Very few other senators ever decided on work as a method of advancement, but Smoot has. Hence he works, and hence, again, the time is probably not very far away when he will be one of the leaders of the Senate. All of which seems to make that busy bee and active ant stuff worth a shade above par, senatorially considered.

His Appetite for Work is Brobdingnagian

A Silkworm Solo

TWO men were sitting in the court of the Palace Hotel discussing Luther Burbank and his work with the spineless cacti. Suddenly a mischievous-looking youth appeared from behind the sofa on which they were seated.

"Gentlemen," he said, "have you heard of Burbank's very latest creation? He is teaching the silkworms to sing co'coon songs."

Against His Principles

FRED KELLY—not that he needed it—asked a citizen of a supposedly dry little Ohio town if a stranger could get a drink there on Sunday.

"Oh, no," replied the native who was approached. "There's only one man here who sells it at all, and he's such a churchgoer he wouldn't sell a drink on the Sabbath no matter how much was offered for it!"

Easy Money

THOSE two distinguished journalists, James W. Faulkner, who is by way of being the dean of the profession, along with Eddie Riggs and Ned Hamilton, and James J. Montague, the poet, were discovered one afternoon during the Bull Moose convention at Chicago busily engaged in spending money.

"Whence this sudden and vulgar display of wealth?" asked Louis Seibold.

"We just made five thousand dollars," chorused Faulkner and Montague.

"But how?" persisted Seibold.

"Why," explained the two Jameses, "we found an advertisement where an automobile man said he would give five thousand dollars for the best suggestion for the improvement of automobiles; so we sent in a suggestion. And, though the money isn't actually in hand yet, we will get it in a day or so, all right—and we're using a little of it now."

"What was the suggestion?" asked Seibold.

"We told the man the best way to make automobiles safer and better for all concerned was to take off the wheels!"

English Standards of Gentility

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ONE of the delights of the inquiry upon which we are embarked lies in the fact that, strictly speaking, there are no gentlemen in America. The statement will perhaps be questioned. When Mr. Owen Wister's Virginian was called a certain name by one whom he did not number among his friends, it will be remembered that the Virginian laid his gun on the table and remarked: "When you say that—smile!"

I smile; but there are two sides to every face, and it remains to be seen on which side I am moved to risibility.

It is a word to conjure with—gentleman! In a certain American nursery of which I have information, when the brothers squabbled loudly the mother came in and admonished them that it was the mark of the gentleman to be gentle. The argument seemed both learned and convincing. It put an end to hostilities for quite some time. Twenty years later, in the quadrangle of an Oxford college, I witnessed another scene, quite as characteristic. One young Englishman, who was, as Milton would say, flown with insolence and wine, told another young Englishman that he was not a gentleman. "Your father was a shopkeeper," he added; "and, more than that, lived over his shop."

Both were athletes, oarsmen mighty on the river; and the son of the shopkeeper was the bigger and stronger. He made no answer however—not even the demand for a smile. Whereupon his accuser added: "If you were a gentleman you would fight on that word!" And still the shopkeeper's son made no reply.

For my own part, being an American and well grounded in nursery lore, I stood for the gentler man. It seemed to me that the shopkeeper's son had acted with dignity; and that, as there is truth in wine, the other had shown himself the bounder.

Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief

HIS philology, however, was far more accurate than that of the American mother. A gentleman is a man of *genus*—of race or family. He has ancestors. In the olden time he was also called armiger, or one who bears arms; he had a coat-of-arms on his shield and wrought into the stone of his chimney-breast. In questions of honor, personal or patriotic, it was his business to fight. The thing which we of today call chivalry, gentility, was a mere overtone—the fine flavor of his family breeding; the etiquette of his profession as fighter.

In this matter of gentility England still, for the most part, stands by philology. A man is what his fathers have been. I once had the honor of visiting in the house of a solicitor who had prospered. He tilled his own fields, rode his own horses. His cellar was stocked with port of such ancient vintages that the bottles were incrusted with cobwebs and dust, and the deep purple of the grape had faded to pale straw color. His sons were officers in crack regiments. Yet, being a solicitor, the mere man of business, he spoke of the local nobleman as His Lordship—a usage prescribed for servants and other acknowledged inferiors. One day, when I was walking in his fields, the local pack of hounds swept past in full cry, and after them the hunters. I stood aside to let them pass and to witness a picturesque scene that was new to me. The leaders easily took the fence, but the horse of one of the ladies refused it. Riding to the gate, she tried to lift the latch with a looped thong of her crop. I would as soon have thought of lowering an obstacle in a steeplechase as of interfering to help her. She turned to me and said angrily: "My good man, what are you doing there? Why don't you open the gate?" As she passed through she swept me with the glance of an employer rebuking a servant. There was nothing personal in this. It was the voice of one class speaking to another—of a gentlewoman to one who was presumably not a gentleman.

As I am an American, the presumption was, of course, quite correct philologically. When our forefathers declared the freedom and equality of men they renounced, by inference, the right to have coats-of-arms and to subscribe themselves "armiger," or, as it was frequently abbreviated in translation, "gent."

An American's first instinctive conclusion is that the English standard of gentility perpetrates an outrage upon the servant and shopkeeping class. In many instances, among which are numbered my two friends of whom I have spoken, it does so clearly. In general, however, I am afraid the most enthusiastic champion of the equality of man would have to admit that this is not the case. I have nowhere found such subservience on the one hand, and, on the other hand, such malignity as among English servants and shopkeepers. It is an ugly pair of vices.

The man who bows before you and rubs his hands will cheat you behind your back in the matter of ha'pence. A lodging-house keeper will pour milk in the cream you have ordered from outside, or add a scuttle or two to the weekly item for coal; and his underpaid manservant will inform you of the fact in the hope of a few pennies more in his tip. And from morning to night they will end each sentence with "Thank you!" An American walking on the embankment of the Thames was followed one drizzling night by a wretched beggar, whining for a penny. "I've 'ad nothink to eat for days, sir—thank you," he pleaded. "I've got the consumption, thank you, and no place to go out of the weather. Only a penny, sir—thank you. Yes, sir, I'm dying, sir—thank you." The voice and the words still haunt the American's memory, for the destitution of the English poor is as deep and black as their servility.

The boldest strike from which I ever suffered came from a pious and most respectable landlady. I had been called home by cable; and to get my books and other belongings packed in time I was obliged to work—rather noisily I fear—all day Sunday. At the last moment I found in my bill an item of nine shillings for light. I had never paid such a charge and, indeed, it was contrary to the agreement. On inquiry it transpired that it was my landlady's means of getting square with me for the desecration of the Sabbath. When I protested I was threatened with the police—and that, as she knew, would lose me my steamer. I paid; and—no doubt, with my nine shillings in her poke—her sense of respectability and piety recovered in some measure from the shock it had suffered.

I am far from saying that Britons of any class are less honorable than Americans. As a people the English are, I believe, rather unusually honest; but few Americans descend to such petty pilfering, or fawn and cringe while accomplishing it. When we steal we do it by chunks—and do it defiantly or with a grin, according to the temper of the victim. Then we let him alone to recover against the next time. We do it man to man, with a full sense of our national freedom and equality. Rich man or poor man, beggar man or thief, we are gentlemen all; and no splitting of hairs, no academic appeal to philology or history, can ever convince us to the contrary.

At the university I knew a man, the son of an impoverished nobleman, who used his first freedom from the parental purse-strings to live as he thought fitting. He ordered vintage wines and two-shilling cigars with a recklessness that was obvious to the keen eyes of the shopkeepers. The bills which they presented at the end of the year were quite as obviously extortionate. The boy's father laid the case before the university authorities. Now, owing to the survival of a medieval prerogative, the vice-chancellor has autocratic power in certain respects over the people of the town; and he knew, moreover, that such cases of fraud were not infrequent. He took advantage of the belligerency of the father to make an example to all tradesmen. The claims were settled at the rate of fifty cents on the dollar. The case caused a great deal of comment, and the general opinion seemed to be that the young man was forever disgraced. Among the scouts, or college servants, there was no doubt whatever. They decorated the walls of the halls with such inscriptions as "A gentleman pays his bills!" and "Lord X—— is a welsher!"

The Man Who Bows Before You Will Cheat You Behind Your Back

The corollary of these demonstrations is, of course, that servants and tradespeople are licensed pilferers.

The esteem in which tradesmen are held by those who know them best is obvious—to any one who can read between the lines—in the biographies of English men of genius. A recent Life of Ruskin, rather sketchy in the main, points out with scrupulous detail all the circumstances that lifted his father above the usual run of wine merchants. Keats' humble origin largely contributed in his lifetime to the fact that his consummate power was unrecognized; and lately in the story, Wireless, Mr. Kipling has dwelt upon his humble environment with more of horror, it seems, than of admiration for the genius that transcended it. In the English mind Dickens has never quite escaped from the atmosphere of cockneyism.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief

WE are even yet in the midst of the nine days' wonder over the fact that Browning's grandfather was a valet. The coat-of-arms with which Shakspere's editors adorn his works was obtained from the Heralds' College at the expense of repeated application and misrepresentation, not to mention certain sums of money; but the biographers hold out the pleasing hope that the great dramatist was in some measure entitled to it by the possibility that his mother, Mary Arden, was of the gentle family of that name. In England it is something to be a genius; but it is much to be a gentleman.

The line which divides the gentle classes from those which are not gentle takes curves and crooks which are strange enough from a transatlantic point of view. To us a solicitor and a barrister are both lawyers, and both members of a learned and distinguished profession; but in England, though the solicitor is doomed forever to view gentility from beneath, the barrister is received everywhere and, when distinguished in ability and achievement, is given a peerage. The medical profession, as a whole, is slowly rising out of disrepute. A New York specialist was lately traveling in England with his wife and a patient, who was a neighbor and friend. At home the party were all of one station in life—or if there was any difference it was in favor of the great physician; but in England the doctor was—a doctor. The patient was invited to visit a kinswoman, a member of the nobility—and, in the hospitable English way, her companions were included in the invitation; but a coldness rose when it was discovered what the husband was. The visit did not take place.

To the more enlightened English mind the absurdity of this sort of thing is manifest, and of late years quite a number of physicians have received titles. The same is true of actors, three of whom have been knighted. Writers and painters have long been so honored; and now the dramatist Pinero is Sir Arthur. If Shakspere had been a Victorian

At the Expense of the Mother and Five Daughters the Father Lived Like a Gentleman and the Sons Were Gentlemen in Fact!

the world might have lost much; but he would have gained a clear title of gentility. Perhaps, like Tennyson, he would have received a pension and a patent of nobility; though it is to be feared that, like Browning, whom he more nearly resembled in other respects, he would have failed of this.

The importance of the *gens* or family, and, as a consequence, of the family name, goes far toward explaining a phenomenon which, to the American mind, is a never-ceasing source of wonder—the dominance of the English male creature. The difference is symbolized in the fact that in walking together the Englishman goes a stride in advance of his wife, the American a step behind her.

The Barrister is Received Everywhere

After taking a cure in a nursing home in London an American woman went for her aftercure to visit her nurse as a paying guest. The nurse was intelligent, spirited, beautiful, but made no pretense of being a lady; and the patient expected to find a solid and sensible home of the lower middle class. What she found was a household of the kind I have described, in which the father, who was technically not a gentleman, lived a life of ease and dignity. Her first inference was that the daughters had chosen to be self-supporting out of a fine independence of spirit; but she soon found they bitterly resented the hardship. To speak plainly, their lives had been offered up as a sacrifice to their menfolks. The four sons had been put in the army at a cost of some five thousand dollars yearly, plus odd sums which they constantly demanded to pay gambling debts. At the expense of the mother and five daughters the father lived like a gentleman and the sons were considered gentlemen in fact!

It more frequently happens that the family fortune descends, as a whole, to the eldest son, as indeed it must do in the case of estates that are entailed. Then the younger sons, as well as the daughters, are thrown upon the world. This very largely explains the power of England as a colonizer. The superfluous men go to new and distant lands. At the worst they face the world democratically—man to man. If they succeed they return with their fortunes to England, to live on a par with their kinsfolk—and perhaps to receive a title.

Women Who Black Their Lords' Boots

THE daughters do not emigrate; and, as a result, there are now in England a million more women than men—women doomed for the most part to lead starved and struggling lives, without light or hope. This fact must be clearly grasped by any one who would understand the desperate violence of the demand for political recognition. However ill advised—and the militants themselves, it appears, are beginning to see the error of their ways—it proceeds from a deep-seated, vital wrong.

The inequality in numbers is only half of the story. It seems ingrained in the nature of the English male creature to look down upon his womenfolk. A prominent social worker, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, encountered a woman who was what she described, with a smile, as "a very advanced feminist." "As for me," this feminist declared, "I'm all for the women. I never let my daughters black their brothers' boots of a Sunday." This is the sort of exception that proves the rule. Well up into the middle classes it is the duty of the sisters in most families to valet the brothers. In many cases, as in that of the millhands, they work as long and as hard as their menfolks; and my informant argued that, if women are, as is said, the weaker vessels, the shoeblacking should be put upon the other sex.

During the outbreak of window-smashing three gentlemen caught a militant, hammer in hand, took her to their club and there, with a solemnity due to the place and the occasion, turned her over and spanked her. The incident, so far as I know, was kept out of the papers. Neither party, it was said, cared to figure publicly in the matter. It is laughable or outrageous as one chooses. Perhaps it is both. Certainly it was characteristic of the instinctive attitude of some English gentlemen toward women.

Whatever the result of the demand for votes, the feminist movement will continue. The injustices from which women suffer under the English common law will be gradually removed as they have already been in large measure in the American states. Powerful efforts are being made to shift the surplus of women to the colonies. And the rising science of eugenics is demonstrating every day more clearly that the vital welfare of the family and the race centers in the welfare of sisters, wives and mothers. It is admitted on all sides that the majority of Englishwomen do not want to vote: but in their new social movements there is a cause that bids fair to unite them in solid and effective protest against the quondam lords of creation.

There is another deep-seated movement which is at work even more powerfully against the supremacy of the gentleman—it is what the politicians call the rising tide of democracy. To maintain the tradition of gentility requires an expenditure which in the last analysis is borne by labor. The case of the young nobleman at Oxford illustrates the importance to the gentleman of money—of the unearned increment. As to the motives that prompted his father's course I have no information; but there was little doubt of them in the minds of the undergraduates. To maintain the standing of the nobleman an estate is no less necessary than birth. The sum involved in the overcharges was something; but the lesson to the boy was more. The lesson had its effect. From that time forth the young man lived within his means. He did more than that. He was intelligent, manly and modest—and, moreover, a distinguished athlete. Year by year he lived down the prejudice against him; and when he "went down" he was one of the most popular men in the university. It was a triumph of character of which few men are capable; but if one may hazard a guess this triumph meant less to his parent than the other lesson the boy had learned—that what have been called the sinews of war are also the sinews of gentility.

Only the other day I was taken to an ancient abbey, round the half-restored, ivy-clad ruins of which hover the memories of almost a thousand years of English history. My host was not the owner, I was told—only the tenant. The owner, with his wife and children, lived in a cottage and received a salary for managing the place—the tenant of his tenant. His father had gambled away the estate in one night; and he had married an heiress and had spent her fortune to buy it in. He would pass his life as an employee—but he would live on his ancestral acres; and in the fullness of time, and of the unearned increment, his son and his son's sons would again be lords of the manor. In the obscurity of a respectful distance I took off my hat and bowed low to him; for assuredly his spirit is more noble, more beautiful, and scarcely less ancient and out-of-date, than the gracious, mist-shrouded ruin so dear to him.

Instances such as these make it easier to understand some Anglo-American marriages, with their obvious lack of sentiment and their persistent bargaining through solicitors over the last dollar of the marriage settlement. The rights and the happiness of the individual weigh as nothing against the demands of the family and the name. The Englishman is one of the most inflammable and sentimental of men before marriage; but the scion bows to the wind of tradition in order that the stock may not perish. In what he does there is at least an element of dignity. And, if we censure the act as a whole, what shall we say of our countrywoman who allows herself to be bargained for?

There is, of course, a reverse side to all this. The French have an adage that every quality has its defect, every defect its quality. Even in these days of uprising democracy, an Englishman would say, if he knew our quaint Southern usage, that we, Americans, have looked only at the defect of their quality. The simple fact is that the English Constitution, and the British Empire, too, are the creation of the gentleman. It is not the king who has made England, nor yet the people as a whole; it is the gentry. Let us look into this matter.

On a large, round penny, of which I am the astounded possessor, a man with a retreating chin, half concealed by a beard, an upturned nose and a slanting forehead is described as, By the Grace of God, King of All Britain, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India. In the matter of actual governing, any man-size president of the United States wields more power during the interval between twelve o'clock and one minute past than any British king could have in a lifetime. He is known more briefly as the First Gentleman of Europe—and he is that. The work of his kingdom and of his empire, even the defense of his faith, is carried on by a body of men called commoners, the meaning of which is that they need not be—though they often are—of the nobility. In the English drama the member of Parliament is a comic character, frequently played by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. In his own person he is not infrequently the same. Pursuing this subject once on a time with an Englishman, I broke my shins on this: "After all, the House of Commons is the foremost gentleman's club in Europe!" There you have the king and his Parliament much more compendiously than you will find them in any work on the British Constitution. They are gentlemen. And the people?

Writing before the lurid dawn of this democratic day, Bagehot, with truly British unconsciousness and frankness, explained where the people come in. The intelligent of all classes know that the crown is only a symbol—and it is not least symbolic in being empty in the middle. They know this because it is they themselves who, in the slow process of centuries, have reduced it to a shining, bejeweled periphery. The House of Lords is, so to speak, the ermine-clad retinue of emptiness. The real power in the land is wielded by that House, the members of which, whether they have titles or not, are known as commoners. But the unintelligent people do not know this—to them the M. P. is a comic character. If they knew it they might be moved to take things into their own hands—which, as they are so ignorant, would spell disaster. And as it is, according to this British theory, the nature of the masses to be dazzled by things that shine, and to bow down in abasement before that which is imminent above, the symbol of the crown keeps them in due subjection while the intelligent, trained gentry manage their affairs for them. So, to Bagehot, all was for the best in the best of all possible aristocracies. And to those who believe with him it has seemed a dangerous thing to educate the masses, who with education might become wise to the game of thimblerigging. The crux of the present situation in English politics lies in the fact that the masses have seen through the game of walnutshell and pea. Perhaps things would be better today if they were better educated.

The Dawn of Democracy

IT HELPS a whole lot, no doubt, to be an English gentleman. It means that one has agreeable manners, a temper rarely mislaid and even more rarely lost, and indomitable common-sense in dealing with affairs of the kind one is accustomed to deal with. So long as English politics and trade kept well within the old familiar channels of the nineteenth century, the "gentleman's club" handled them with distinguished ability. The empire expanded in territory and advanced in wealth. It increased in happiness and virtue. Unquestionably the nation was the most powerful in the world. Perhaps it is so still. While the question is in doubt, let us see how a club of gentlemen made it so.

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The English gentry lived like a vampire on the lower classes—it sucked their life-blood. I am not talking about the monopolization of agriculture or the industrial exploitation of the masses. Those are both very bad bungles; but the chief drain on the lower classes is in the matter not of land or of labor, but of men. On his birthday, at New Year's, and at other odd times as occasion offers, the First Gentleman of Europe announces that he has lifted a score or so of his subjects certain pegs in the social scale; and then takes place the function of bestowing "honors." It is a very gracious occasion. Only the envious and the disappointed fail to be pleased. The unadorned fact of the case, however, is that the best blood of the so-called middle classes is being sucked upward to nourish the nobility.

As the successful solicitor or tradesman aspires to found a family of gentlemen, so the successful gentleman aspires to found a noble line. Browning's Lost Leader is a protest against the work of the subtly smiling headsman who decapitates every truly national movement—

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

For every man who receives "birthday honors" nineteen aspire to do so—and all twenty are thus kept in lifelong subservience at the expense of one peerage.

An American writer, Mr. Price Collier, has taken upon himself the defense of the House of Lords, the very existence of which is trembling in the balance of English opinion. To his view, it "still remains the most democratic institution in England. It may still claim for itself to be the Witenagemot, or gathering of wise men. It is not a house of birth or ancestry, for it is composed today, to an overwhelming extent, of successful men from almost every walk of life. No one cares a whit what a man's ancestry was, in this matter-of-fact land, if he succeeds—if he becomes rich and powerful. Of all the earldoms conferred by the Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors—1066-1603—only eleven remain. The present House of Lords is conspicuously and predominantly a democratic body, chosen from the successful of the land. Seventy of the peers were ennobled on account of distinction in the practice of the law alone."

When Mass Opposes Class

"The Dukes of Leeds trace back to a clothworker; the Earls of Radnor to a turkey merchant; the Earls of Craven to a tailor; the families of Dartmouth, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Romney, Dudley, Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Leigh, Darnley, Hill, Normanby—all sprang from London shops and counting houses—and that not so very long ago.

"Others, too numerous to mention, have taken their places among the peers by force of long purses gained in trade. Those who push themselves to the front, those who accumulate a residue of power in the shape of leisure, are called upon to govern, so that the others need not be bothered by such matters. It is the culmination of the essential philosophy of Saxondom. Why the English themselves—or, at any rate, certain of their number—wish to abolish this assembly of picked brains and ability I, as an American, cannot understand."

The English understand however. The aforementioned middle classes may bow low, but "the rising tide of democracy" refuses to be held in check by any class, however exalted its abilities or humble its ancestors. Down to the nineteenth century the body politic was, if you will, Saxon—homogeneous. The governors and the governed knew one another personally, and respected one another—as landlord and tenant, as patron and tradesman.

Their political interests were very much the same. But the industrial revolution produced a class unknown to "Saxondom"—miners, millhands and such—whose interests were, in many of the nearest concerns of life, radically opposed to those of their employers and lawmakers. The few who "pushed themselves to the front" did so by pushing the many behind; and the more the gentlemen made laws the more the laborer found that he was "bothered by such matters."

The English gentleman is face to face with a political phenomenon which, though often foreshadowed through the centuries, is wholly new in its present shape. In the past, as a very keen observer has put the case, the lines of political cleavage were vertical. There were cabmen as well as dukes among the Conservatives, dukes as well as cabmen among the Liberals. Men of all stations were well represented in both parties; they were divided only by the political idea. Today the lines of political cleavage are tending to become horizontal. Mass is arrayed against class. And in the last analysis political power rests on what is virtually manhood suffrage.

Now the salient fact with regard to the forces of democracy is that, thanks to the gracious, the assiduous vampire, they have lost their natural leaders. If "those who push themselves to the front, those who accumulate the residue of power in the shape of leisure," had remained in their class, they might well have tempered the uprising zeal of the proletariat with the practical liberality, the wise self-interest of an enlightened mercantile world. The English body politic would still be homogeneous—united as it were for the common good.

Now, however, they have become gentlemen—and no one is quite so willing as the parvenu to forget the class of his origin. Those middle classes, so long the main source of British stability, are now being ground to pulp between the upper millstone of gentility and the lower millstone of democracy.

The outcome of it all is beyond guessing. When you listen to the Conservatives, who are out of office and so disposed to take a dark view of present policies, you hear the howl of calamity. English trade is being ruined by strikes and by expensive pandering to labor in matters of pensions and insurance. I have heard from a Conservative Scotch peer that the rule of the gentleman is at an end; that the crown is doomed—indeed, that in ten years there will be not one monarch left in Europe! The Liberals are confident they will somehow muddle through. With more than the usual agility they are advancing to meet the danger. That is the meaning of so much radical legislation.

The final outcome may be confidently predicted when it has taken place. One thing is already certain—the exclusive power of the gentry is waning. As the direct result of the payment of members there are already half a hundred workmen in Parliament. The world's great club of gentlemen has thrown wide its doors; and the definition of the sacred term is tending to become what it is in America.

All in the Family

ENGLAND is the greatest investing country—except always the United States. Uncle Sam saves and invests year by year probably not less than twice as much as John Bull does. A compilation by the Statist, of London, showing the securities issued and subscribed for in England during 1911, gives a total roughly of a billion dollars. A similar compilation for the United States, made by the Journal of Commerce, of New York, gives a total of one billion and three-quarters; but the American list does not include Government, state and municipal bonds, which run into the hundred millions every year, or issues of capital stock by banks, trust companies and insurance companies. All these items are included in the English list. England goes much beyond us, moreover, in public flotation of stocks issued by comparatively small commercial and industrial concerns. Thus the English list includes security issues of a sort that do not usually come to public notice with us, because they are not offered for public subscription. If our list was as comprehensive as the English one it would undoubtedly show a total at least twice as great. Of course a large amount of saving and investing of capital is not included in either list.

A striking difference is that only a hundred and sixty-five million dollars of England's investing was in home enterprises, all the remainder going abroad; whereas virtually all of our investing was in home concerns. Our railroads alone issued a billion dollars of new securities during the year, or about six times the total of securities issued by all concerns operating in England—which gives one an idea of the magnitude of certain businesses in this country as compared with England. We have two hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad against twenty-three thousand in the United Kingdom.

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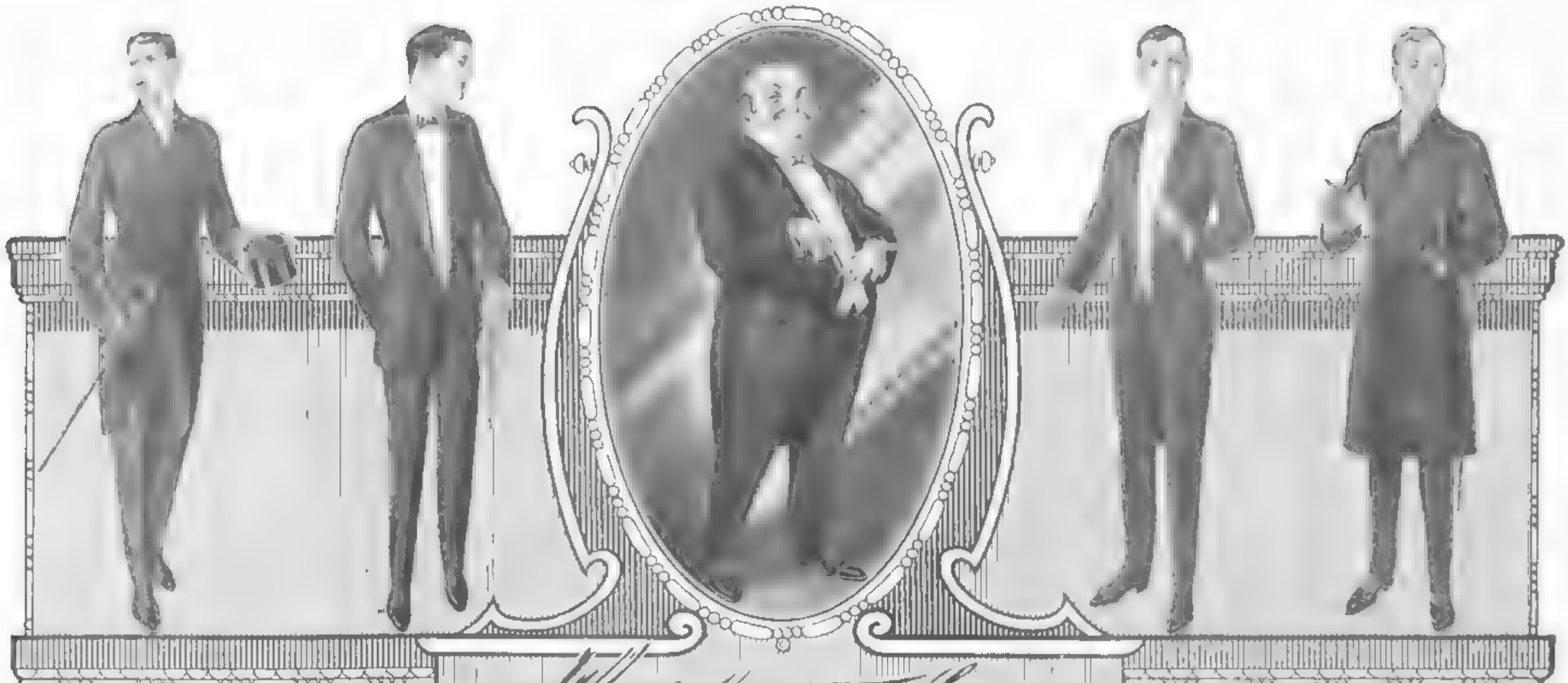

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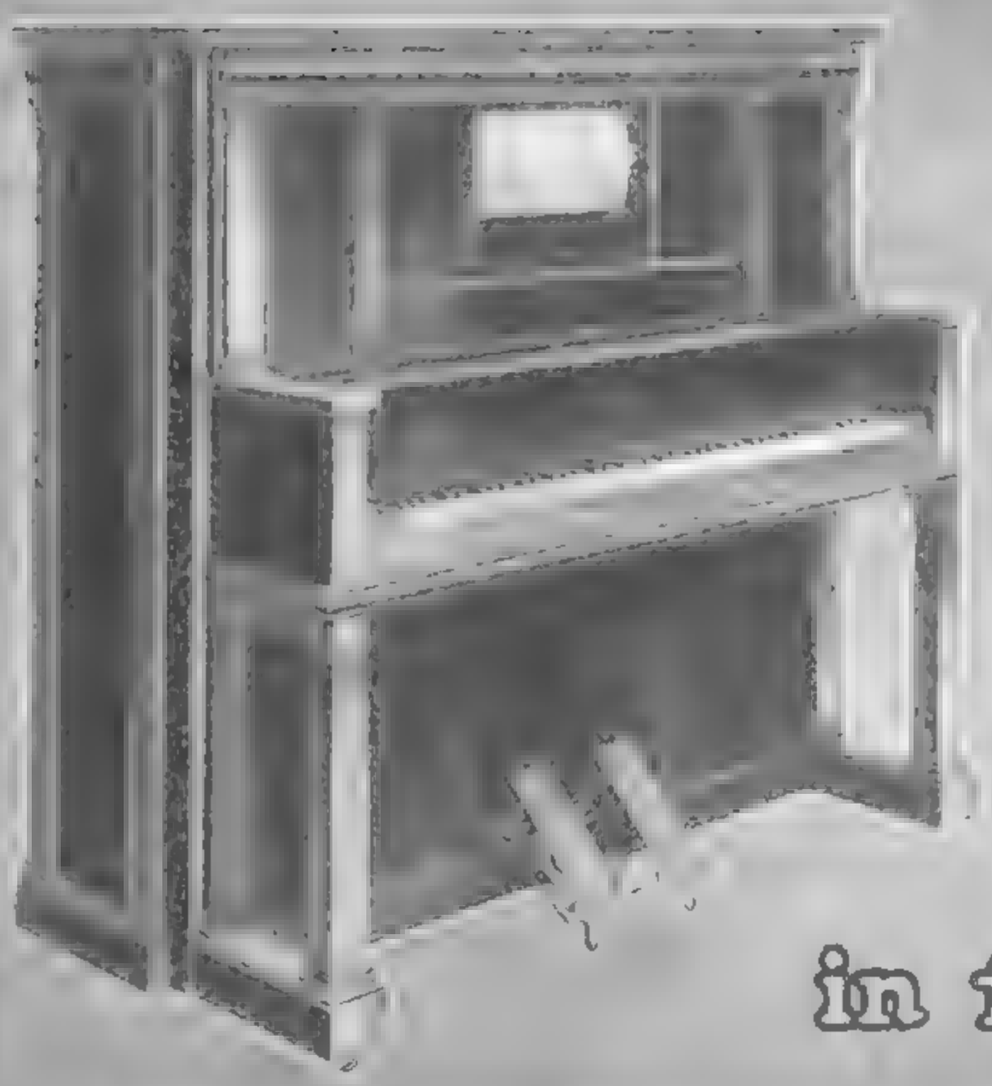

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Justice and the Justice

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

WHEN Hadgi-Stavros, in Edmond About's charming romance, The King of the Mountains, proposed, as an economic advance, to organize all Greece on a basis of brigandage, he was probably unaware of the justice-of-the-peace system in the United States. It cannot be maintained that this system in America is attended with the picturesque and romantic atmosphere of Hellenic brigandage; but in its practical results it perhaps does not yield precedence to the brilliant methods of Hadgi-Stavros.

There used to be a little drama on the road in which the local justice of the peace was shown in his court, pronouncing sentence upon the local drunkard.

"I fine you eight dollars," said the justice.

"I've only got six," replied the prisoner.

"Well," said the justice, "give me that." And then angrily: "What do you do with your money, anyhow, that I don't get all of it?"

This little play illustrated the custom of the justices' courts in certain cities to lay a tribute upon vice. The thing was done with perfect system and at stated and well-known intervals. Gamblers and those engaged in every form of vice were carefully listed and at certain periods brought into the justices' courts; and under the form and pretense of the law a tribute was laid on them. This odious practice became so outrageous that public sentiment finally rose against it, and eventually the justice was compelled to look about for new sources of income.

It is said by celebrated authorities that a want in the economy of Nature does not continue to exist without something being produced to supply it. Mr. Selden, or whoever invented the method of applying gasoline engines to the wheeled vehicle, came to the justice's support. If, today, that little play could be reproduced, with a prisoner wearing a bearskin coat, goggles and a Scotch cap, the eternal verities would sustain it in another triumphant tour!

Every vocation receives its benefit from the advance of civilization. Hadgi-Stavros, the King of the Mountains, was compelled to depend for his support upon the little merchant who fell into his hands, until the great steamships brought in the English and American tourist.

In many respects the motorist is a more valuable prisoner to the justice than the faro dealer. The motorist is always in funds; it is inconvenient for him to await the formalities of trial; he is usually in a hurry to get on his way and he promptly pays his tribute.

When Justice Was Landed

Caricature apart, no objection is to be found with the precautions taken by the public to protect itself and its roads and highways from the danger of the irresponsible motorist. A proper regulation is wise and necessary and a proper enforcement of the law by responsible officials is to be encouraged; but to stop every man who travels in a motor vehicle upon the slightest pretext, and for what is practically a levy of tribute, is an evil that has not failed of public notice. It has assisted in bringing our system of the administration of justice in magistrates' courts prominently to public attention. Much of the dissatisfaction and cause for complaint on the part of the people directed toward our judiciary has its origin in the oppressions and miscarriages of justice to be observed in these courts.

The failure of a justice-of-the-peace system is a striking example of how a wise and sound institution may be changed by the exigencies of civilization into one inadequate and vicious.

The origin of this institution is very old. Originally, in England, such officers seemed for the most part to have been chosen by the freeholders in full county court before the sheriff; but when the enterprising Isabella, wife of Edward II, deposed her husband and set up her son, Edward III, she caused Parliament to direct that "certain good men and lawful, who were no maintainers of evil," should be assigned to keep the peace. In this manner the appointment of these officers was taken from the people and invested in the crown; and it came to pass, as the writers on the English law tell us, that one lord and three or four of the most worthy men in the county, with some learned in the law, were made justices of the peace—and that these justices were the most sufficient knights, esquires and gentlemen of the law. Blackstone said: "The country is greatly obliged to any gentleman who will undertake to perform that duty, which, in consequence of his rank in life, he owes more particularly to his country."

The early English idea then was that there should be in every county a certain number of the ablest and most substantial citizens who would undertake to assist the Government in keeping the peace. This idea was carried to America. It was the Virginia idea. The justice of the peace was the best citizen in the county—a man recognized for his stability, his integrity and his adherence to the public welfare. It was an honorable position. The justice of the peace was a landed gentleman. The early American, like every Saxon, believed that the welfare of the country was safest in the hands of those who owned the land. Experience has justified the wisdom of this impression. The landowner has usually stood for freedom and independence, for the recognition of the rights of property, for the maintenance of personal rights; and he is rarely carried away by visionary and altruistic theories of government.

The Fallacy of the Fee System

After the stormy downfall of the French monarchy a great publicist advised the nobility to purchase the land.

"Stocks and bonds," he said, "are riches today and rags tomorrow; but the land is France!"

As civilization stood in the early history of this country there could have been no better institution than that of the justice of the peace—a freeholder, prominent and honorable, selected from the body of the people, familiar with its peculiarities and performing his office from a high sense of public duty; but as civilization changed the old justice disappeared. The very thing that Blackstone feared came to pass.

"This trust," he said, "when slighted by gentlemen, falls, of course, into the hands of those who are not so, but the mere tools of office. And then the extensive power of a justice of the peace, which, even in the hands of men of honor, is highly formidable, will be prostituted to mean and scandalous purposes, to the low ends of selfish ambition, avarice or a personal resentment."

It is by no means asserted that all persons holding this office are incompetent, dishonest and venal; but the office is so subject to influences that tend to injustice, and in so many cases the result is oppression, that the whole system suffers in its reputation. As the office now stands it has fallen into such disrepute that, as a rule, only unemployed, uneducated persons will accept it.

The office usually depends upon its fees to support it. It is therefore natural that the justice should endeavor to increase the business in his court; and the result is that he becomes biased in favor of the plaintiff. Persons go to him in the first instance to advise with him about instituting proceedings; and, as every suit brings fees into his pocket, he is naturally in favor of litigation. Then it happens that, having advised the plaintiff to bring a suit, he is expected to decide in his favor—otherwise business will not come to his office. The result is that one often sees, instead of an impartial judge, an attorney for the plaintiff, trying the cause with an eye to his fees.

An attorney in a Southern state declares that he was engaged in a trial before a justice of the peace. A number of persons had come into the courtroom and a motion had been made to exclude them. The attorney said to his opponent in a tone loud enough to be heard by the justice of the peace: "Are these your witnesses?" Whereupon the justice looked over the persons indicated and gravely replied: "Our witnesses are in the other room!"

The ignorance and incapacity of some of these justices is past belief.

Their idea of their right to do a thing was based largely upon the fact that they had

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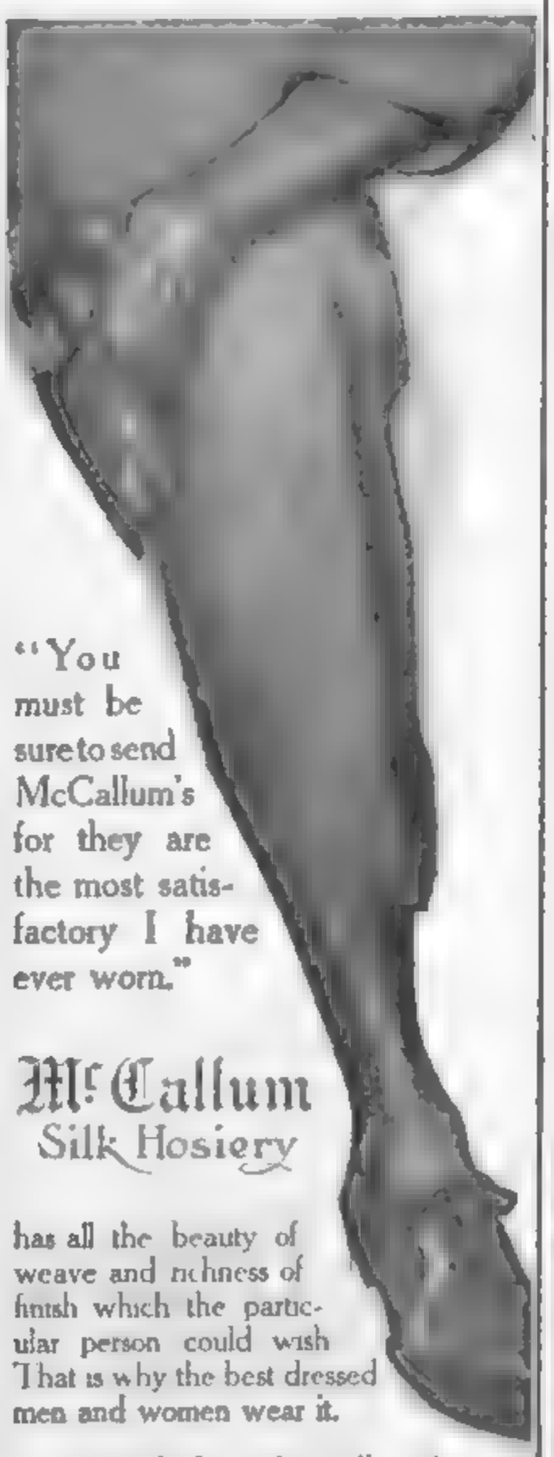

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been accustomed to it. It is said that an old justice who had been issuing marriage licenses was taken to task; whereupon he agreed to leave it to Lincoln, who was then a practicing lawyer.

"No, Uncle Billy," said Lincoln, "you have no right to issue marriage licenses."

"Abe," replied the justice, "I thought you were a lawyer; but now I know you ain't. I have been doin' it right along."

A justice, who attended the sitting of the circuit court one afternoon in order to educate himself in the etiquette of procedure, picked up the word "advisement" as the only acquisition to his knowledge. In his next case he gravely announced that he would take the matter under "advisement" until the next morning at nine o'clock, at which hour he would decide in favor of the plaintiff.

Thus it has almost become an adage in the legal profession that a suit before a justice means petty larceny up to the amount of the justice's exclusive jurisdiction; and after that it means an appeal.

Now it is the appalling number of appeal cases, and the great expense attached to the retrial of them, that constitutes perhaps the most substantial objection to the magistrates' courts. It was estimated that in a certain county in Pennsylvania about one-fourth of the business of the Common Pleas Courts consisted of appeal cases from the justices of the peace, and that the costs paid to justices for these cases, which had all to be wholly retried as though they had never been before a justice, amounted to nearly twelve thousand dollars a year.

When the Blind Lead the Blind

The whole result of the justice system is that the litigant whose amount in controversy is not enough to permit him to appeal if he loses his case feels that he has been defrauded and will always tell you that he has not had a fair trial. Almost without exception, the litigant whose amount is sufficient takes an appeal if he loses before a justice. So that, in fact, these courts seem to accomplish very little and to fail of their usefulness.

One of the greatest perils to the people from the activity of the ignorant justice of the peace lies in the advice which he is accustomed to give on the law and the papers which he presumes to prepare. The most fruitful sources of litigation have been the deeds, wills, leases, contracts, and the like, that he has drawn.

The activities of this dangerous practitioner, however, were not confined to the business of the living. He was present with his pernicious ignorance at the bedside of the dying. The wills he drew are to be found cited in innumerable legal reports, where the property involved was often wasted in litigation, in an endeavor to ascertain precisely what the language of the document meant. Words and phrases devising property have certain technical and definite meanings. Ignorant of the meaning of these terms, regardless of formalities and unacquainted with the statutes of descents, the justice granted and disinherited under the exigencies of chance. The cost to the people of such ignorance and incompetence can never be estimated.

Later on, as the resources of the country came to their attention, they went about taking options on coal lands, timber lands, oil, gas and mineral rights; and the papers drawn by them have crowded the court dockets with litigation. Moreover, as some of these justices had a certain influence in their communities, they easily became the tools and agents of unscrupulous commercial adventurers who, for small fees, sought to persuade the people to sell their coal and to lease the oil and gas rights in their lands for petty sums, whereby the little landowner was systematically robbed of his rights.

In spite of everything that can be said and every warning that can be printed, the little farmer will continue to go to the cheapest authority for his advice upon the law; and this means that he is given over to the justice of the peace. The result is that he pays over the laborious earnings of a lifetime for a tract of land to which the title is defective; or he receives a deed that does not protect him with a proper warranty or that does not contain the formalities that invest him with title; or he obtains a life estate where he believed himself to be purchasing in fee; or he makes a will that is invalid for lack of proper witnesses or by its loose and mistaken terms devises his estate in directions he never intended; or he signs away in an option or a lease the value of his property for a pittance or grants rights and privileges that ruin his lands and make them worthless; or he receives advice that is not the law, which plunges him into ruinous litigation.

Money cannot estimate the misery these men have entailed on the people by their ignorance, even when they were honest and acting with the best intent.

One will find that, at the sitting of every bar association of almost every state, the total failure of justices' courts is discussed and some remedy suggested. These remedies all have the basic idea of some inferior court which may try petty cases.

California has inaugurated an entirely new system. A person to be eligible to the office of justice of the peace must have been admitted to practice law in a court of record. He is paid a salary and all the fees of his office are turned into the public treasury. This is along the line of the English small-debt court, called the new county court. Every county in England is divided into districts by the Privy Council, which designates the places at which a county court shall be held. The judges for these courts are appointed by the Lord Chancellor, and they must either be barristers or special pleaders of experience. These judges are required to attend and hold their courts at the places indicated at least once a month. The proceedings are informal. When one wishes to bring a suit the clerk enters the nature of his complaint in a book, issues a summons, which contains the substance of the action, and serves it on the defendant. The defendant, if he has a particular defense, is required to make it known. If not he comes in on the appointed day and the case is tried. If either party demands a jury he must advise the clerk, who will give notice to the other side; and upon the deposit of a small sum a jury is provided. The judge has a right to direct that a judgment may be paid in installments at certain periods. If the amount in controversy is sufficient an appeal may be taken, provided a judge of a superior court thinks it should be allowed; but this appeal is not allowed on questions of fact. These are taken to be finally decided on the trial. The appeal is only allowed on questions of law, and only in cases where a superior judge is of the opinion that there has been a plain mistake with respect to the law.

An Example Worth Following

It would seem that in this country we must come to some such plan to replace the magistrate system. The English courts are not always to be taken as the best example for us, but it would seem that we would do well to follow the example with respect to these new county courts. It would insure a trained, impartial judge, to be paid a salary and to sit in the various districts where magistrates now hold their courts. He would be impartial, as he could have no interest in any fees to be obtained from the causes before him. He could conduct trials in an orderly manner; and the system would secure to the people a trial by jury where they required it and, at the same time, an application of the law by one who had a knowledge of what the law really is. Moreover, it would rid the regular courts of a great volume of petty business and the cost would be less to the county.

These judges could be appointed or they could be elected by the people. By holding their courts in the various districts they would be as convenient to the people as the justices' courts. The little litigant would be insured his rights under the law as well as the litigant who is able to take an appeal; and the system of trial by jury would preserve to the people the right to have their matters determined by persons in the same station in life as themselves and understanding the customs and the habits of their community.

It is not easy to see how anything could be lost to the citizen by this change, and the benefits to him are conspicuous. As the system now stands the power of the justices of the peace is in the hands of persons who benefit themselves by seeking to increase litigation. They are, first, counsel for the plaintiff; and after that they are judges who must decide in favor of those whom they have advised. The disorder and venality of their courts help to bring the whole system of justice into disrepute. Replacing them by an intelligent court would add to the respect and esteem in which the people ought to regard the administration of justice.

The Thing That Makes a Pen Write

Keeps The Parker From *Leaking*

WHEN you set an ordinary fountain pen in your vest pocket, point up, most of the ink runs down into the reservoir below. But some always stays in the feed tube.

When your body heat—98 degrees—reaches the air in the pen, the air expands—pushes up through the inky feed tube — pushes the ink up and out — messes the writing end of the pen, and *blacks your fingers* when you remove the cap.

That is why ordinary fountain pens leak and smear.

Now the Parker, unlike other fountain pens, has a *curved* feed tube. The end touches the barrel wall. This touch creates Capillary Attraction. This Capillary Attraction draws all the ink down out of the feed tube before the expanding air goes up.

That is why the Parker does *not* leak and smear. The curved feed tube is the famous Lucky Curve.

And when you turn the pen down to write, the touch of the pen point to the paper creates Capillary Attraction too, which draws the ink down on the paper.

Thus the thing that makes a pen write is the same thing that keeps the Parker Pen from leaking — to wit: Capillary Attraction.

14k gold pens with hardest Iridium points make Parkers write without scratching or "kicking." Parker Spear Head Ink Controller won't let the ink flow too fast or too slow.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

can't leak in any position, in any pocket. Comes also in pen knife sizes for lady's purse. $2.50 up.

New Parker *Disappearing* Clip

clutches like a drowning man, but *disappears* when you write.

If your dealer doesn't sell Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalogue and [illegible] order direct. If he does sell Parkers, get one on trial. Use it ten days. If it should leak or not be what you expected, take it back. Dealer will gladly refund.

Nothing like getting a Parker today.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store
11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

A Package FREE, Fans—Who Are They?

The pictures are drawn from *actual photographs* and show the players, four of whom are World's Series men in exact positions they often take on the field.

To all who will send in their guess of the correct names of any two of these five within ten days from date, together with [illegible] SHAG, we will [illegible] pocketproof package FREE.

Cut out and send at once. [illegible] about every picture to make it easy for fans to guess it right.

No. 3

Who is this?

No. 1

Who is this?

Smokers— This *Pocketproof* Package

Gives 25 Per Cent More for a Dime!

I've been producing smoking tobacco for the past twenty years. I'm fully familiar with all brands and with the way they're packed. I, myself, pack *twenty* brands in the *usual ways*. But my twenty-first brand—Hugh Campbell's Shag—I'm putting up in a *new* package. I believe you will want to try this package.

It's Pocketproof

It is made of a tough, fibrous paper which I have called "pocketproof" because you can't tear it or wear it out or perspire through it. The outer, strong cover is lined with tinfoil and inside of that is wax paper. It keeps the tobacco exactly as well—some say *better* than tin. As you smoke the contents this package gets smaller. The smaller it gets the less room it takes in your pocket. Easy to open and close with one hand.

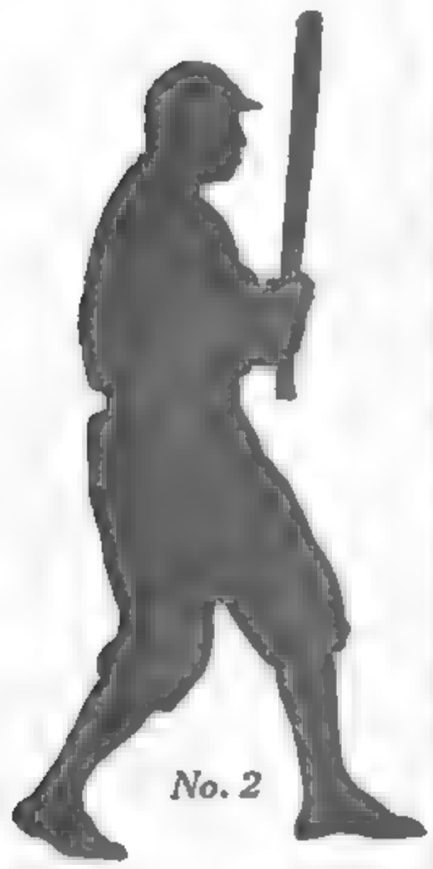
How It Pays SMOKERS

But the best of it is this: It costs me *to use* but *one fourth as much* as a tin package. All that I save thus, I'm putting *inside* of this package. I'm putting in *25 per cent extra tobacco*—two ounces AND A HALF for 10c. I'm selling exactly the same tobacco—the best of good Burley—in a TIN at 10c. But this tin, like others, contains only TWO ounces. I'm making the extra cost (which I save with the paper) pay for one quarter more tobacco—tobacco that's *yours* if you want it, *practically free*. But it's up to you smokers to say how you want it. Because it is new and has several advantages I suggest that you TRY the *Pocketproof Paper Package*

I know the TOBACCO will win you.

No. 4

Who is this?



No. 2

Who is this?

My Pride Tobacco—After Producing Twenty Brands—After Smoking Thirty Years

Hugh Campbell's Shag—my twenty-first brand—I consider my best of values, the best *for the money*, the most *ideally packed*.

I choose the leaves. *I* watch every process.

The leaves are aged two years—four when they need it. I maintain a particular standard. Every *ounce* must *come up* to it or it can't have my *name*.

The result is tobacco of immaculate cleanliness—without any "bite," and with a flavor, aroma, and *artistic* "quality" that *connoisseurs* find in but very *few* brands.

It is rich and full bodied, yet mild and delicious. It burns to good ash. In short, to my mind, it's the very "*last word*" in ten-cent Burley tobacco.

Try it and see—in tin 2 ounces, or in Pocketproof Paper 2½ ounces. Either way, 10c

Send in the names of the players and get a *Pocketproof Package Free*.

Government Stamp Shows Full Weight in Both Packages

Hugh Campbell

President

Perhaps you have smoked some of these highly successful brands of mine

CENTRAL UNION Cut Plug in four sizes	SARATOGA CHIPS Sliced plug on edge in tin
EPICURE Shredded plug in 10c tins	ALUMNI Sliced plug, curved tin box

THE UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., Richmond, Va.

No. 5

Who is this?

The Delco System on an automobile is the hall mark of a distinguished car

Manufacturers, dealers and owners unite in the declaration that electric cranking and lighting mark the greatest advance that has been made in automobile construction in ten years.

The pioneer and leader in this advancement is the Delco System—a system that not only successfully performs the cranking and lighting, but adds to them the third important electrical function of ignition.

The recognition of the Delco System has been so emphatic, and the demand for it so excessive, that its makers have been forced to use the most careful discrimination in the selection of cars for which Delco equipment will be furnished.

You will find Delco equipment, only on cars that measure up to the highest standard of construction and efficiency. You can buy any Delco equipped car with absolute assurance that it is a thoroughly representative car in the class to which it belongs.

Prospective buyers have been quick to grasp this significant fact, and in a surprisingly large number of cases the first question with which a dealer is confronted is: "Has it Delco equipment?"

And yet while manufacturers, dealers and owners everywhere recognize the wonderful efficiency of the Delco System, there is a marked lack of knowledge as to how it accomplishes its threefold function of cranking, lighting and ignition.

People generally know what the Delco does, but do not know what it is. They very naturally jump to the conclusion that a device intended for such remarkable and diversified usefulness must be complicated and heavy, and liable to get out of order. They do not stop to consider that the Delco combines in one system what under the best conditions otherwise requires three systems to accomplish—and that these three systems are necessarily much heavier and more complicated, and more liable to get out of order than is the Delco unit.

As a matter of fact, the Delco does not add materially to the weight of a car, and the best possible proof of its simplicity and efficiency is found in the season's record of 100 cars in New York City, where, under all sorts of weather conditions, it was found necessary to crank the cars by hand once for each 67,000 miles traveled. In the experience of the average owner that would mean once in every ten or twelve years. But the thing people seem to want to know now is how the Delco accomplishes these rather remarkable results. We have had a thousand inquiries of that kind within a month—and we are going to try to answer them in a very plain, untechnical way.

The Delco System

Cranking—Lighting—Ignition

Consists primarily of two parts—a motor generator and a storage battery. Its operation may be easily understood by comparing it to a pressure system of water supply as used in isolated plants for private residences.

Such a water system usually consists of a power driven pump connected by a main line to various outlets, and a tank or reservoir, also connected with the main line and its outlets.

There is a regulator in the reservoir that automatically shuts off the power and stops the pump when the water has reached a certain height.

And there is a check valve in the main line that prevents the backward flow of water when the pump is stopped.

Let us suppose the reservoir is filled and the system is ready for use.

One of the outlets is opened and the water is allowed to run continuously—the water thus drawn is taken from the reservoir, but just as soon as the water in this reservoir drops to a certain level the automatic regulator switches on the power, the pump starts and the water drawn off then comes direct from the pump—only the excess being forced up into the reservoir.

When the outlets are closed, the pump continues its work until the reservoir is again at its normal level.

The Delco System operates in an exactly similar manner.

The motor generator is the pump; the storage battery is the reservoir; the cut-out relay is the check valve; the ampere-hour meter the regulator, and the cranking, lighting and ignition circuits are the outlets.

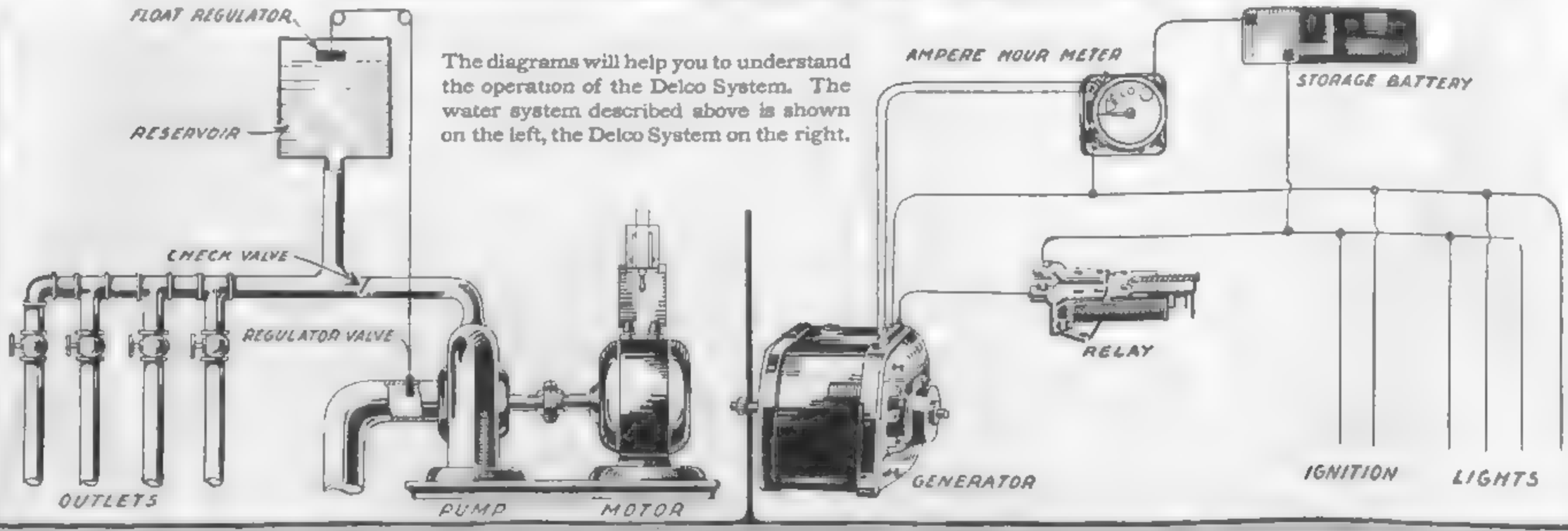
Now suppose the Delco equipped car with its storage battery charged is ready for operation. You push the starting button, engaging the generator through suitable gearing to the engine, which begins to turn over, the power being drawn from the storage battery. In a few seconds the engine begins to run on its own power, continuing to draw current from the battery for ignition, and for lights if they are being used, until such time as a speed of 300 or more revolutions per minute is attained. In the meantime the cut-out relay, acting as a check valve, remains open, closing at approximately 300 revolutions when the generator pressure, or voltage, becoming higher than that of the battery, furnishes current direct for lighting and ignition, the excess going into the battery and recharging it.

When the battery has received its full charge, the ampere-hour meter cuts out the generator and prevents an overcharge.

Thus the ordinary operation of the car automatically maintains the battery in a fully charged condition, and current is always available for either cranking, lighting or ignition.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

The diagrams will help you to understand the operation of the Delco System. The water system described above is shown on the left, the Delco System on the right.



How's Business and Why

THAT individual is prosperous in a material sense who earns rather more than he spends, and who applies his surplus income either to an enlargement of plant or to profitable investment in some form. There may be degrees of prosperity, and one man may accumulate very much faster than his neighbor and so fast that he can waste a percentage of his income and yet be called successful. Moreover, men may make money much faster sometimes than at other times, and may spend in like ratio, earning enough more than they spend to still be styled prosperous. What individuals may do nations may likewise do.

The United States has been and is a prosperous nation. It is prosperous even now when there is deep sighing for the return of the sort of prosperity that culminated in the year 1906–7, the sort of prosperity that accompanied inflation of enterprise and attained a pace that could not be maintained without inviting reaction, yes, and collapse, from which collapse there has not been complete recovery as yet. But there has been very considerable recovery, and if the contrast were drawn with what might be termed depressed conditions, rather than with an abnormal inflation, it would be possible to convince oneself that one ought to be satisfied with present achievement in a business way in the United States.

The average man says business is fair, but that it is difficult to secure other than moderate profits because of sharp competition. Questioned further, recently, the average man said he calculated that he was doing well if he got 6 per cent net on his money, and he agreed that it was not unlikely that it would be the rule hereafter that business profits would conform pretty closely to some similar and moderate basis of income. The return of inflation in these matters he thought altogether unlikely. Nor did he think it desirable that inflation should return. In this frame of mind the gentleman was prepared to cease longing for the unattainable and to coöperate with his fellows in maintaining and improving present business conditions, at the same time discouraging attempts to excite the state of activity which culminates in what men term a boom.

That there are people in plenty who would welcome and foster a boom goes without saying. Such is the errand of the speculative class in the community, a class that thrives off radical changes in human activities and particularly radical price changes. Let it be noted in passing, that men who engage in stock speculation are not especially happy these days, because there are no boom times in sight to be discounted through inflated prices. So true is the habit of discounting boom times that the inability of Wall Street to excite a wild scramble for the possession of stocks to be sold on a swiftly rising market suggests that no boom is near in commerce or industry or in any other direction. Nevertheless, business is good, and it will be largely the fault of the community if business shall fail to grow better, subject to the modifications that passing time and changes in fundamental conditions necessitate.

The Good Time Coming

Conspicuous among the conditions underlying business enterprise is successful agriculture; and the opportunity before the United States to make great strides in the improvement of farming methods and productivity of the soil has scarcely had a parallel in any country. What is true of agriculture is equally true in other lines—in industry and commerce, in the development of traffic and shipping facilities on land and sea, in betterment and reconstruction of the currency system and the banking and credit systems generally. Beyond this there is the need of bringing into closer and more harmonious relations the directing and constructive forces of the land—the capitalist and the laborer—and of establishing a higher regard for morality and human rights in the performance of all the functions of business and civil and social life. Never has the world needed more zeal and determination in discerning the right and progressive way and in adhering to that way than at the present time. The problems awaiting solution are very many and very great, and upon the manner in which they are dealt with will depend in no small degree the future of this country and other countries in a business way and in other ways. All classes are alive the world over, as never before, and all are seeking to achieve that which most appeals to them, usually from selfish motives. Therefore they clash on every hand. Therefore, also, it is the mission of law to regulate the relations of men and businesses to one another. The next few years in the United States will possess possibilities for achievement in expansion of facilities and reorganization of methods of doing things and in setting in motion forces of vast potentiality that no similar period since the Civil War has possessed.

It is a great and good fortune, then, that men are not so engrossed by the opportunities for moneymaking which boom times provide as to overlook the duty in hand—the duty to promote the largest good of the whole people and all of their public interests, not forgetting those acts that will strengthen the people morally and add to their happiness and general wellbeing. It will be well if the people perceive and perform their political duties during the present autumn, taking care that men of character—and, if possible, men of breadth of intellect and purpose—be selected to enact such laws as will assist in the task that is here and pressing for attention. Given a just man in the White House and a preponderating element of the same class in Congress, and not a little will be accomplished to assure a prosperous future for the people of this country.

Our Food Supply

Nature is doing a great deal for the country this year in blessing the labors of tillers of the soil. Probably the largest crops, as a whole, ever grown have been grown this season, and the farms will contribute heavily toward the general prosperity. To double the yield and enlarge the productive acreage are among the objects to be gained, and Congress and the railroads and all others concerned should lend a hand in accomplishing these things.

There is an increasing host of citizens and aliens in the country to be fed, and they should be fed at less cost per unit if prosperity is to be forthcoming as it might be. This is easily possible if soil productivity can be increased twenty-five per cent or even less, and an increase of fifty per cent should be within reach in the near future and stimulate effort to make the increase greater subsequently. Successful farming is among the essentials to successful business.

Successful business there is in increasing directions, according to the testimony of men who are participating in it. President James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, lately declared that prospects in the iron and steel industry were brighter than previously for two years. He mentions the increase in exports of steel and iron products in which he has been especially interested for a long time, not forgetting to recognize the extensive competition with foreign manufacturers in these lines, which has to be met. In the same breath the gentleman tells of plans to enlarge both the Sharon and the Farrell works of the corporation.

This country is making gains in exports of manufactures of many sorts. In the latest month reported on by the Government, the exports of partly manufactured articles were valued at $35,272,000, compared with $27,980,000 for the corresponding month last year. The exports of completed manufactures had a value of $61,546,000, against $48,192,000 in 1911, while for the period since the commencement of the calendar year the value of partial manufactures was $211,911,000, compared with $188,208,000, and the value of completed manufactures $425,396,000, against $371,318,000 for the same months of the previous year. What the country is losing through the failure of agriculture to maintain former relations to foreign trade, it is undoubtedly making good through exportation of products of industrial mills and factories.

A successful lumber business is reported from a district in the South, no less than 1783 carloads of lumber, logs and staves being hauled over the rails of a single line into New Orleans in a month, an increase of some 250 carloads of forest products

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

of interest to every music lover

SINCE the introduction of the player-piano, The Baldwin Company has believed that the true rank of any instrument of this kind should be measured by the freedom and sureness with which it enables the performer to express *his own musical feelings.*

With this as the basis of value, the *perfect* player-piano would leave the performer entirely unhampered by mechanical devices and, at the same time, would respond to his every wish as if he were playing by hand.

To the production of such an instrument The Baldwin Company has brought an organization unequalled in material resources, scientific equipment, inventive skill—the growth of fifty years in the piano business.

The result is the

Baldwin Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

The "Manualo"—a name that is new, applied to a product which is old, but brought to highest perfection.

It *is* the ultimate—the *unmechanical* instrument that we have had in mind from the beginning—the plastic instrument that musicians have used as their imaginative standard in comparing player-pianos—the instrument to *play* instead of to operate that everyone who ever "worked" a player-piano has longed for.

Always loath to deal in superlatives, we find that, measured by these universally desired qualities of natural control and immediate responsiveness, there is but one expression which rightly denotes the rank of the Baldwin Manualo—the BEST. It is among player-pianos what the Baldwin Piano is among pianos—"hors concours" as the International Jury at the Paris Exposition expressed it; that is, absolutely beyond competition. It sets a standard for the world.

You will agree with us, once you try the Baldwin Manualo. Send today for the new Book of the Baldwin Manualo. Describes in language easily understood, the features of this new Player-Piano Mechanism.

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1111 Olive Street

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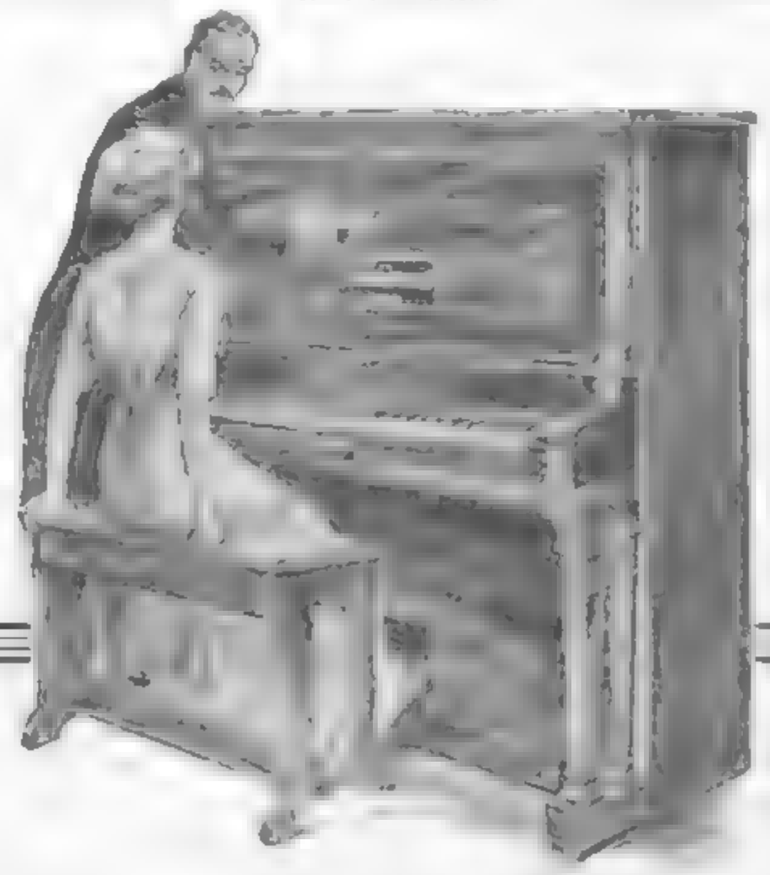
Denver
1636 California St.



The Star Spangled Banner
Brings Shivers of Ecstasy When Played by Instinct

Some Delightful "Goose-flesh" Experiences with the New Instinctive Playing. No. 3 of Series

"I look over my music rolls. I select the Star Spangled Banner to play

"I slip it into my Virtuolo PlayerPiano; close the panel so I'll not be conscious of the running roll; place my fingers, Paderewski-like, on the time lever and the accent buttons; lean back, turn my face upward, close my eyes, and soothe myself into the feeling that 'now we shall have a dream of stirring, martial music'.

"The music starts. It makes me dream that I can see the British redcoats bombarding old Fort McHenry at Baltimore, way back in 1814.

"I can see an unknown poet of Maryland, Francis Scott Key, putting out in a small boat to the British lines. He wants the British to release a civilian friend whom they've captured. Instead they take him prisoner, too.

"I hear the sounds of battle by night. I can see the prisoner on the British frigate, straining at his irons to see by the cannon flashes if the stars and stripes still wave over old Fort McHenry.

"When at last the ghostly gray dawn steals through the sky, he sees the colors still floating in the breeze. And the music makes me see Francis Scott Key, seized with that immortal inspiration, writing with trembling emotion:

"'Oh, say does that star spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?'"

(*Name on Request*)

SEND FOR "THE INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

It is a book that opens the gate to the wonderful land of music, which you will find far easier to enter, far more enchanting to linger in, than you may now think.

This book is so real, and tells the truth about music so clearly, so sympathetically, that it might have been written by a Mozart, a Handel, a Beethoven himself. Truly may be said, *no such book was ever written before.*

"The Inner Beauty" tells how this noble feeling of the composer can be brought directly to *you*. It tells how the invention of

The VIRTUOLO
THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

gives *you* the very thoughts of the composer, while *you* reproduce the notes and phrases he has written. It tells how you or anyone, without any training in music, can sit down to the Virtuolo and get the *great double pleasure* of music—the pleasure of both pianist and listener—and the full inspiration of the composer.

Send for "The Inner Beauty" book *now*, before you forget it.

REASON PLAYING VS. INSTINCTIVE PLAYING

What makes the hand playing of a novice sound so mechanical? Because a novice has not learned to be *unconscious of the piano.*

What makes Paderewski's playing sound so artistic? Because he is wholly *unconscious* of the piano.

What makes some player pianos sound so unlike fine hand playing? Because the player pianist is so *conscious* of the player.

It is because he is watching guides and instructions on the roll, intended to direct him through the piece. These may direct, but we feel that they make him so *conscious of the player* that, like the novice hand pianist, he can't think how his music is sounding.

Furthermore, to manage these guides and watch the instructions on the roll you have to use your Reason, and Reason stops your Instinct from working. Instinct and Reason *won't work together.*

"The Inner Beauty" explains why the Virtuolo makes you as unconscious of the player as Paderewski is unconscious of his piano, how your *immortal Instinct* tells your fingers what to do with the simple accent and singing pedal buttons, and the tune lever.

It tells how you can just close your eyes, forget the Virtuolo is there, and let your care-free feelings wing away on the golden breeze of the music.

The Virtuolo is built by the Hallet & Davis Piano Company of Boston, one of the largest and oldest firms of art piano makers in the world. The rich, liquid tone of Hallet & Davis Pianos has been showered with the praise of greatest composers, such as Franz Liszt, Johann Strauss, etc. No less a person than His Holiness Pope Pius X recently honored the Hallet & Davis Piano with a Papal medal. The Virtuolo can be had in a Hallet & Davis Piano. Or in a Conway Piano at less cost. Terms: three years in which to pay.

Get a Virtuolo on trial from your piano dealer. If he hasn't one, send us his name and we'll see that you get a Virtuolo on trial immediately.

SEND THIS COUPON *TODAY*

We want you to have a copy of "The Inner Beauty". It is simply, beautifully, and briefly written. [illegible] but to read it. Therefore, we [illegible] will send us the attached coupon today. You will be glad you did not *put off* this chance to bring into your life a source [illegible] *inspiration such as may never befall you again.*

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Mail me, without cost, a copy of the interim book "The Inner Beauty".
Name
Address

compared with the record of any previous month. The Yellow Pine Manufacturers' Association has advanced prices in varying amounts up to $5 per thousand feet over the basis list of August 4, 1909. The lumber industry of the Puget Sound district, depressed for three or four years, has suddenly revived, and neither the mills nor the railroads can fill the orders for lumber and cars respectively. Therefore there is considerable booking in advance and the assurance of activity for a considerable period.

Obviously, at this season of the year the railroads are hard pressed to supply equipment to haul all the traffic offered. There never can be sufficient equipment to carry six to nine months' traffic to market in two or three months. And so the autumn rush to dispose of the crops goes on, and the statistics of freight cars in use and out of use point to smaller and smaller surpluses, or rather to a shortage. The report of the American Railway Association lately showed practically all cars employed in the United States and Canada. There had been a decrease of nearly forty-four thousand within two weeks. That chaos should arise in freight transportation and in business affairs generally under such rapidly shifting conditions is not to be wondered at.

When the Harvest Days Are Over

A record crop or a crop near to the record has been harvested or is in sight, and one commentator says: "The farmer has done his duty in feeding the nation. Now the business man, the statesman and the political economist must see to it that what the farmer has raised reaches the consumer with the least waste, the least damage and the least cost. Agriculture has done its duty; now business and statecraft have their innings." That is nicely said, indeed, but the performance will be as far from the theory as can well be imagined, for in this land of freedom of opportunity everybody, broadly speaking, will strive to scalp the largest or quickest profit obtainable from the products of the soil of every sort as they pass from the producer to the ultimate consumer.

A record corn crop and abundant forage crop, for example, ought to cheapen the prices of meats and dairy products in due course; but whether they will do so depends upon a variety of factors outside the mere question of the production of the crops. Many men and varied interests come between the producer of these necessities and the consumers of the same, and they will not surrender the chance for gain unless from necessity. Moreover, if men are fair with one another it will remain that the numbers of beeves in the country are so far reduced that they can hardly be had by feeders in numbers sufficient to swell the amount of high-class meats particularly. The response, in case of swine, to the increase in fattening feed will be more speedy, but there will be an increase in the number of people to be fed, perhaps in greater ratio than the increase in meats. As for dairy products, prices of hay and grain and cows and labor must fall materially before the farmer can afford to furnish milk and butter and cheese at much less price than he is now getting, for he has rarely or never received enough from the milk contractor to enable him to pay moderate interest on his plant; and he will be slow to yield any part of what he now receives unless under compulsion.

Assuming that the latest hopes of the United States Department of Agriculture regarding the season's crops are approximately realized, there is no question that this will prove a factor of great consequence in its bearing upon the business outlook in the United States. Taken in connection with other factors, it ought to promote and accentuate what men like to call prosperity, which they probably now have in greater measure than they appreciate.

Take the matter of the copper industry. The last statement of the Producers' Association furnished a surprise in a decrease in surplus in presence of the largest output ever recorded, 145,628,521 pounds of the latter being offset by a distribution of 149,207,568 pounds, of which latter 78,722,418 pounds were credited to domestic consumption and the balance to exports. This made the decrease in supplies at the close of the month 4,697,521 pounds. Comment is that this statement shows very clearly that the increase in mine production for the past eight or nine months is at last finding its way through the refineries. "It would be interesting," the comment further says, "to know just why it has been held back so long." That is the point. Some people distrust the reliability of the figures disseminated by this association. They fear that more or less of the copper said to have gone into consumption, yes, and to have been exported, has gone into the accounts of speculators in the metal or in the mining-share market or both. But making due allowance for suspicion of that sort, it must be plain that the copper industry is enjoying a period of activity and prosperity that should reasonably satisfy parties engaged therein. They could, indeed, scarcely ask for more than the handsome profits secured on copper at about 17 to 18 cents a pound which costs not much over half that amount.

Then consider the iron and steel situation, acknowledged the best since 1907. There comes to hand a remarkable statement of the United States Steel Corporation of unfilled orders on hand—about 6,000,000 tons—recording an increase every month, with a single exception, in each of eleven months. Indeed, the unfilled orders have not been so large since the thirtieth of September, 1907. They amount to six months' production. The latest gain in orders for a month was 206,296 tons, about twice what was expected. Any further increase in orders would be almost embarrassing. As relates to volume of business, the steel industry has enough, and prices for its products are continually improving. The average price for eight leading products of the steel mills is nearly $4 a ton higher than a year ago and is nearly as high as the average for 1904 and 1909. The price of every steel product, except rails, has been advanced within thirty days, and a further advance is looked for before the new year, on the ground that the mills are so filled with orders that they will not sell for delivery this year without asking a premium.

The textile industry cannot be so favorably reported on as the industries above mentioned, although it is doing quite well in most branches. A canvass of the condition of minor industries in various parts of the country shows business to be quickening and sentiment improving to a large degree. In instances some deference is paid to politics and the Sherman Law; but faith is expressed that business will do well in spite of these obstacles.

Conditions in the Money Market

There is hesitation on account of the condition of the money market, it being feared that loan rates may rise to embarrassing heights unless extraordinary precautions are taken by the banks and, perhaps, by the national treasury. The latter has signified a willingness, it is said, to make deposits of public money with the banks, if occasion shall arise. Furthermore, the banks have the right to issue emergency currency in adequate amount if they shall deem it desirable, but they hope this will not prove so since the cost is great and since that step confesses a condition of affairs the existence of which they do not like to admit. Wall Street was lately disturbed by an advance in call money to 5½ per cent, and that when there was not even the suggestion of speculative activity there. The time rate was but a trifle below that for call loans; but it could almost be said that the basis of 5 to 6 per cent had already been established in the Eastern as well as the Western money market, the same being charged to the condition of the crops and to the activity of general business. Paris advices speak of American bankers recalling all European credits as they mature. It is even said that New York may soon be found importing gold, which is quite likely, if loan rates for money shall rise further. A stiff money market at this time of the year is seasonable and should not excite surprise or create a commotion. What it should and does do is to admonish of the necessity of a currency system better adapted to the fluctuating needs of general business, which includes movement of the crops with all the rest.

In short, the situation today is the result of a sudden change in the crop situation. Manufacturers, bankers, merchants and consumers have all been taken unawares. But business is like many other things of life—what comes quickly goes quickly. It is well, therefore, for all of us to accept the present as it is, but remember that another change may quickly come at any time, and wise are those readers who prepare therefor.

Get All You Can

While seventy-two makers of 40-horsepower cars fight it out for supremacy, now is your chance to reap the benefit.

It is up to you this year to get all you can out of this fight of the Forties.

There are 72 makers in fierce competition, with cars around 40-horsepower.

As a result of this rivalry, Forties of the highest grade cost half what they used to cost. And the best of these Forties stand today among the finest cars in existence.

If you watch these offers, and make your comparisons, you can get a wonderful deal in a Forty.

Points to Insist On

In selecting a "40," for years to come, these are some points to insist on:

You want wide tires, for in width lies capacity. Wide tires save their extra cost over and over, by cutting the cost of upkeep.

You want the coming features, like four forward speeds, center control and left side drive. They are being adopted very fast on the high-grade cars.

You want electric lights with dynamo. To add them later would cost $125.

You want the acme of comfort. That means easy springs, wide seats, deep cushions, and plenty of room. Compare these details carefully.

You want big brakes, big margins of safety, for they mean your protection.

On none of these things do you want to skimp. You want them all at the lowest price which a first-class maker will offer. That's how to get the utmost from this war of "40's."

Cameron's Great Car

Consider now the men who build the car—whose reputation is the sponsor for things you cannot see.

W. H. Cameron, our designer-in-chief, is the man mainly responsible for the Michigan "40." He has built 100,000 successful cars. And the Michigan "40" shows the countless perfections which can only be learned by experience.

To John A. Campbell we owe this matchless body—its graceful lines, its finish, its upholstering. Campbell has designed equipages for kings, but this he considers his greatest production.

We have worked for four years in perfecting this car. 5,000 cars have been sent out and tested. Over 300 improvements have been worked out in four years by the experts in charge of the Michigan.

Now the chassis is the best that Cameron can build. The body is Campbell's masterpiece. Consider these facts when somebody says that a higher price means a better car.

We Will Win This War

The Michigan will win the leading place in Forties. We have waited four years to make this announcement—to make sure that the car could do it.

We have the men and the money, the modern equipment, the factory capacity which cuts down cost. We have a car which no man has excelled. And we have the will and the wish to sell that car at a price which none will meet.

We may not win men who buy on impulse, without making fair comparisons. But we shall win the shrewd and the careful who seek the most for their money. Men who weigh and compare won't take less than we offer. Nor will they pay more than we ask.

Send this coupon for our catalog, picturing the basis for every comparison, showing all styles of body. We will then direct you where to see the car.

$1,585

Michigan "40"

Read the Big Features

Four-forward-speed Transmission, as used today in all the best foreign cars

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider we think, than on any rival car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 48 horsepower.

Cylinders 4¼ x 5¼ inches.

Drive shaft of 1¾-inch chrome nickel steel, sufficient for 60 horsepower

Brakes extra efficient—drums 16 x 2½ inches

Springs 2½ inches wide—front, 37 inches long; rear, 50 inches long

Steering post adjustable. So are clutch and brake pedals, insuring perfect comfort to every driver.

Shortsville wheels, with 1⅛-inch spokes—12 to each wheel

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Straight-line body, designed by John A Campbell. Finished with 22 coats.

14-inch Turkish cushions. All upholstering of the finest hand-buffed leather, filled with the best curled hair.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside, 22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Room all from 50 inches either way

Nickel mountings.

Headlights—electric—12¼ inches diameter, very powerful.

Sidelights—set in dash—flush with it

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope complete.

Electric horn.

Speedometer—$50, four-inch instrument.

Foot rail—robe rail—rear tire irons—tool chests, with all tools, under running board

Over-capacity. Every driving part made sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion about the relative merits of the various types of self-starters that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment.

We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer

However, we equip with either the gas starter or a positively efficient electric starter, at a very moderate extra price.

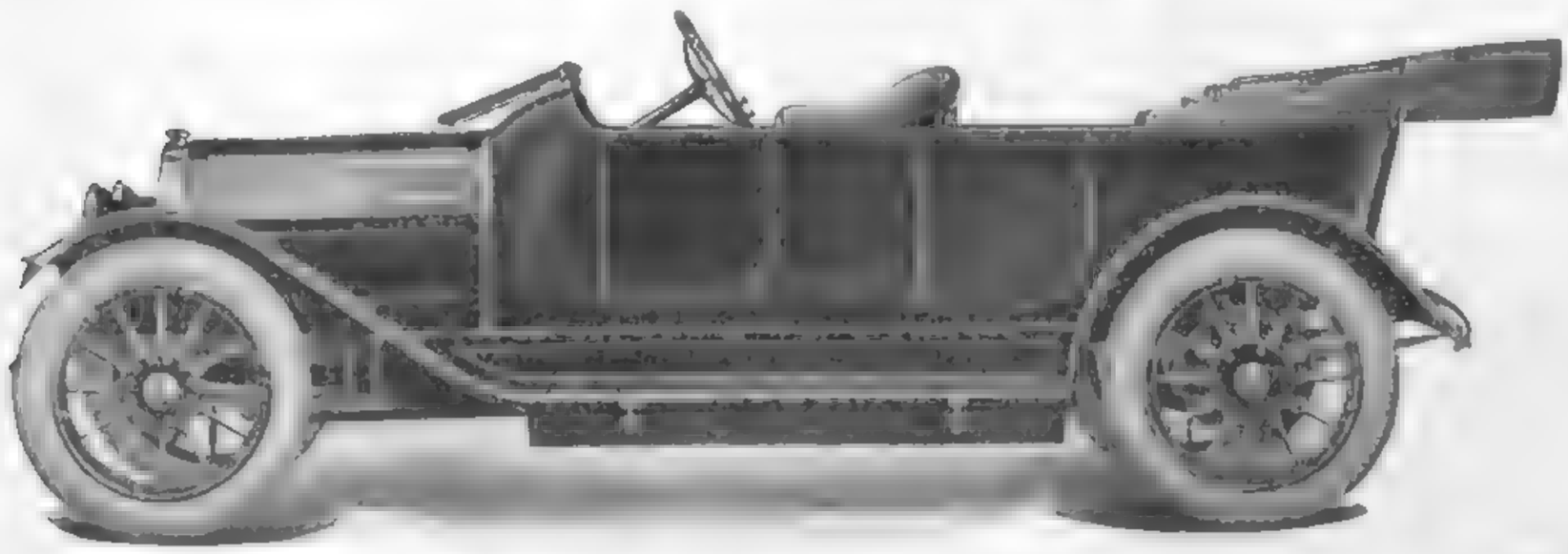
MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



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DAISY AIR RIFLES

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

Now!

is the time to get that boy a DAISY AIR RIFLE

You have probably said to yourself often: "I'll get him a Daisy when he is old enough." Why put it off any longer? There is nothing you could get your boy that would bring him the same keen delight, or the same training for hand and eye.

Ask your boy if he would like a Daisy Air Rifle. See his eye light up with joy as he thinks of the pleasure of owning a "real gun"—not a harmful one, it is true, but nevertheless a real gun, that will shoot as straight and looks just the same as a high-priced magazine hunting rifle.

Don't put it off—think of the fun your boy can have **right now** with a Daisy.

Take him to any hardware or sporting goods dealer, and ask to see any of the following Daisy models:

"DAISY SPECIAL" 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot-retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifles **$2.50**

Other Daisy models, 50c to $2.00
Little Daisy Pop-Gun . . 25c
New Daisy Target For indoor and outdoor practice **50c**

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, he will order one for you if you ask him.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
287 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich.

The Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World, making each year more rifles than all other factories combined.

A Message to the Dealer

[illegible] advertisements which appear regularly in the big national publications. Order your stock from the jobber and write us for signs, and other advertising helps, which will be furnished cheerfully on application.

Daisy Mfg. Co.
Plymouth, Mich.

Export Office,
R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Pacific Coast Branch,
Phil. B. Bekeart, Mgr., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Mexican Branch,
Louis N. Chemidlin, Mgr., Mexico City, D. F., Mex.

P. S.—After you have bought your boy a Daisy, show him how to hit the mark with it. You will enjoy it, and so will he.

Bouncing Sturdy Children

—the kind parents are proud of—are largely the result of proper feeding.

Many a mother knows from experience that a child which "has not done well" can be started along the way to strength and rosy health on

Grape-Nuts

and Cream.

This food is scientifically made of wheat and barley and contains the strength-making elements stored by Nature in the cereals.

Among these elements is Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain)—the vital salt of the gray nerve cells—especially valuable for promoting mental and physical development.

Grape-Nuts food is easily digested, quickly absorbed, and has "worked wonders" in the development of many a backward child—and children like the natural sweet flavour.

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

—

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

—

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

SOME EFFICIENCY SECRETS

(Concluded from Page 15

thread had to be drawn through the leather with every stitch. By having the length of thread accurately adjusted to each unit of work a fraction of a second was saved on each stitch.

Again, the size of needle most effective for each unit of work was specified and every minute element of the work was reduced to a fixed standard. When all this was finished the entire force walked out!

Then Billy appealed to the general manager:

"We have established a rate on this work that will give each workman who learns the new way better wages than he earned before. They will prove this out when two or three of them come back to work and get their hands in; but, to get all of them back and working with the right spirit, they must know that the rate is going to stand. Will you sign a notice that the rate shall not be changed for a year and let me post it in the room?"

The order was posted, and one by one the men came back. Under the old régime the room operated about thirty workmen whose average wage was a dollar and sixty-five cents a day. When the efficiency methods were under full swing a larger output was produced by thirteen men whose average wage varied from two dollars and seventy-five cents to two dollars and ninety cents a day.

Growing From the Ground Up

This was not all the saving effected, however. Only half the floor-space was required by this department after efficiency methods had been adopted; another department was overcrowded and an addition to the building was planned for its accommodation. The floor-space saved by the better methods in the hand-sewing department was used for this department and it was unnecessary to build the addition.

The "press" department of this shop also called out the best energies of the young expert and gave his ability to deal with the problems of laying out work on a large scale a severe test. With a production of one hundred to one hundred and fifty pieces a minute, and with runs of only five thousand pieces or less, the planning to secure perfect coördination was no small task—especially as certain pieces required ten operations, though others demanded only three or four. Here the problem was to arrange for perfect sequence, so that the work could move from machine to machine without a break or a wait. The management demurred at the proposal to increase overhead expense by adding to the force a well-paid accountant who had some practical knowledge of manufacturing. However, this objection was overcome and the management installed a capable man. As the orders came to his desk in the center of the room he turned to his operation sheets and listed the operations on individual cards, which were placed in a rack "against" the various machines. In this way he was able to see that there was a job scheduled against every machine every minute of the day. By the same system tools for the next oncoming job were requisitioned and ready when the job appeared. For each group of eight machines Billy provided another addition to overhead expense in the form of a job and tool setter. He justified this seeming extravagance by arguing: "The time to inspect work is before it is spoiled, not after."

Under the system that Billy worked out this factory made a saving the first year of more than double the fee charged for the work. Naturally the young production engineer felt that, as the task had been put up to him at the start as being almost hopeless, he had demonstrated his ability to get away with a big job—and a hard one! His firm thought so too; and from that time forward he was kept busy going from one line of industry to another. At almost every turn of the road he crossed the trail of some efficiency expert who had arrived at professional standing by entering from the top; and never once did he regret that he had been forced to climb from the bottom.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Forrest Crissey. The third will appear in an early issue.

This Underwear gives Warmth in all weathers— Comfort at all times—

WINTER is the real season of good health—when the blood tingles in the veins—when the joy of living is at its height. But you must be dressed to suit it. Not heavily dressed—but correctly dressed. Right underwear is the most important item.

Wright's

Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is built on the right principle to give the utmost in comfort, warmth and wear. It keeps the cold out and the body heat in. Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear is knitted on machines that give it a wonderful elasticity. The fabric stretches to fit any form and when taken off springs back to shape again and keeps that shape even under extreme hard usage. Our patented collarette never sags or stretches out of shape.

Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear is made in cotton, cotton-and-wool and pure wool, so you are sure of getting just exactly the kind you want. In separate garments or union suits with the closed crotch.

Ask your dealer to show you this perfect-fitting, long-wearing, comfortable underwear, and know it by this label, in red:

WRIGHT'S SPR NG NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

The Underwear that is good to the skin

Wright's Health Underwear

The underwear with the soft fleece inside that is so soothing to a tender skin, lets the pores breathe and carries off all perspiration. The fleece holds an air space between the skin and the woven fabric which forms a non-conductor, keeping the body heat in and the cold out. Wright's Health Underwear is knitted so as to give the elastic properties that make it fit perfectly and hold its shape. Ask your dealer to show you Wright's Health Underwear—the real healthful underwear.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
75 Franklin Street, New York

ARROW COLL

MADRAS COLLARS—an introduction favored by fashion. Made in the Belmont (notch) and the Milton and Severn (buttonhole) styles. They'll add a note of individuality to your attire.

2 *for* 25 cents

LARS & SHIRTS

WEARERS of ARROW Shirts enjoy the pleasing distinction imparted by garments that fit, styles that are correct, and fast color patterns that are proper and uncommon.

$1.50 *and* more

Send for booklet
CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY
467 River Street, Troy, N.Y.

Your Telephone Horizon

The horizon of vision, the circle which bounds our sight, has not changed.

It is best observed at sea. Though the ships of today are larger than the ships of fifty years ago, you cannot see them until they come up over the edge of the world, fifteen or twenty miles away.

A generation ago the horizon of speech was very limited. When your grandfather was a young man, his voice could be heard on a still day for perhaps a mile. Even though he used a speaking trumpet, he could not be heard nearly so far as he could be seen.

Today all this has been changed. The telephone has vastly extended the horizon of speech.

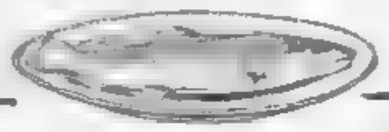
Talking two thousand miles is an everyday occurrence, while in order to see this distance, you would need to mount your telescope on a platform approximately 560 miles high.

As a man is followed by his shadow, so is he followed by the horizon of telephone communication. When he travels across the continent his telephone horizon travels with him, and wherever he may be he is always at the center of a great circle of telephone neighbors.

What is true of one man is true of the whole public. In order to provide a telephone horizon for each member of the nation, the Bell System has been established.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System



Fish *Soups*

The World's Greatest Condiment

A flavoring that is known the world over, having qualities that no other sauce possesses. An **appetizer** and a **digestive.**

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Deliciously flavors Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Stews, Hashes, Gravies and Chafing Dish Cooking.

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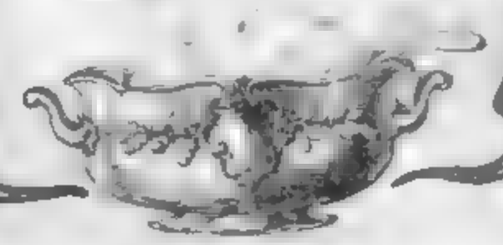


50 WORDS ABOUT ODD LOTS

No. 31.

SOME exceptional qualities of New York Stock Exchange securities:—

They represent companies which are required to make periodical reports. Their past standing and present activities are publicly recorded.

They can be used freely as collateral in obtaining loans of money.

They are convertible into cash at almost a moment's notice.

Send for Circular T—"Odd Lots."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots of Stock

Members New York Stock Exchange

MAIN OFFICE—71 Broadway
Uptown Office—42nd Street and Broadway
NEW YORK

OUT-OF-DOORS

Grouse, and Some Facts About Them

THE Agricultural Department at Washington furnishes several sorts of information to the general public. Among the various bulletins obtainable are tables of the open game seasons in all the states of the Union—or, at least, some of the officials of one or other of the bureaus of that department annually compile these tables of game seasons. They do not make any attempt to furnish information regarding the prospect or probability of the grouse crop. Neither does your bank nor your brokerage house, though the latter, along in the early fall, will send you a nice little booklet telling you all about the prospects of the crops of wheat, corn and other things on which grouse and human beings feed. Neither does the daily press concern itself with the grouse crop; in fact, nobody does. The sportsman has to dig that out for himself.

The tables of game seasons tell the story of the disappearing American game. In many states grouse are protected with close seasons of several years' duration. In nearly all the remaining states the open season is short, and the tendency is to set the opening date farther on in the fall—at which time, of course, the birds are better able to care for themselves, but do not offer such typical sport to the dog as they do before the cold nights have caused them to pack and become wild.

Moreover, in almost all the states, the daily bag limit on all upland game is growing smaller and smaller. Six quail a day is about the same as none at all; yet one state makes that the limit and many set the daily bag at a dozen a day. A dozen grouse of each species is the allowance in one or more states where once there was no limit at all. Even in Canada, relatively a new country, a daily bag limit of ten birds seems meager. For that number the shooting license in Alberta is five dollars. In Saskatchewan it is twenty-five dollars. In British Columbia and Manitoba it is fifty dollars—though, if you are a British subject actually domiciled, they will allow you forty dollars off. A general license to shoot all game in season costs one hundred dollars for British Columbia. In all these provinces the game laws become more and more stringent. It is unlawful to shoot after sundown, and unlawful to sell game except under careful inspection.

The only wide-open country known today to the writer, who grew up in a country where game was once abundant and supposedly exhaustless, is in the wilderness of Northwestern Canada, above latitude fifty-five. Above that parallel there are no game laws at all. Canny Great Britain exacts from all foreigners heavy game licenses for shooting in her African suzerainties, but knows that Indians and half-breeds north of fifty-five must shoot or must starve, season or no season.

A Royal Killing

Some of these things should open the eyes of the sportsmen of today. As a matter of fact, no young man can learn to become a good field shot today if he observes the game laws. A dozen shots a day do not make a marksman—and even a dozen birds a day may soon be a thing of the past. The real concern of sportsmen today, therefore, is not so much to find grouse and learn how to kill them as it is to find them and learn how to save them.

Perhaps the dominating element of American citizenship is North-European in temperament. Scandinavians, Germans, men of Great Britain nearly all have a relish for field sports. With that relish goes a certain respect for the law. Southern and Southeastern Europe observes no game laws through respect or sentiment. The great preserves of the nobles shut out the poor man, and the latter observes such laws as he must. There is little wild life left outside of the great preserved estates.

There is a growing desire to protect our American game, but always there arises the question: How can it be done? It cannot be done at all to the extent of restoring the old days of general open shooting. Those days are past and gone forever; but large amounts of game can be raised in this country in conditions leaving it practically wild. We spend a great deal of money in architecture, in parks and boulevards. We could, if we cared to go about it in business fashion, establish an abundance of American upland game greatly in excess of what we have now. The only real question is whether we wish to do it or not.

We could not, of course, put into effect, or desire to do so, all the conditions of grouse-shooting in Great Britain. Yet I read in the comments on the grouse season in the latter country that the grouse crop is better this year than it has been for some time past. King George follows the predilections of his father, Edward VII, albeit not quite so keen a sportsman. The king shot this season on one of the estates of the Duke of Devonshire, and the royal party, eight guns, in one day killed six hundred and seventy grouse—three hundred and thirty-five brace, after the English way of scoring. That leaves about eighty-three birds to the gun. True, these were carefully reared birds, driven to the guns by many beaters, and there is considerable red tape about grouse-shooting on any of the great British preserves; but, on the other hand, in this wholly superior America of ours, how long has it been since you killed eighty-three grouse in one day to your own gun? Did you ever do so?

Wholesale Slaughter

Yet the royal bag is not in the least extraordinary and has been surpassed times without number—and will be fifty years from now. Mr. McDougal, of Raeshaw, for instance, this season had a party of six guns on Overshuels Moor, and on the first day their bag was four hundred and sixty-seven brace, or nearly one thousand birds. How long since you have been out with a party of half a dozen who bagged nearly one thousand birds in one day in this free and enlightened Republic of ours? In the next few days five guns on that moor bagged successively two hundred and forty-seven brace, one hundred and thirty-six brace, three hundred and forty-eight brace, one hundred and seventy-one brace. In five days this party bagged two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight grouse—a daily average of over one hundred birds to the gun! How long since you have killed one hundred grouse in a day to your own gun, even in this country of superior institutions? And would you rather shoot a day in Great Britain or a day in Canada with a ten-bird limit?

In Aberdeenshire Mr. H. Gillilan and a party of five guns bagged fifty brace in a short time one day. Captain Campbell had a party of four who found the birds fast and wild, but bagged sixty-one brace in a part of one day. In Argyleshire, Ayrshire, Caithness, Inverness-shire, Kincardine, Peeblesshire—without pausing to give names or detail—there were many bags of small parties, two or three or half a dozen guns, of thirty-one brace, seventy-three brace, ninety-seven brace, sixty-two brace, ninety brace, fifty-seven brace, forty-four brace, fifty-three brace, thirty-nine brace, thirty-one brace, two hundred and twenty-one brace, one hundred and seven brace, one hundred and thirty-six brace, one hundred and twelve brace, one hundred and sixty-four brace, one hundred and twenty-one brace, one hundred and thirty-three brace, sixty-six brace, seventy-eight brace, one hundred and three brace, eight hundred and twenty-five brace, three hundred and thirty-three brace, six hundred and six brace.

One could go on at much greater length of these apparently monotonous details, but you may read all the sporting papers of America this fall and you will hear of no such shooting or any such numbers of birds taken in whole districts or whole counties, and including all the birds of all the guns. Yet in this country we have a legal bag limit of a dozen birds, and the shooting license for a non-resident is from ten to twenty-five dollars. There is a vast difference between grouse on the other side of the Atlantic and grouse on this side. It will, perhaps, be wiser for us to study that difference than to sit down and wail about our disappearing game.

It is perfectly true that the English conditions of sport do not appeal very

keenly to an American who shot in this country in its earlier and better days, when he could take his own dog and his own gun and ramble carefree over God's vast out-of-doors, with none to say him nay; but to compare the American and English systems of sport today is really begging the question. Neither is it in the least incumbent upon the American citizen to sit down and waste maudlin sympathy upon himself. It was civilization which drove out our game; and, much as some of us may detest civilization, it seems to have come to stay. It was not logically possible that the old days of wide-open sport could long endure for us.

What, then, is to be done for the American who still longs for a day with his dog afield, and who fancies the odor of a grouse broiled at his own campfire? It is only a question of his temperament and of his philosophy. He can still find grouse-shooting in some of our states of the West, or some of the northwestern provinces of Canada, better than was the average five years ago. The restricted season and the bag limit are doing a little something for our game, though no rational man expects either of these restrictions to do very much eventually. The ground is becoming too closely cultivated. All parts of the country are too accessible. The multiplicity of cheap and efficient breech-loading firearms is too great. What, then, shall the sportsman do about it?

Some men, who like to pose as naturalists or sportsmen of a superior sort, are wont to declare that we ought not to shoot at all. Others think that if we observed our strict game laws we would have, at least, half a loaf left for the eating. What seems to be certain is that civilization will go right on. We certainly will farm all the land that can well be farmed; and that means the lessening of the wild game all over the country. And yet we might remember that, even after our active and enterprising land agents shall have done their worst, there will remain in many parts of America large tracts of national or state or individual lands that never can be farmed at all, and which certainly could be put to use in raising large quantities of game. Some day, no doubt, many of these tracts under individual or Government ownership will be put to that use. It is, in the second place, only a matter of administration—and, in the first place, only a matter of resolution.

We improve in politics only when you and I demand it. As a people, we get nothing except when we demand it. In time there may be a Progressive movement in practical grouse-cropping in America. That this is a feasible thing when we get ready to do it is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by the figures from the English grouse moors quoted above. It is all very well to sneer at the rich man's shooting estate, and to sneer at the European idea of sport; but that is not the real question. The question is whether it is better to have such bags of game reared in this country on land otherwise worthless or to go on under the old system and to have no game at all. Pretty much all life—business, social and domestic is a matter of compromise. So also is sport today.

Our Greatest Conservationists

The only trouble is that we have not applied our keen American business wit to solving this question. It is simply a question of administration. We have our grouse plant ready, waiting and well equipped—many thousand acres of wild and otherwise useless land—from which the public is not fenced out as it is in Europe. We have our plant, and we have our proposition capitalized also. We are paying right now, for a dozen grouse a day in a very short season, enough money to treble or quadruple our harvested grouse crop. It is only a question of administration—which is largely to say, a question of clean politics. The state game-license funds are incredibly large in their totals—far more money than is expended on all the great estates of Great Britain and Bohemia by way of protection; but in those countries they put game money to keeping game and not to playing politics. Our politicians are great conservationists—of themselves.

And yet these things go on in one of the shrewdest countries in the world, as well as one of the richest. It is hardly just to our national intelligence to say that we shall always remain as blind as we are today. The departments at Washington tell us how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. They could with perfect ease—did we demand it—show us how to make a dozen grouse grow where one grew five years ago. It is only a question of administration—that is to say, primarily a question of the right man. Who is that man to be?

The answer to that latter question is perfectly simple. Look in your mirror if you desire to see that man. You are the only king we have, the only nobleman! It might be well to study the man in the looking-glass a bit before smiling too broadly at the grouse season in Great Britain.

Such as it is in this country, however, let us hope that you have had or will have your morsel of the half-loaf; and that, whether in the thicket or in the open, in the wheat country or among the sandhills, you have met the delectable experience of seeing your bird-dog stiffen on this splendid though somewhat helpless game. In some ways it is a more sporting proposition to shoot grouse today, in mid-September, when they rise strong on the wing, than it was to smash them down as they barely topped the grass in early August—the way we used to shoot them when we thought the supply would last forever and a day.

The Man in the Looking-Glass

The equipment of the grouse-shooter today is different from what it once was. Perhaps you and I, when we were fair-haired boys, toddled out just beyond the edge of town with dad or grandpap and the family muzzle-loader. Later, perhaps, we chartered a livery rig and drove out a dozen miles. Now we get on a railway train and travel a hundred, three hundred, a thousand or fifteen hundred miles; and when we get off at the little town we have jealously kept guarded as our own, by reason of a rumored supply of grouse thereabout, we are met by automobiles instead of livery rigs. Instead of old Ben, the pointer, we take a crateful of dogs. Instead of pottering round the edge of Farmer Smith's quarter-section of wheat, we cover twenty, thirty or forty miles a day, combing out all the likely spots. We meet other parties doing the same thing in the same way. We demand speed, method, efficiency. We use nitro powders now and better guns than the old family muzzle-loader—many repeating shotguns, many automatic shotguns. A covey of birds once located does not last long.

Our methods have changed; and so, indeed, have the habits of the game we pursue. The grouse now take to the tall cornfields instead of alighting in plain view in the grass; or they fly far away to the popple thickets or slashings, or hide in the tall grass of heavy marshes. As for dad and the old muzzle-loader round the edge of even a small and far-off town, there would not be much doing today, one must fear.

Dad's day was his and this day is ours however. It would be folly not to recognize the great changes in America—and, for that matter, in Americans—now taking place. First, we shriek aloud in terror at the thought of Government ownership—and in the next four years clamor for it. Led by lofty, mighty and disinterested souls, we throw cataleptic fits at the fearsome name of Socialism—and in ten years what was loathed as Socialism is accepted as common-sense. The world does move, and if we are going to have any grouse we must move with it.

Personally I can't help remembering those English bags of grouse and then looking at a few figures of our own in this country—a table of shortening game seasons and lessening bag limits and increasing game licenses. The main trouble with American sport is that we do not bring to it the keen business instinct we bring to almost everything else. We have tolerated a great industrial waste of a splendid natural resource! How much longer will we continue this unbusinesslike method of running our pleasant little side line of our own business?

Ask the man in the looking-glass.

Head Barber Shaves

500 Guaranteed

(2 Mills per Shave)
Guaranteed

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop Blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage. The era of Guaranteed Shaving is here.

WE ARE IN THE BLADE SAVING BUSINESS

WE are not selling blades. We are selling shaves—shaving satisfaction.

There is really nothing so very wonderful about the above guarantee. For example, there is not a Head Barber in the whole world who would not guarantee to give you 500 shaves from 12 of his razors. Why? Because his expert hand stropping can easily strop 500 shaves from 12 blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is merely Head Barber stropping done mechanically. Anybody can do it, and can do it as quickly and handily as a head barber because the AutoStrop Safety Razor strops, shaves, cleans, without detaching blade.

Do not be over-modest about asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on thirty days' free trial. You are not asking him a favor. You are doing him a favor. You are giving him a chance to sell you a razor. You can take it back if you want to—but you won't want to. However, should you want to, do not hesitate to, as the dealer loses absolutely nothing. We protect him from loss.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome case. Fancy combination sets also. Price in Canada and United States the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalogue.

"If one today is worth two tomorrows," as Ben Franklin said, get a blade-saving, head-barber-shaving AutoStrop Safety Razor today.

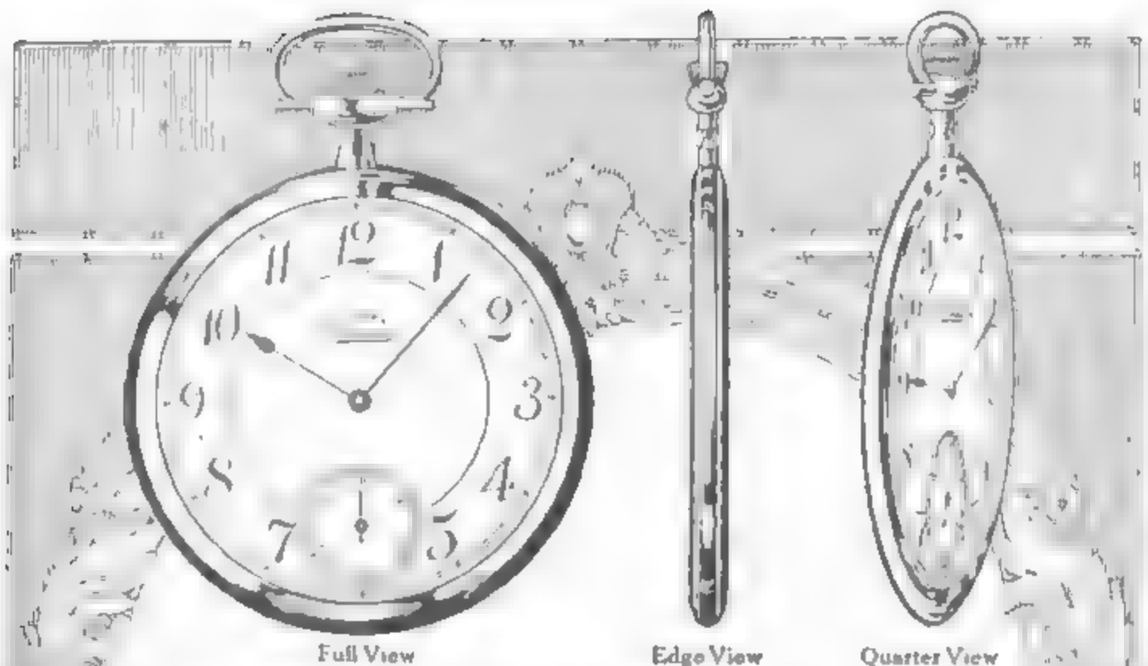
This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

If a wooden man can do it, you can.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 327 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrücke, No. 3, Hamburg

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself



"Only half as thick as the ordinary watch, yet guaranteed accurate and even more durable."

GRU-EN VERITHIN WATCH

When your friends compare watches, see with what pride the owner of a Gruen Verithin shows his. He is proud of its beauty, and proud because it combines with that beauty the highest accuracy and the most enduring service.

For the Gruen Verithin is indeed a *triumph* of watchmaking. Only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch—light, compact, perfectly proportioned—yet *guaranteed* as accurate, and even more durable because of its compactness.

All other attempts to produce a watch of this much desired thinness were made by *cutting down* the size of movement parts from a thick model watch and thereby weakening them. But the Gruen Verithin is *built up* as a thin model watch, with a new mechanically perfect arrangement of wheels (see illustration) which reduces the required movement space one-half, yet retains full strength of parts.

How American inventive genius utilized Swiss skill to accomplish this, and how one word from a woman's lips made it possible for you, in America, to choose this watch for your life's timepiece is told in the interesting "Story of the Gruen Verithin." Write for your copy today. With this booklet we will send you the names of one or more leading jewelers in your town who are our bonded agents, and who will be proud to sell you a Gruen Verithin with their guarantee added to ours.

Prices—Gruen Verithin model adjusted, $35 to $60. Grades marked "Precision" $45 to $250. Lady Verithin, $45 up. Lady Gruen, $1[illegible] up. [illegible] perfection attained in grades marked "Precision"

GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 31 E. Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876

Duplicate parts always on hand in every city and at Cincinnati, insuring prompt repairs in cases of accidents

These and leading jewelers everywhere sell Gruen Watches

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Cincinnati, Ohio
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Bowler & Burdick Co.
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Columbia, S C
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New Orleans, La
New York City, N Y
Norfolk, Va
Oakland, Cal

McNOODLE OF THE EDUCATED SEALS

(Continued from Page 7)

"If you see a strange guy near this stage keep him off," said McNoodle passionately. "It's the rival, that's what it is; an' it'll be my luck to have him butt in on the rescue. I'm a desperate man tonight!"

The theater still held the strong piscatory odor with which the Educated Seals had flavored it, when the spotlight illumined Divetta, standing at one side of the darkened stage. She was a beauteous momentary vision in her orange satin gown—then complete darkness, a faint cry of "Lights!" and a glittering greenish body, with a fish's tail and a blond head, shot from a height into a deep tank, of which all four sides were glass. The tank was two-thirds full of water. Customarily the Human Fish gracefully rose in the water, holding a red rose, picked from the bottom, in her mouth. Poised halfway to the surface she dropped the rose, and from her scaled self drew gleaming coins, let them fall, pursued and caught them without touching the tank's bottom for support. Many graceful tricks followed, and of each the audience exclaimed: "What keeps her up? Is she on wires? How does she breathe? You can see clear through the tank!"

Divetta only could answer all these questions, and because she could she drew one thousand dollars a week.

On this Saturday night she dived and turned, but did not catch the red rose in her teeth. She rose an inch or two, and the upper part of her figure, covered with "fleshings," contorted painfully. Her tail dropped limply on the bottom, one jeweled hand convulsively caught at her heart. Her body gave a final twist and lay inert.

The audience tried to decide whether these motions were a part of the act.

"Oh, my grief—she's got the cramps!" gurgled Jessie. "She's dying!"

McNoodle intrepidly rushed on the stage, felt the tank, rushed back and dramatically called:

"That water's freezin' her! Gimme the hot-water hose! Gimme that hose!"

"She's dying! The missus is dying!" panted Jessie.

"Shut up, you—they'll hear you in front!"

The electrician gagged Jessie with his handkerchief. McNoodle had beaten back the property man—who fell with an incriminating lack of resistance—and turned on the hot water, which boiled into the tank through an invisible inlet pipe.

One second—two—three. The audience saw the Human Fish's tail enlivened. A smile slowly creased her painted cheeks. She languidly reached for the red rose, secured it and floated nearer the surface.

"Don't bile her alive!" cautioned the property man.

McNoodle, breathing as if spent from great exertion, turned off the flow—and collided with a short, dark young man. McNoodle saw that he was violently disturbed. The young man, despite his own feelings, realized that McNoodle was no less agitated than himself—for McNoodle was horribly frightened. His heart pounded; his eyes were round and wild. Suppose she hadn't revived and had been suffocated, drowned, murdered by him! Dimly he recognized the young man as Tommy Allegretti, of the Acrobatic Allegrettis. Hushly he said:

"Don't talk to me, Tom! I ain't in no shape to talk."

"I've got to thank you, whether you are or not. I thank you in Miss Divetta's name for saving her act." Considering that he had not quite covered the ground, Thomas Allegretti concluded: "And saving her as well, of course. We're goin' to be married tomorrow—or the next day at latest."

"You're goin' to marry Aggie?"

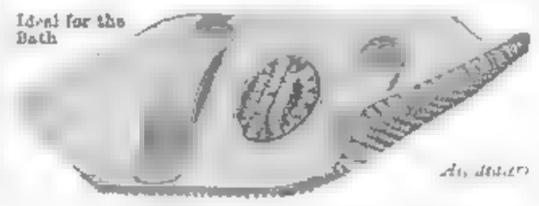
"If you think I'm lying, ask her," said Mr. Allegretti. "You look like you think I am."

Applause was making back-stage sounds almost inaudible. Divetta's act was over. Behind a screen in the first entrance Jessie had removed the cumbersome fishtail and piled on bathrobe and blanket. Sympathetic female performers made a guard about Divetta.

"Here I am, Agatha darling!" said Mr. Allegretti. He edged by Mrs. de Goosh and Penelope, the Grecian Mystic, and stepped on Pansy Ziliphone's train. But a heavy hand impeded him.

Beauty Lines

Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that



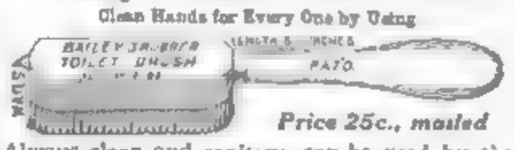
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brushes

never failed to give the desired results in all cases.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush, mailed, 50 cents
Bailey's Petite Complexion Brush, mailed, 25 cents

Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush

Clean Hands for Every One by Using



Price 25c., mailed

Always clean and sanitary, can be used by the whole family. Use with soap and water.

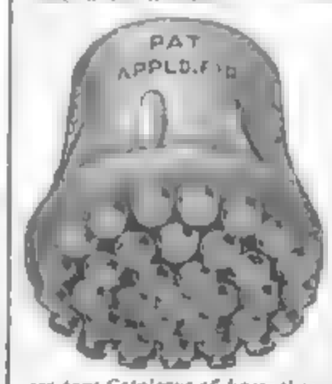
[illegible] never irritates the gums. Can be [illegible] tooth wash or powder. Ideal for [illegible] No bristles to come out. *No. 1, 25 cents; No. 2, 35 cents.* Mailed on receipt of price.

Longevity is promoted by friction; declining energy and decay follow decreasing circulation.

Bailey's Rubber Bath Flesh Brush

by its healthy, [illegible] the pores [illegible] waste which [illegible] serve to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body.

The brush used dry will give a [illegible] "Massage" treatment [illegible]



Bailey's Won't Slip Crutch Tip

This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, internal diameter, No. 17, ⅝ in.; No. 18, ¾ in.; No. 19, ⅞ in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, [illegible]

Mailed upon receipt of price, *30 cents per pair.*

100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die-stamped stationery at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free.
Charles H. Elliott Co., 1836 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

We want to send you a free sample

The illustration shows a corner in the beautiful country home of a prominent United States Senator. The house is finished throughout with

UTILITY Wall Board

Utility Wall Board takes the place of both lath and plaster. It is very tough and durable. Will not warp or crack or shrink. It is nailed direct to the studding. Very easy to put on. May be decorated in any way desired.

A sample and the booklet free to every home owner. Write for yours.

THE HEPPES COMPANY
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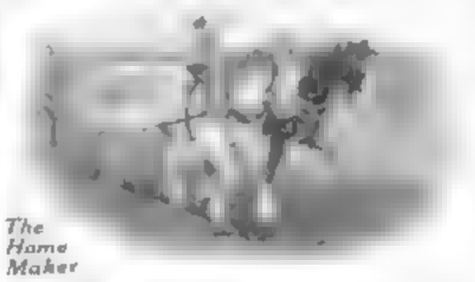
Get Your Canadian Home From the Canadian Pacific



The Home Maker

The Land Department is waiting for you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta (Canada) where you can prosper as thousands of new settlers farmers have paid for their farms with crops. First prize of $1000.00 for best wheat in the world was won by a New York farmer. Soils to be western Canadian farms. Anyone can own land in Western Canada.

Land From $10 to $30 An Acre Ten Years in Which to Pay

The Canadian Pacific Railway offers you the [illegible] sheep and [illegible] Decide where [illegible] and let the Canadian Pacific put you on the road to fortune.

To workers of farms in the United States having sufficient agricultural experience and equipment the Canadian Pacific will loan money for a period of ten years at 6% for the purposes of erecting buildings and completing the improvements on their newly purchased Western Canadian farms.

Ask for our handsomely illustrated booklet about Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—the one you wish information on about—information free. Write today.

N. E. Thornton, Colonization Commissioner

Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department
112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in all towns.

"After me!" hissed McNoodle savagely. "Wait till I'm done!"

Mr. Allegretti pulled at McNoodle fiercely, but the latter turned to Divetta.

"Here, take 'em! They'll come in handy tomorrow," he said bitterly; and in a crease of her blanket he dropped a sparkling diamond-set ring and a gold circlet.

"For gracious sake! Is he crazy?" cried Mrs. de Goosh.

Penelope, the Grecian Mystic, estimated the cost of the big brown diamond enviously. Pansy Ziliphone, who was sentimental, sobbed openly.

"Wait a minute! Don't quit yet! She's just found out you was the only one knew the hot water hadn't been put in," said the electrician loudly.

"If she takes a common every-day acrobat when she could have a high-minded gentleman like McNoodle, she deserves all she gets!" was Mrs. de Goosh's opinion.

"It took a pretty brainy boy to git on to the water bein' too cold," observed the property man; and he stared offensively at Allegretti.

"Wait!" said Divetta to Jessie's importunities. "Hold on! Was it Mac put that hot water in? Was it? Do you hear me, Tommy? Then whyn't you answer?"

"I couldn't do it if I wasn't here, could I?" said Allegretti, reading accusation in her gaze.

Except for a sneeze or two Divetta walked in silence to her dressing room. The electrician, neglecting his work in the interests of a friend, was near when Jessie informed Allegretti that Miss Divetta was dressed and desired his presence. Every face Divetta's fiancé met displayed hostility. McNoodle, lurking in a shadowy space among the scenery, looked tragically after him—Tommy Allegretti—the inferior half of an acrobatic team that got seventy-five dollars a week—strong and young and passably handsome; but where could he climb in vaudeville! Divetta would have to keep on working all her life, and when she wanted a few diamonds she must buy them herself. At the thought of this hardship a moan escaped him.

The Educated Seals were in their tank ready, except for closing it, for shipment to the station. While waiting for McNoodle's appearance the assistant, to quell Elmer's mutinous mood, had let him have Divetta's umbrella and a fish. McNoodle went to his seals, leaning in dejection against the tank. Gloomily he regarded Elmer. Her umbrella! "Going to be married tomorrow!" The touring car that he had ordered to speed Divetta to New Jersey was outside. The champagne had been secretly placed in her dressing room. He had missed his train for Chicago—and she was going to marry Tommy Allegretti tomorrow, or "next day at latest."

Elmer, juggling the umbrella gravely, abruptly stopped and barked. Divetta touched McNoodle's arm. She wore a full-length sable coat, her diamond earrings and a monstrous hat—a garb worthy of a vaudeville headliner. Her blue eyes were gentle.

"I owe an awful lot to you for what you done'" said she.

"No, you don't. I paid to have it left cold, so's I could run the hot water in an' make out I was a reg'lar hero—that's what I done for you," said McNoodle. "Ain't I a fine hero!"

"Heavens!" breathed Divetta. "But why'd you do it?"

"Because I'm foolish," said McNoodle huskily.

After a pause Divetta said softly:

"I ain't goin' to marry Tommy. I only promised I'd tell him tomorrow how I felt—didn't tell him for sure. An' seein' you—and Elmer last Monday—an' them two rings—oh, Mac! Leave go o' me! People are lookin'!"

"Aggie, would you take a guy who tried to drown you, who ain't nothin' but an eighteen-karat mutt, but who'll stick to you this trip till the finish? Will you, kid?"

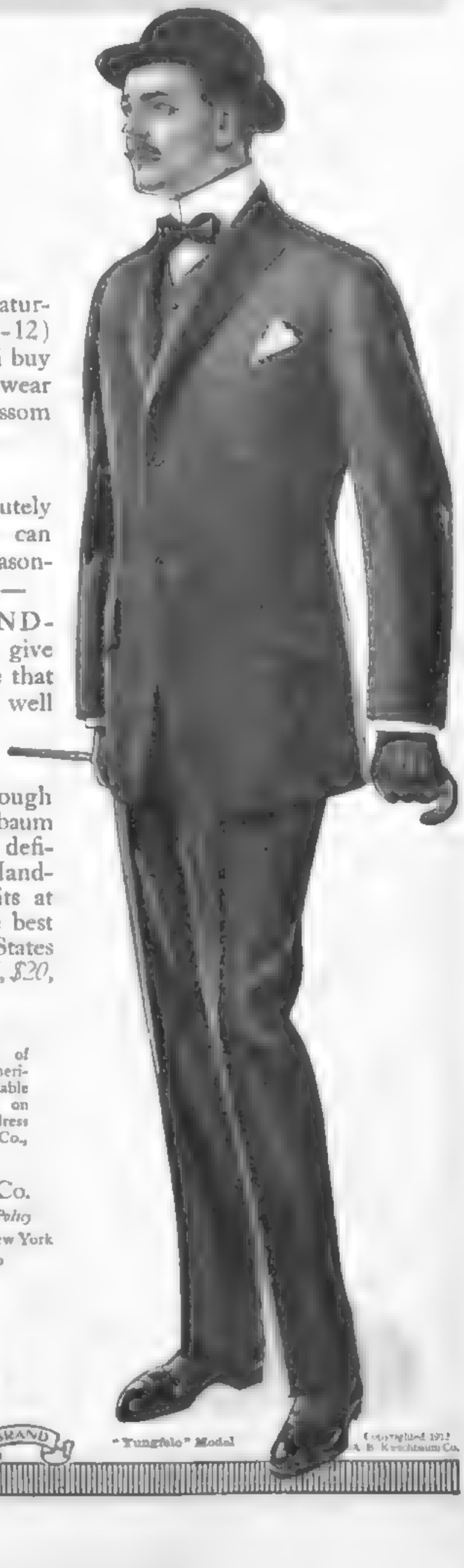
"Yes, I will," said Divetta; "only I don't see how we kin play the same bills an' both of us headliners."

"We'll take out our own show—McNoodle's Aquatic Carnival; an' feature Elmer too!"

"I believe we could make money with a show like that."

"Let's go over to Jersey an' get married, an' then we can talk it all over," said McNoodle. "Just look at Elmer watchin', deary! He knows we've come together again!"

Kirschbaum Clothes
$15, $20 and $25



THIS Friday and Saturday (October 11-12) thousands of men will buy the suits they will wear till spring flowers blossom again.

REMEMBER:

That only an absolutely ALL-WOOL fabric can assure satisfactory season-through service; and—

That only HAND-TAILORING can give the touch of elegance that means being really well dressed.

FURTHER:

That safety lies through the door of the Kirschbaum retailer — who has definitely Guaranteed Hand-tailored All-wool Suits at $15 to $35, with the best values in the United States in the *Kirschbaum $15, $20, $25 Specials.*

Art Calendar Free

Exquisite color engravings of Russian scenes, showing American tourists and the fashionable Kirschbaum clothes. Free on mention of *The Post.* Address Dept. "S," A. B. Kirschbaum Co., Philadelphia.

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The House with the All-Wool Policy
Philadelphia Boston New York
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CHERRY BRAND TREE

"Tungsolo" Model

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Jackson "Sultanic"—a six—electric starter; electric lights

The increased flexibility, the added power and smoothness of six-cylinder design, are now combined in the newest Jackson with the well known Jackson comfort, and silence, and ease of riding.

The Jackson "Sultanic" comes to you as the logical result of eleven years' progressive experience in building good motor cars.

It takes its place in the Jackson line, and among worthy contemporaries, as a finished product—electrically started, electrically lighted, completely equipped.

Those features which have long made the Jackson famous are the basis of its design and construction.

It lacks nothing that a motor car should have, of itself or in accessory details, to afford its passengers the ultimate degree of comfort, convenience, and riding ease.

Its mechanical principles are those we have proved and found right by years of use.

As rapidly as production will permit, samples of the "Sultanic" will be distributed among our representatives.

Please keep in touch with the Jackson dealer in your vicinity, so that you may test the car without undue delay.

Meanwhile, write for the descriptive literature.

Jackson "Sultanic" (Illustrated)—$2500

55 horsepower; unit power plant; six-cylinder, long-stroke motor—4 1/16 x 4 3/4 inches; 138-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4 1/2-inch tires. Full elliptic springs, front and rear. Deep, roomy body, with 10-inch upholstery. Gasoline tank under dash supplied from storage tank at rear with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons. Electric starter, electric dynamo and lighting system, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash, demountable wheels, extra wheel, wheel carrier, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Trimmings black and nickel

Seven-passenger body, with same equipment, $2650.

Jackson Automobile Company
1020 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Jackson comfort the result of exact engineering knowledge

The extraordinary comfort of Jackson cars is the result of our eleven years of experience.

During that time our engineers have learned how to handle and unite to the best advantage the elements that make a car comfortable or not, according to how they are employed.

Their knowledge is so exact that it almost amounts to a formula.

They know that power and weight, springs and wheelbase and wheel sizes, must be reckoned in devising a car of the greatest comfort.

They know how much power to give the car; how much weight and how to distribute it.

They know how long a car should be if it has wheels of a certain size; and they know beyond any doubt that full elliptic springs are the easiest riding of all.

They design and build Jackson cars in accordance with this knowledge, making them comfortable—not overlooking power or speed, smoothness or silence, low cost of operation or long life and service.

These things you will realize as never before when you first ride in a Jackson; and you will then understand why the Jackson has always been spoken of as a car of unusual comfort.

Jackson "Olympic" (Illustrated)—$1500

35 horsepower unit power plant, long stroke, four cylinder motor 4½ x 4¾ inches 115-inch wheelbase; 34 x 4-inch tires. Full elliptic springs front and rear. Deep roomy body, with hair-cloth upholstery. Gasoline tank under dash supplied from storage tank at rear with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons. Equipment of Disco self-starter, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash; Prest-O-Lite tank, with automatic electric lighter; Firestone universal quick-detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"Majestic" $1850—Long-stroke four-cylinder motor; 45 horsepower; 124-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4-inch tires. Electric lights; with dynamo and storage battery. Complete equipment.

Jackson Automobile Company
1020 E. Main St., Jackson, Mich.

THE POOLEY Record Cabinet

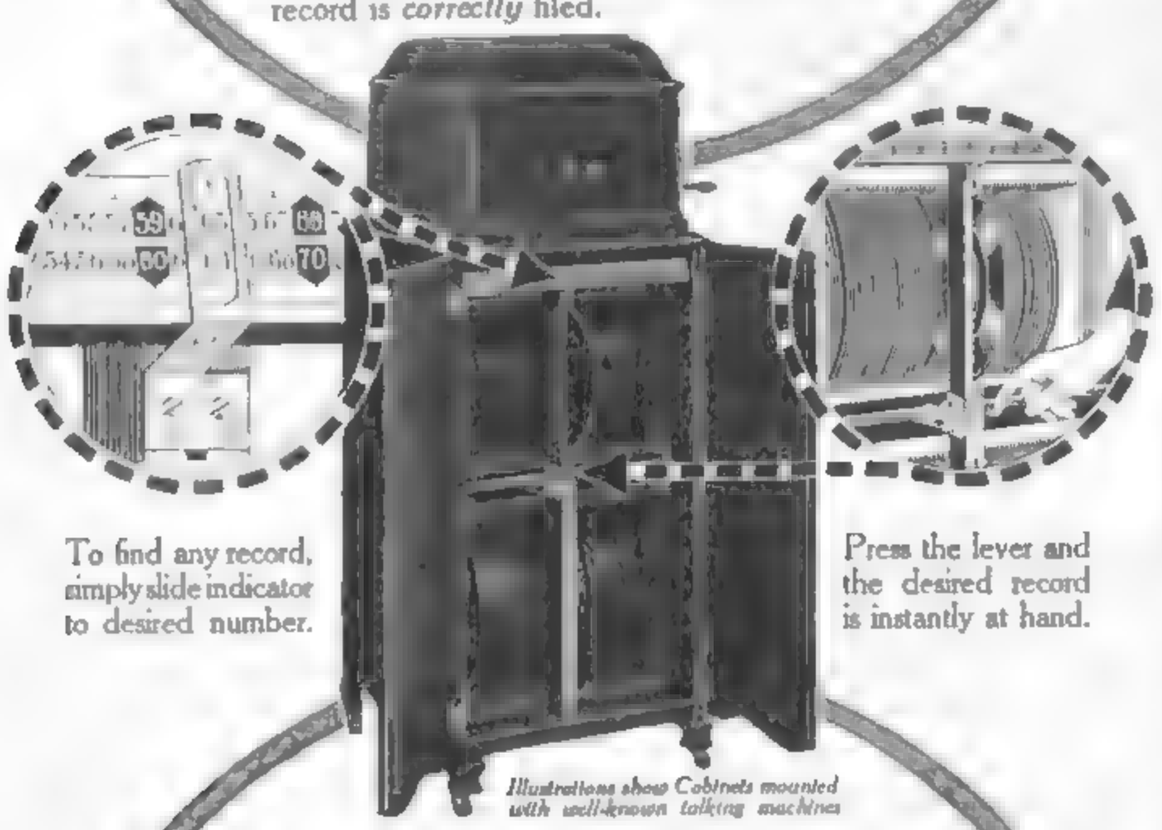
Does the locating and filing of your disc records mar the enjoyment of your talking machine? Are your favorite records misfiled just when you want them?

Are they damaged from scratching and rubbing? Must you go through piles of envelopes, or search through albums, boxes or racks while your guests wait?

Do the ladies complain about the trouble of refiling, the day after? With a "Pooley" Cabinet you have solved the record-filing problem.

To get out any desired record, simply slide the indicator to the number on the scale, press the lever, and the record is instantly at hand.

To return, slip the disc through the slot, and the record is *correctly* filed.



To find any record, simply slide indicator to desired number.

Press the lever and the desired record is instantly at hand.

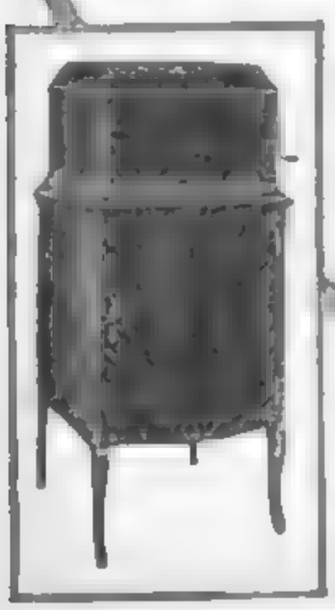
Illustrations show Cabinets mounted with well-known talking machines

It is harder to misfile than to file correctly with the "Pooley."

Each record is held in separate sets of grooves, touching the disc at the edges only, keeping the delicate surfaces free from contact, and preventing scratching, warping and breaking.

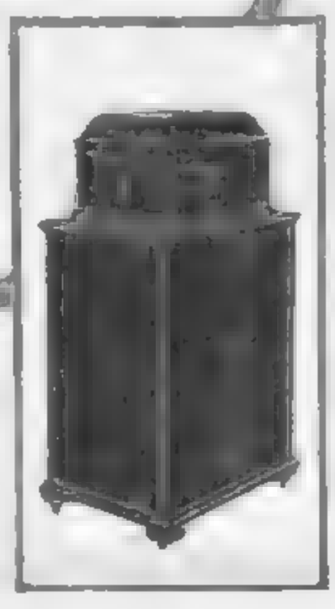
The slot remains in front of the proper groove until moved, making it easier to file the record immediately after playing than to leave it for filing later.

"Pooley" Cabinets are beautifully finished in mahogany or oak, and are made in various sizes, accommodating from 75 (50 active) to 300 (150 active) records. Cost but little more than the old-fashioned cabinets or stands.



You can't afford to delay seeing the "Pooley." If your dealer hasn't it, write for illustrated catalog, giving his name and address.

THE POOLEY FURNITURE CO.
1620-40 Indiana Avenue
Philadelphia



No. 18. Capacity 75 Records (50 active)	No. 40. Capacity 225 Records (150 active)
$18	$40
No. 25. Capacity 150 Records (110 active)	No. 60. Capacity 300 Records (150 active)
$25	$60

Freight to distant points must be added

MR. JEANS

(Continued from Page 13)

"Stand for it? . . . Why!" he exclaimed shrilly—"you told me yourself that a man who kicked was a squealer." Then again he flushed. "Say," demanded Mr. Jeans, "what do you take me for?"

Mr. Pincus smiled benignly.

"Vell," he answered, his tone oracular, "it's this way. If the game's on the level, and I get mine I don't put up no holler. Nix! It's right now!" said Mr. Pincus, and sharply nodded. "All the same, though," he added, "if the cards is stacked—yeh, and I catch some crook like this here Rooker pinching an ace from off the bottom—sure I put up a holler! You bet I do!" averred Mr. Pincus, smashing his fist on the table. "I put up a beef so you gotter put cotton in your ears." Then abruptly, his face scornful, Mr. Pincus leaned over and touched Mr. Jeans on the breast. "Say," he inquired, his tone contemptuous, "vat are you anyhow—a man or a mouse?"

A silence followed. During it Mr. Jeans' mouth fell open and by turns he flushed and paled. With his eyes fixed on Mr. Pincus he seemed to reflect; and the fruit of the reflection showed presently in the look that crept into his face. It was shame. Mr. Jeans looked abjectly shamed.

"Vell," repeated Mr. Pincus crisply, "the qvestion is: Are you a man or a mouse—vat? You ain't answered it."

Mr. Jeans turned suddenly white again. With a crash that shook the glasses on the table he brought down his fist just as he had seen Mr. Pincus himself do it.

"Here—I ain't going to be called any names!" threatened Mr. Jeans. "I'll show you—yeh, and all the others too—if I'm a man or a mouse!" Then, with a toss of his head, swaggering, Mr. Jeans imperiously beckoned to the waiter. "Set 'em up again!" he ordered crisply. "Rye, with ginger ale for a chaser, and a couple of cigars—Havanas; and be sure they're good!"

Mr. Pincus gazed at him approvingly.

"Fine!" he murmured, nodding admiration. "Fine! You have the goods, ain't you, after all?"

But here it happened Mr. Jeans had to go and spoil a part of the splendid effect.

"Er—and one moment, waiter. For myself," he ordered, "a little mineral water. I do not care for whisky."

However, as it proved, Mr. Jeans was still ready to prove himself a man—not just the mouse he had been for years. When the waiter departed he turned to Mr. Pincus and abruptly put a question.

"Say, Pink," he demanded curiously, "what's the legal rate of interest?"

"Interest?" echoed Mr. Pincus. "Interest?" As if again astonished he gave vent to a profane ejaculation. "Say, you're going some—ain't you? Do you mean you charge interest off that feller Rooker?"

"I wasn't thinking of Rooker," Mr. Jeans rejoined stiffly. "What I'm asking is how much is the most you c'n charge?"

Mr. Pincus pondered.

"Vy," said he reflectively, "if it's a dub you're trimming there ain't no limit but the sky. Otherwise the regular lawful rate is six per cent."

Mr. Jeans thought for a moment.

"Say," he inquired cautiously, "if any one was to charge you more, what would you do to him?"

"How much more?" carefully asked Mr. Pincus.

"Why, say, eight per cent—eight per cent compounded!"

A slight grin curled up the edges of Mr. Pincus' mouth.

"Vat would I do to him?" he asked; then promptly answered the question. "Vy, first off the bat," said Mr. Pincus, "I'd knock his block off. Then I'd call in a cop and send him up the river."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jeans; "that's just what I wanted to know. . . . And now," he added eloquently, "if you've finished with your drinks I'll just step over to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s and raise hell with that crook who runs it!"

. . . . . .

That night at half past nine the front door of the Waldemars' flat was violently thrown open, and as violently Mr. Waldemar floundered in. Like his wife he was a large, gross person, deliberate in all his actions; but now he moved with a surprising celerity. Raising his voice, he rushed down the narrow hall.

"Teenie!" he called, his tone breathless; "I say, Teenie!" It was unusually early for Mr. Waldemar to return from his nightly rendezvous at the café. Ordinarily midnight or later had struck ere he rolled the last string at pool or bowled the final frame at tenpins. It appeared, however, that something unusual had shocked Mr. Waldemar out of the orbit of his usual nightly ways. "Teenie! where are you?" he bellowed.

Mrs. Waldemar woke hastily. Removing from her large features the evening newspaper behind which she had slumbered, she sat upright.

"Why—why!" she stammered. "What's happened?"

Mr. Waldemar was quite breathless now.

"Say!" he demanded hurriedly. "Have you seen Benny? Where is he? Hasn't he come in—'phomed 'r anything?"

His wife moved restlessly in her astonishment. Perhaps it was not without reason. Ordinarily Mr. Waldemar referred to her brother as "him" or "that feller." Rarely, if ever, he called him by his name, and never in tones so indulgent. However, as it appeared, Mr. Jeans had neither "come in," "'phomed," "'r anything." Mrs. Waldemar, though so far it had not troubled her, had failed to hear anything from her brother.

"Oh, my heart!" faltered Mr. Waldemar, laying a hand somewhere in the neighborhood of his abdomen. "Say, ain't you heard the news?"

His tone, excited, utterly emotional, pitched itself to the impressive key of revelation. Mrs. Waldemar again started.

"Hermy!" she exploded, her eyes bulging. "Nothing's happened—has it? Tell me this instant! He ain't gone and jumped off the dock—has he?" Visions of an expensive funeral bill sprang instantly into her mind.

Mr. Waldemar, however, reassured her.

"Don't be a fool, Teenie. There ain't anything happened to Benny—not to his health anyway. . . . Only I'd like to say," added Mr. Waldemar eloquently, "if he'd jumped off the dock it wouldn't 'a' half as much surprised me."

"Herman Waldemar," said Mrs. Waldemar deliberately, "if you don't say what's happened I'll get right up and bust."

So Mr. Waldemar told her. During the narrative his wife sat stunned by his revelations.

"It's just this," announced her husband. "I was shooting a couple o' frames o' cowboy when a party comes in that works in Wall Street. Then the gen'l'man that's shooting me for the drinks makes me 'nd him acquainted. Come to find out he works with Rooker, Burke & Co., so between frames I mentions I hadn't any use for Wall Street, adding he must know Benny, him being employed by the same firm. . . . And what d'ye think?" Mr. Waldemar cried. "All the time Benny's just been stringing us. He hadn't no job. Nix! All these five years he's just been playing those stocks!"

"Gambling?" exclaimed Mrs. Waldemar, and she shook her head. "Huh! I thought as much!"

"Yeh!—but hold on!" protested Mr. Waldemar. "He ain't lost. He's won!"

"Won!" echoed Mrs. Waldemar, agape. "Won?—not Benny!"

Mr. Waldemar nodded.

"Won!" he said, bobbing his head impressively. "Yes, only I ain't exactly got the rights of it. Anyway it seems Benny's been playing this here Northern P'cific, but when he comes to cash in this feller says Rooker, the firm's boss, he tried to throw the hooks into Benny. Then Benny he thrun a fit—fainted, y' know—so they had to carry him off the premises."

Mrs. Waldemar gave a sudden gesture of disgust.

"Yes! That'd be like him! If he won some one'd be sure to take it off him!"

"Yeh; but that's the queer part of it," Mr. Waldemar returned. "It appears there was a party named Pincus—and he took Benny out 'nd hurled a couple of drinks into him. Then Benny he come back to the office and raised a beef—a peacherino too!"

"A beef?" interrogated Mrs. Waldemar. "Do you mean he made a row?"

"Yeh—fit to beat the cars!" assented Mr. Waldemar. "This here Pincus backs him up too; for, as it happens, him and a couple of others has the goods on Rooker. They'd heard Benny when he placed his bet,

and there wasn't anything wrong to it. No 'nd then, when Rooker tries to give them all the laugh, it was a reg'lar rough house. Benny jumped right in, it seems, and offers to hand this crook, Rooker, a wallop on the bean."

With some difficulty Mrs. Waldemar managed to follow her husband's picturesque diction.

"A wallop!—what? D'you mean Benny tried to smack him?"

"That's what!" returned Mr. Waldemar. "He did for a fact."

"Fight him?" she gasped. "Benny offered to fight!"

Mr. Waldemar nodded, enjoying keenly the amazement in her face.

"Yeh! For the price of a postage stamp, Benny he offered to wipe up the floor with him."

Mrs. Waldemar suddenly exploded. Disgustedly she heaved herself back in her chair and gave forth a violent sniff.

"Ridiculous! Him fight any one? . . . Why," exclaimed the lady, "he ain't got spunk enough to hit a cockroach with a slipper!"

"All the same," rejoined her husband, "that's what Benny done. . . . But that ain't anything," added Mr. Waldemar. "The heft of the hull matter is, Benny he got his rights."

Mrs. Waldemar rocked more furiously.

"Huh!" she snorted. "I don't believe a word of it!" And then, as if at a thought, she bent forward and sniffed suspiciously at Mr. Waldemar's breath.

"Suit yourself," answered her husband, idly shrugging himself. "Only I'm telling you Benny got his cash. The party—that there clerk who was telling me—he sawn the check himself." Then, as if no longer able to control himself, Mr. Waldemar bent toward her, his voice raised into a squeak: "It's twenty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand cash!"

A long silence followed. As if appalled the two sat staring at each other. Then a gleam came into Mrs. Waldemar's eyes—a gleam that transformed her pudgy features. The eyes, usually dull and beady, filled themselves with understanding; she inflated the nostrils of her thick, prominent nose, and soundlessly she worked her lips. One saw what she murmured to herself over and over again. It was: "Twenty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand dollars!"

The silence was broken by Mr. Waldemar. He spoke as if to himself—as if he mused—"Five times five's twenty-five, 'nd five times six's thirty. Yeh! In about five years ——"

"Eh—what say?" queried Mrs. Waldemar, awakening.

"Listen now," said Mr. Waldemar. "Boehmke, up to the caffy, he tells me a while ago I c'n buy in on the business for sixty-five hunnerd cash. I guess I'll take him up. They ain't much work about it that'd hurt my heart—just tending the cash drawer, buyin' supplies and such. It'd be just what I'm lookin' for. In about five years, I figure, the profits'd be enough to buy out Boehmke altogether. He wants to retire, y' know."

Mrs. Waldemar considered. The prospect looked alluring.

"Yes; and meanwhile," she proposed, "we'll move into a bigger flat, and I guess I'll keep a hired girl."

Mr. Waldemar hardly heard her.

"Say," he said abruptly, "mebbe we don't need to wait till Boehmke retires. I shouldn't wonner if he'd sell out now—say, for ten thousand or thurabouts. What d'ye think?"

Just as Mrs. Waldemar was about to speak a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"H'm!" she murmured reflectively, her face falling. "Look here, Hermy—he don't owe us any ten thousand. It's only a couple at the most, you know."

"A couple?" echoed Mr. Waldemar. "Who do you mean—him?"

"Yes, Benny," she returned, adding: "Even at the outside we couldn't make it more'n twenty-five hunnerd or so."

Mr. Waldemar shrugged himself indifferently.

"Sho! He'll come across all right," he responded. "I'll make him lend me the balance on my note—interest at three per cent."

Somewhat doubtful, Mrs. Waldemar reminded him that they themselves had charged Mr. Jeans eight per cent compounded.

"That's different!" retorted Mr. Waldemar. "No one's ever going to catch me being trimmed for a sucker like that. I'll pay him three per cent and no more."

"S-sh!" Mrs. Waldemar warned, raising her hand. "Listen!"

A tense silence followed. Then somewhere back in the flat a door creaked. Afterward, out of the stillness, there came to them the sound of careful, cautious feet stealing to and fro. Paling, Mrs. Waldemar turned toward her husband, her lips framing her suspicion: "The dining room—a sneak—after my silver spoons!"

So far from arming himself with the poker or looking for some other handy weapon, however, Mr. Waldemar abruptly gave a ringing laugh.

"Why, don't you know?" he bellowed. "Here, come along!" he chuckled jovially. He grabbed his wife by the elbow and dragged her down the hallway. Then, with another burst of joviality he threw open the dining-room door.

Mr. Jeans started guiltily. His valise lay upon the table and he was busily engaged in packing it. How he had gotten in or when, neither of the Waldemars knew. However, since the window to the fire-escape stood open, one might suspect he had entered from the vacant flat adjoining. At any rate he must have been there many minutes at the least; for not only was his valise ready to be locked but Mr. Jeans had changed from his seedy, weekday clothes into his suit of Sunday best.

"Benny!" exclaimed Mrs. Waldemar as her eye fell upon the bag.

"Eh—what?" gasped Mr. Waldemar.

Mr. Jeans for an instant stood gazing foolishly at the two.

"I was—er—just going out," he announced. "I hope it doesn't bother you."

Mrs. Waldemar leveled a rigid, accusing finger at the bag.

"Your grip there—what are you doing with it?"

Mr. Jeans' eyes took a brief but agitated journey about the room.

"My bag? Oh, yes—my—er—bag! Why," he announced mildly, "I was taking it with me."

"So, then, you were going away—skipping!" accused his sister.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Jeans, his tone surprised. "Going away? Oh, yes—just for a while! I'm—er—why, I'm thinking of looking for a place—that is, a place to live—not a job."

"And what is the matter with this place?" Mrs. Waldemar inquired.

Mr. Jeans evaded the question. Wetting his lips, he glanced nervously at the clock.

"Really—er—really," he faltered, "I must hurry. I shall miss my train."

"Your train?" echoed Mrs. Waldemar.

"Say," suddenly cut in Mr. Waldemar, his jaw outthrust, "what's all this bull-con anyway?"

Mr. Jeans looked from one to the other.

"If—if you'll look in your bedroom," he stammered, "y-you'll find an envelope. I shoved it under the door. There's a little present in it—a surprise. It's a check," said Mr. Jeans; and the next instant he found himself alone.

Together the Waldemars floundered down the hallway in the dark. The bedroom was dark, but after they had groped over the carpet once or twice they found the promised envelope. Snatching at it, squabbling silently for its possession, they floundered back to the dining room. To their astonishment the room was empty. Mr. Jeans had flitted. Moreover, he had abandoned his valise in his flight.

"Never mind about him!" snarled Mr. Waldemar. "Gimme that!" With a rough hand he snatched at the envelope Mrs. Waldemar held. However, with an equally active movement, she recovered possession of her booty.

As Mr. Jeans had promised, it was a check. Pinned to this was a penciled note:

"I hope you won't be too sore on me, but six per cent is the legal rate of interest. But as it was my own money you and Hermy lost, I guess we needn't bother about any interest. I inclose check for five hundred dollars. It'll help keep you till Hermy gets a job. It's my turn now to rest and I'm going away to do it."

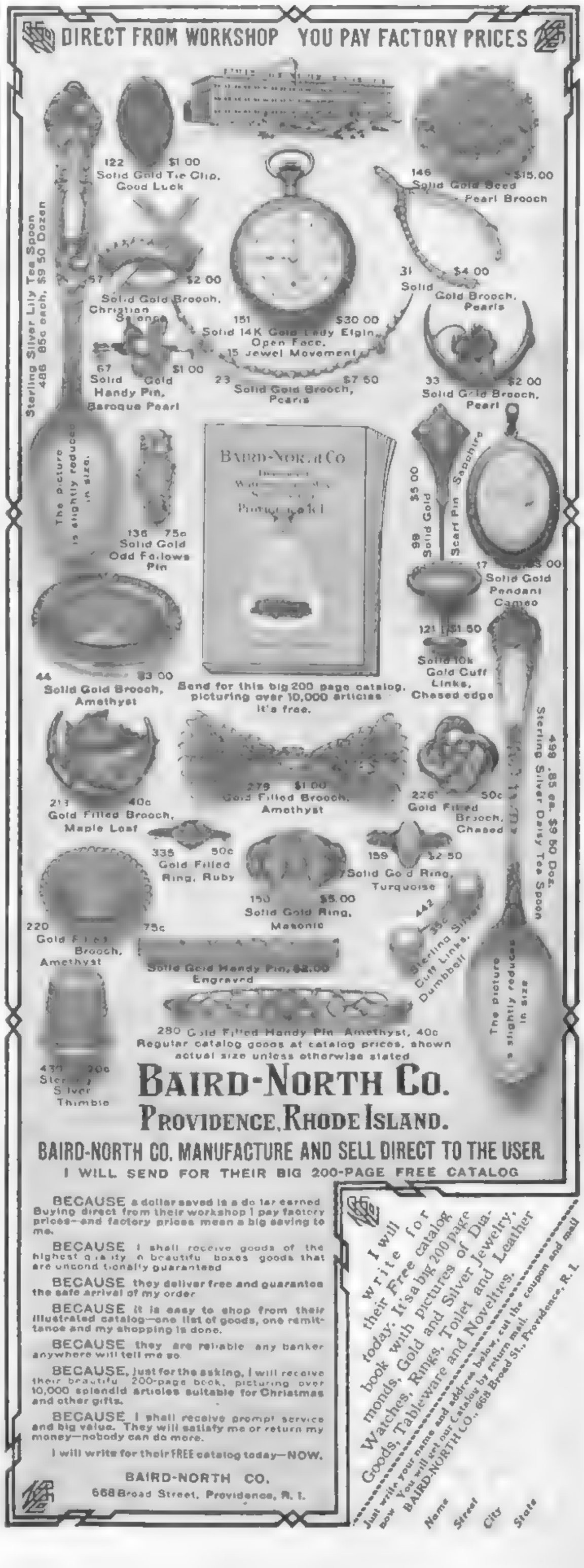
The paper fell fluttering to the floor.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Mr. Waldemar. "You'd oughter feel my heart!"

His wife remarked unfeelingly: "What you'd better be worrying about is where you c'n find a job!"

Then, leaning over, she picked up the check from the floor and thrust it safely into the bosom of her dress.

"Heart? Rubbish!" said she.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Judge This Man By His Record!

MEASURED solely and absolutely by what he has done in three short years President Taft is unquestionably entitled to an overwhelming vote of confidence from the American people.

It is always difficult to realize the true proportions of men and events at close range. Only at an interval of time and space are we able to exercise the calmness and justice of unbiased second thought.

Aristides was banished because the people were *tired* of hearing him called "The Just." Wellington was mobbed on an anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Washington would have been "recalled," Madison would have been disgraced, even the beloved Lincoln, "The Great Emancipator," would have suffered heartless ignominy had not sober second thought displaced the first hasty and unjust criticism of the people for whom these strong men labored so truly and so well.

This is true of President Taft.

He has been maligned and assailed, bitterly and often, by thousands who condemned him hastily and unknowingly. They are NOW learning the truth, are beginning to appreciate his *real courage* and *absolute integrity*, and are fast becoming his staunch supporters and admirers.

In behalf of Mr. Taft it is simply asked of the American people, in sober second thought, and in the clear, white light of what he has already accomplished—

"Judge this man by his RECORD!"

* * *

It has been truly said of President Taft—and of him alone—that he "vitalized political platforms."

With Mr. Taft a platform promise means more than empty words. Even a brief record of some of his principal acts shows how faithfully he puts this principle into practice.

The Republican platform of 1908 promised Tariff revision. It did *not* specifically promise *downward* revision. But *Mr. Taft* so understood it and acted accordingly.

He was not able to get an *ideal* law—few laws reach the ideal—but he *did* succeed in getting a tariff that gave the people what they wanted—lower duties on the necessities of life—a tariff that was *far better* than the law then in force.

Mr. Taft could easily have secured cheap popularity, and the unthinking applause of the crowd, if he had *vetoed* the bill as laid before him. But he did not feel that he was justified in holding up the entire business of the country merely on the *very doubtful chance* of getting a *better* bill a year later.

Bear in mind that, despite the insistent call of the people, Mr. Taft's immediate predecessor had for *over seven years utterly ignored* this most vital of all the great questions affecting the prosperity of the nation.

It was a crisis!

It was no time for continuing a policy of *playing for popularity!*

And *Mr. Taft* was big enough, broad enough, wise enough to *risk* personal misunderstanding in order to bring relief from panic and depression.

With a courage far greater than many have given him credit for he followed his sincere conviction of what was *right and best at that time* and signed the bill.

You know the storm of pitiless criticism—even shameful *personal abuse*—that was hurled at him. You know also how firmly, patiently, yet *unflinchingly*, he met it.

And you know further—and in the spirit of American fair play *you are forced to admit*—that Mr. Taft WAS RIGHT, and his critics were WRONG! For the tariff has *vindicated itself*—unquestionably and triumphantly!

If there had been nothing in the bill but Mr. Taft's plan for the modern and scientific Tariff Board, *that alone* would stamp it as marking an epoch in the tariff history of the United States.

The Tariff Board takes the tariff out of politics and makes it—what it should be—a strictly scientific, prosperity-developing measure. It is no longer a mere plaything of politics. Careful, exact investigation takes the place of guess-work and "hit-or-miss" experiment.

The maximum and minimum clause in the tariff—*put there by Mr. Taft*—simply means that we are able to make favorable trade arrangements with those foreign countries that will give *us* special privileges on *our* manufactures. By its use our foreign trade has reached—since the tariff law was passed—the *highest point ever known* in the history of the country.

* * *

Wu Ting Fang, that great Chinese statesman, has publicly stated that President Taft, more than any other one man, is responsible for the new Republic of China. The nations of Europe and Asia were just about to divide China up among themselves when Mr. Taft called a halt. The new republic—another world-advance in democracy—resulted.

It was President Taft who settled a dangerous misunderstanding that had been created between this country and Japan. And he it was who secured the new Japanese treaty, ensuring peace on the Pacific, and friendship instead of possible bloodshed.

When Russia arrogantly assumed a position that might have involved her in war with any other nation but the United States, Mr. Taft solved the problem in his quiet, effective way.

The post office department is now on a self-sustaining basis—*for the first time in its history*. Mr. Taft did it!

The postal savings bank has already deposits of several millions of dollars. Very much of this money would have left the country had it not been for the great postal bank. Mr. Taft secured the postal savings bank.

Mr. Taft—in immense contrast to the extravagance of the years immediately preceding his administration—reduced the expenditures of the government by THIRTY-FIVE million dollars annually.

Although President Taft has held office less than four years his record of prosecutions of illegal trusts is greater than that of any other president. In a little over three years there have been forty-five prosecutions as against twenty-five in the seven and one-half years preceding Mr. Taft's administration. There is every reason to expect that *under Mr. Taft* the trust problem can and will be *solved* within the next four years.

* * *

Here are just a few other prominent measures for which Mr. Taft is responsible:

Universal arbitration treaties—to banish war from the earth—were, unfortunately, not ratified owing to the hostility of a political minority. A corporation tax, yielding an income of thirty million dollars annually, and government supervision of corporations have been provided. The Panama Canal has been pushed toward early completion with no hint of scandal. Irrigation projects in the great west have been aided and extended. Unauthorized railroad rate increases have been blocked. Thousands of "bucket shops" and "get-rich-quick" swindles have been destroyed. Arizona and New Mexico have been admitted as sovereign states. The "white slave" traffic has been practically destroyed. A Bureau of Mines, to avert accidents and safeguard miners, has been established.

* * *

President Taft is a real progressive. He reveres the past, recognizes the necessities of the present, and adapts the experience of both to the needs of the future.

He has a *definite* program. He knows *what* he proposes to do, and *how* he proposes to do it.

Some *so-called* progressives are full of sound and motion—but they fail to arrive. They are like the grinning boy on the hobby-horse, wild with enthusiasm and action, imagining himself going a mile a minute—when he is only wearing out the carpet by excessive friction in one spot.

Mr. Taft is not that kind of a progressive.

To vote for Mr. Taft is to vote for *his policies* and *his method* of continuing them. To vote against him is to open wide the doors to *untried experiment* and *disproved theory*.

Republican National Committee

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THE SURAKARTA

(Continued from Page 25)

"What is Ukano?" the captain demanded.

"The monkey is Ukano. It is his name. Oh, now everything is explain—I understand all!" Baraka cried in great excitement. "It is Ukano—the pet monkey of Alarna!"

Hereford looked quickly at Lorine; she, drawing herself erect, seemed—as he did now to understand. Max also seemed to understand. Only the police captain looked uncomprehendingly round at all of them.

Baraka had controlled himself and now he bowed to the officer.

"Alarna is the wife—the favorite—of our Soesoehoenan," he explained excitedly. "Oh, how plain—now that we know it is Ukano!

"Listen!" he said, seeing the police captain did not yet understand. "In the time of the Soesoehoenan, the father of this Soesoehoenan, Alarna was a young girl, wonderful in her beauty—so soft skin! It seem through it a light was shining; dark eyes, like when water was seen at night by light of star. So all young men would have her for wife; but she would have none of them. The Soesoehoenan begins, then, to be sick with his last sickness; so it is for his favorite son he sends, to give him the great emerald which is the sign of the sovereignty of Surakarta. It is to Oxford he sends for his son—a young man only a little over twenty, tall, straight; not only a prince, but in his eyes that look which comes from seeing the great world. It is no surprise that at sight of him the beautiful eyes of Alarna are filled with all such thoughts as young girls have, and that gladly she becomes his wife—the favorite—to whom alone with the Soesoehoenan is known the secret to open the box of the emerald. But now pass a few years."

Baraka made a broad gesture, as though dismissing the years into eternity.

"But now pass a few years," he repeated. "You know what happen. Miss Regan comes; perhaps already the Soesoehoenan has thought too often of such as her—of the fair-skin women with whom he play tennis at Oxford. At least, soon after she goes the Soesoehoenan put away all his wives—even, and most of all, Alarna. Alarna gives no complaint; she gives no cry, no protest like the others. She is so proud; but no doubt, like the others, she weeps often in the night with jealousy of loving. She has not lost desire to be love. But nothing shows—nothing; only now, I remember, the little Ukano, the little clever, quick monkey, he is said to have escape—he is gone. So, without doubt, she made this clever plan as has been said. Rather than be put away she will destroy all things—the power, the throne—even the Soesoehoenan! The Surakarta—the great emerald in its box—is guarded always by men who will lose life before they lose the emerald. But she knew the secret of the box. Beyond doubt, when we are sent away with the emerald she sends the monkey to follow, choosing this American—James Annis—who for wealth will take risk and charge of all. With such a man, indeed she was desperate. If he got it never might the stone be returned to her; but she does not care—she plan only ruin, revenge—ruin which Mr. Hereford—Mr. Hereford, who I at first accuse, who I would have had kill—which he have save, have prevent!"

He suddenly and with Oriental abandon seized Hereford's hand.

"Ruin"—Lorine's clear voice broke in upon them—"which I shall not cause your master to risk again."

They all looked toward her in surprise. Baraka came slowly toward her, amazement in his eyes, not understanding yet.

She drew back as he came near.

"You have the emerald now. Take it back to your master—from me," she hurried on. "Tell him how nearly you lost it; tell him how it was saved for him by my—trustee!"

Max Schimmel suddenly had become busy with his suitcase; the police captain looked on curiously. Only Baraka, not seeming yet to understand, questioned: "What?"

She put out her hands as though to ward him off; then, all at once, she turned and fled. Hereford followed, without protest or interference from the police officer, avoiding the questions and demands of those

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(43 machines in daily use)
Oklahoma City Fire Department
Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.
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People's Gas Light and Coke Company,
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who waited outside. He found her in her parlor on the floor below.

"Why did you say that?" he demanded. Pale with his wound, but paler now, he closed the door behind him.

"I think you know!" Her eyes met his, and he saw that they were filled with a strange, sweet fear of him.

"But after all—all the injustice I have been doing you ever since I have had anything to do with you! Some of it you know, for it has been said and sent you—but more of it has been done. I got started wrong with you, I guess; perhaps it was your father started me wrong—what he told me of you—of what he saw in you—made me think you were just foolish, reckless. Of course it was easy to keep that up—to see in everything you did or tried to do, or proposed doing, just the act of a notoriety-mad ——"

His lips refused the word.

"Say it!" she commanded. "You mean fool—fool! Say it. That is what you thought—you have almost said it."

"Yes—that is what I thought; at first that was all I thought! So I wrote you as if you were only that. I was just like everybody else—I saw no more; but it has been growing plain to me now what drove you to do all those things. You showed it in your face yesterday, then again today. I can see it now even in those newspaper pictures of you which they chose and published because they showed you at your worst. I wonder that I never saw it before; but perhaps no one ever saw it before because all the world looked upon you the very same way—and I was no different!"

"No!" The girl checked him quickly but gently. She did not raise her head; he could not see her face. "No! That is not true! You believed of me the same as all the rest of them, I know; but—but, though all the rest of them just drove me on, you—you at least tried to check me!"

"But how I did it—the way I tried to do it! The assumption—the rotten, cruel assumption in every line I wrote you! The other things I did—the explanations I made for you when I considered that some must be made!"

"I did not mind that! I knew—for a long while I have been almost sure—what was, must be, back of all you did!"

"Lorine!" he breathed. "Lorine!"

She held him off.

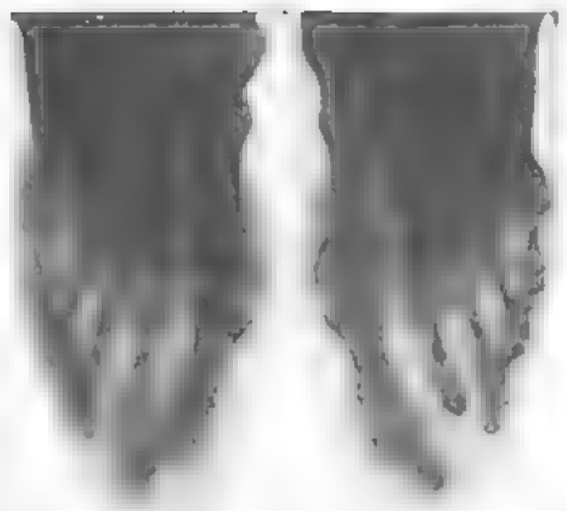
"No—wait! Wait! You say you understand; but you do not understand! I—I could not be different at first. Everybody was always driving me on, and I couldn't help wanting to shock and surprise them! At first it was fun; but afterward it was horrible! You—you alone tried to check me; you were ashamed for me and with me! And at first it angered me; but afterward—afterward I began to see! It was in your letters, even your short letters that I had tried to force you to make only business; it was in everything you did! You alone of all the world had made what I did a matter of your own pride and shame!"

"I cared, Lorine! I must have cared! I know—now—that I must always have cared! You from the first were so different from any woman I had ever known!"

"But you did not know you cared; you could not understand it then. Oh, I saw! You—you could not think yourself in love with such a girl as—as you were sure I was! So then I—I had to do something that would make you sure!"

"You, Lorine?" he cried in wonder. "You make me sure?"

"Yes; for if it had not made you sure I—I might have had to marry the Soesoehoenan after all. I arranged for the Soesoehoenan to send the emerald here; I made my plans to be here. I was going to tell you of the Soesoehoenan when you found out from some one else; and when at first you only mentioned cutting off my income —— Oh, I cannot tell you how I felt! For if you did not realize that you cared more than that I—I might have had to take the emerald and marry—him. But if you cared enough, or it made you care enough to stop me, I knew I could send it back; it would do no harm to him; he would soon forget me. Perhaps, after all, it would be best! But it made you know you cared; for you swore to me that I should not receive the emerald—and I was glad. And the next day it was gone—and I was more glad! Then, as you know now, I was miserable the hour I believed you had not done it; but soon I saw that you



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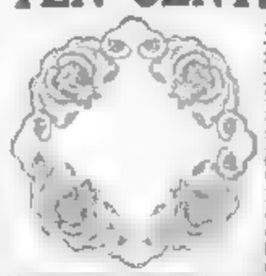

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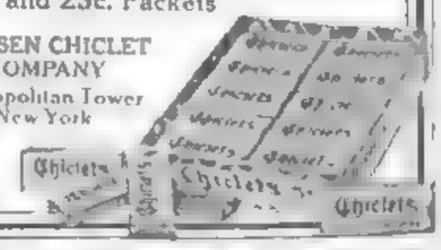

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had done more than merely take it. You had run all the risk for me; fought for it for me—for me!"

"Yes; for you and here!" he said. "I did not work with Annis, of course—or against him, as Max has said. He came to me, as I know now, in the hope I could delay the delivery of the stone, so that if he failed that night he might have another chance. If you got it and I put it in a vault his whole plan would be gone, of course. So I knew at once he had taken it; and I kept him watched—not to return the stone, but to see that he was warned to get away with it if necessary, so it could not be returned. I had to pretend to be trying to clear myself, so I engaged McAdams because of his incompetence. When I found Annis did not have the emerald I tried to get it myself, so I could be sure it could never get to you or be sold back to Baraka."

"Why do you speak now of the emerald?" she asked him. "I have sent it back. Did you not hear? I have sent it back. I do not want it!"

He drew her to him and gently lifted her head until her eyes met his and were answered by his and by the twitching of his lips and the pallor of his face.

"But you will want the emerald I shall give you?" he asked.

She smiled.

"It will be set in a ring, my dear," he said "and it will be a very, very little one compared to this; but if we are to believe Max, who has brought us to this moment, it will be far more precious if we make it so. For the most precious, he says, always is the bit of stone put by one who loves upon the finger of the loved one."

"It shall always be the most precious if the loved one's love can keep it so! Always!"

She let him find and press her lips—and then she hid her face against his coat.

(THE END)

They Never Grow Weary!

IN ONE of Chicago's long-ago campaigns for mayor Sam Allerton was a candidate.

Sam was making a speech. He discoursed on the waste of the taxpayers' money in unnecessary street-cleaning.

"What happens?" he asked passionately. "What happens? One of them white wings comes along and he brushes the dirt in the street up into a myrapid. Then the wind comes along and blows down the myrapid. Then the white wings brushes it up again into another myrapid. And so on ad infinitesimal."

From the Jaws of Victory

"AND Hearst—what part did Hearst play at Baltimore?" asked a man just returned from Europe.

"Great!" said a man who had been at the convention. "Hearst came there for Clark, who was the popular choice; and by a series of masterly maneuvers Hearst snatched defeat from the jaws of victory!"

From Opulent

GIDDINGS, the silver-tongued and golden-throated Giddings, of Oklahoma, had just made his speech in the Baltimore convention. He was receiving congratulations and mopping his brow when a reporter came up and said:

"Name, please?"

"Giddings."

"Where from?"

Giddings waved his arms.

"I am from opulent Oklahoma," he said.

Next day he discovered by the papers that Giddings, of Opulent, Oklahoma, also spoke.

The State of Lunacy

DURING the balloting at the Baltimore convention the bulletins were being read in a political headquarters in a Western state.

There was always a good crowd of the stay-at-home politicians there. One afternoon a bulletin read: "At this, bedlam broke loose"—and later: "Bedlam again broke loose."

"They ought to throw bedlam out," joked the man who was reading the bulletins.

"Sure they had," excitedly assented a local politician. "I've been watchin' that feller—he's a disturber. What state is he from?"

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

This is our silver anniversary as sausage makers.

For 25 years we have loved, honored and cherished the ideals with which we started out in business a quarter of a century ago.

We have tried to make the best old-fashioned country sausage in the world, because we wouldn't want to sell inferior kinds any more than we would want to eat them ourselves.

Our friends and neighbors and a few aliens tell us that we have succeeded and we believe we have. Every year we ship sausage to every State in the Union.

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Let your grocer tell you about us, about our prices and the sizes of our packages. Let him tell you about our equally good bacon, ham, lard and maple products. We would suggest for your convenience the placing of a regular weekly order with him. If he does not keep our products, write us. Where grocers cannot supply, we fill orders direct. We have some interesting information about our products, how made and shipped, which we would like to give you.

List of representative dealers who sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage

We probably have a dealer in your town, but his name may not [illegible] Let us [illegible]

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Butte, Mont. [illegible]
Chicago, Ill. — [illegible]
Detroit, Mich.— G. & R. McMillan
David Wallace & Son
Dubuque, Ia.— John F. Bettinger
Gettysburg, Pa.— Geo. S. Raymond
Galveston, Tex.— Peter Gengler
Jacksonville, Fla.— Dignan & O'Hara
Kansas City, Mo. — [illegible]
A. M. Chapman Racing Co
New York, N. Y. — [illegible]
San Francisco, Cal.— Goldberg, Bowen & Co
Saranac Lake, N. Y.— Main Bros.
Spokane, Wash. [illegible]
St. Louis, Mo.— Faust's Patton Market
St. Paul, Minn.— W. H. Kane
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If the nearest dealer happens not to be able to supply you, write to us here. If you don't know where to reach a Columbia dealer nearby, write us and we will send you his name and address.

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"Hearing is believing—and trying is proving." Don't let this day get by before you take action. This is the objective point we have been working toward for four years—and the only mistake you can make is the missing of it! Don't miss it—seize it!

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l, Box 339, Tribune Bldg., New York

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.

Thousands of Dealers from East to West — and rich openings for many more here and there between. Write for DEALER proposal.

(a) The one standard "talking machine" model of the world —the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite"—the one best-selling and most successful of all musical instruments, with—

(b) A full outfit of double-disc records—26 selections,

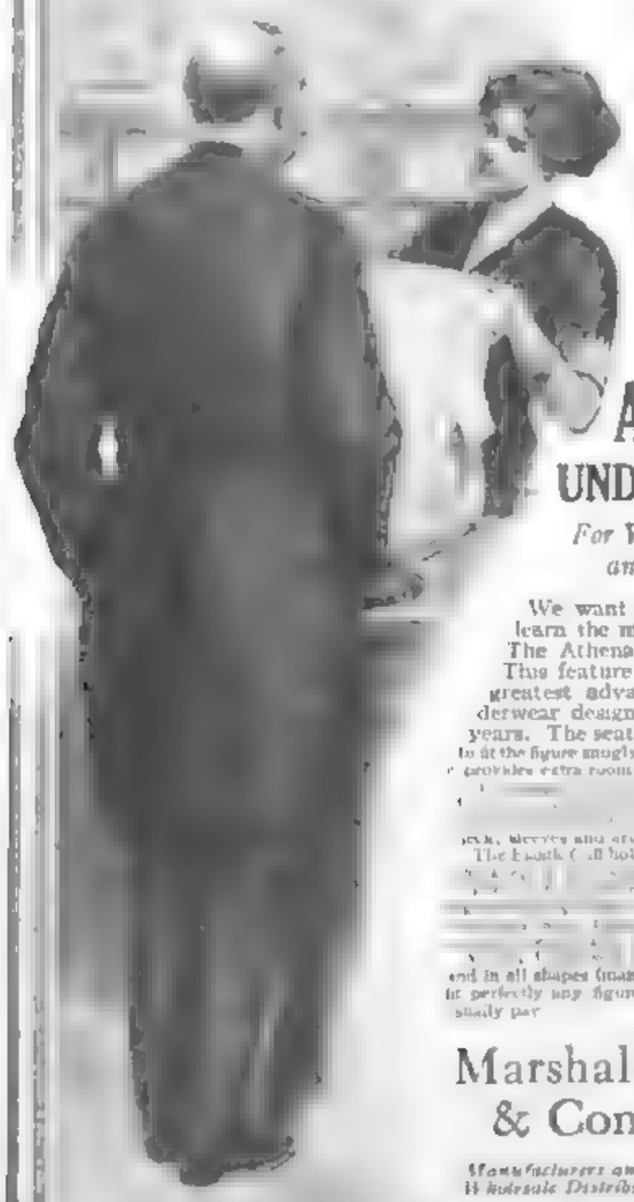
(c) At $59.10 spot cash, or at the same price, without interest or extras, in five dollar payments,

(d) Subject to *three days' free trial*—and now ready for delivery by dealers all over the country.

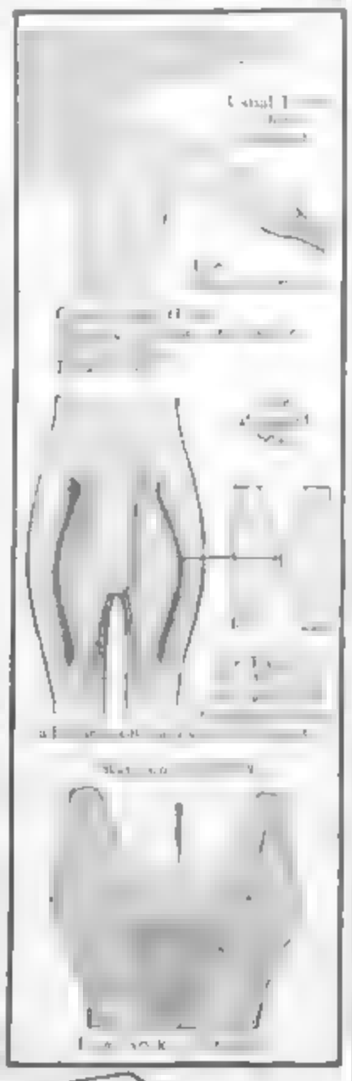
The Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" is equipped with the new

Tone-Control Shutters

an exclusive feature of Columbia instruments. They replace the former two small doors. They are operated by means of the small finger wheel and provide more subtly convenient and effective control of tone volume.



"Well, this Athena Underwear seems to have taken our customers by storm. I was sure when I first saw the line that our trade would instantly recognize the great improvement in knit underwear it really represents."



ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
For Women, Misses and Children

We want every woman to learn the merits of Athena: The Athena Patented Seat. This feature alone marks the greatest advancement in underwear design of the last ten years. The seat has been shaped to fit the figure snugly in any posture—and provides extra room where needed most.

The Athena Cuff holds the sleeve in place

and in all shapes (many of them new)—to fit perfectly any figure—at the price you usually pay

Marshall Field & Company

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors Chicago

GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

Continued from Page 21

old Mr. Revere's New England conscience suddenly came to my attention and astonished me more than his generous payment had done. All through our attack the trust had kept silent, giving no sign that it had ever heard of us, but Mr. Revere could not be easy in his mind apparently until the trust had had a chance to hit back. It must have an opportunity to reply; so he sent me down to its offices to see what it had to say for itself. I was to get a statement from its president if possible.

Well, that shudder came over me, too, when I got to the trust building, and it took several trips past the door before I got up courage enough to enter. After stating my business, however, I was turned over to a cordial young fellow, the sales manager, who said that he had read our articles and that the president was out of town, but that he would undertake to say something for the company if we wanted to publish it. The company had been criticised, he admitted, but chiefly by brokers and competitors whose business had fallen off. It had no difficulties with its customers, and probably criticism would cease when its policy and methods became better known—at least it was hoped so. The trust was being blamed for changed trade conditions that were really due to the growth of the country. He gave me figures showing what consumption of its products had been twenty and thirty years ago and what it was now—nearly ten times the volume. He explained how methods of manufacture and distribution had changed and made the situation so plain that I wrote an article that was almost a defense of the trust. After our talk he invited me to lunch and we got pretty well acquainted, and I made an appointment to go over to New Jersey with him the following week and see how the product was made in its Eastern plant.

The Skeleton in the Closet

Mr. Revere published this article just as it was written and made no attempt to reply to the facts it contained; but he wrote another editorial to go into the same issue of the paper, intimating that a concern which had grown so large in such a short time must be adept at lying as well as stealing.

Then he suddenly dropped the trust altogether and began worrying some of his smaller enemies; and his way of doing this was a revelation of his whimsical Yankee character.

Some morning, the moment I stepped into the office, the pale editor, the cashier and the boy would pounce on me eagerly, saying that Mr. Revere wanted to see me at once. Seating me beside his desk, the old gentleman would look out of the window reflectively for several minutes.

"Did you ever hear of the firm of Brookings & Brookings?" he would ask after a time, and when I replied in the negative he sighed. "Well, it has been in business in New York for nearly twenty-five years. If you go down to Number —— Pearl Street you will find its office. Suppose you do that and see if any member of the firm is in town."

In Pearl Street, sure enough, the name appeared on the directory in the corridor; but when I reached the office on the sixth floor, the number of which was given on the board, I could find only a dark door under a stairway. Hearing me knock at this, the elevator boy would volunteer the information that it was only a closet where the janitor kept his mops and buckets. Yes, that was the office of Brookings & Brookings, all right; but in the five years he had worked in that building he "hadn't never seen none of them people round."

When I went back and reported to Mr. Revere he would chuckle and ask whether I thought that looked like the office of a concern that did several hundred thousand dollars' worth of business every year. Then he would give me the name of another concern and suggest that I go and see whether they could tell me anything about the first one. This other concern would be a large business house; but the moment I mentioned my paper and my errand to a responsible person there was either an indignant explosion or the most guarded evasion and I would get no information at all.

Suspender Comfort and President Suspenders

YOU probably think of suspenders merely as a means for holding up your trousers. Don't stop at that point—go farther, select your suspenders for comfort; it's a sane, logical thing to do.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

have become a necessity to millions of men, not because they are Presidents but because they are comfortable. These men call for Presidents because no other suspender gives them the same comfort features.

Wear a pair for a month. If that does not convince you of their comfort, we will buy them from you at price you paid.

Made in Light and Medium Weights, and Extra Lengths for tall men. Signed guarantee on each pair.

Price 50c everywhere

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

·LA·FRANCE·
SHOE
for WOMEN

The business girl wants a comfortable shoe, for oftentimes the hours are long and the duties arduous. And she wants style and smartness, too, for a good appearance is desirable in business as elsewhere.

La France Shoes meet all these exacting requirements—their style is perfection—their comfort so unobtrusive you never think of your feet.

Inquire especially for Style 2446. This 14-button Gun Metal boot is the proper thing for street and semi-dress.

Don't fail to send for the La France Catalog of Fashionable Fall Footwear —mailed free.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO., 377 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

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Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

CHALLENGE
COLLARS & CUFFS
LINEN STYLE AND FIT without its bother and expense—they keep cleaner and wear far longer than linen
At dealers. Collars, 25c. Cuffs
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That's all we want to know
Write us, and we'll send you our free book telling about our grand prize offer
Big Profits in Spare Time
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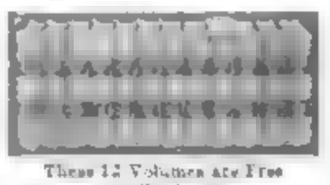

These 12 Volumes are Free to Students

Illustrated Prospectus Free

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW
1123 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Our New Building Bulletin containing exterior and interior views, plans, descriptions, costs, etc., of
TYPICAL CALIFORNIA HOUSES and BUNGALOWS built by us.

Tells how you can save from 100% to 500% in cost of plans.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
320 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

Prepare for College at Home
You can prepare for College or complete your high school work at home by our simple Our courses meet all requirements.

American School

Write for special College Preparatory B

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
5759 Drexel Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

Going back to Mr. Revere again, he would chuckle more dryly than ever and say: "Well, I guess I can tell you all there is to be learned about both of those concerns," and explain how Brookings & Brookings were dummy brokers for the second business house, through which it collected large commissions to which it was not strictly entitled by trade usage. His idea in having me make these visits was to rouse my curiosity, after which I wrote an exact account of what I had found at both places. This was published in the paper without comment. It was his way of keeping the trade's eye fixed on such double-dealing. He had been doing this for years, and my youth and fresh viewpoint seemed to suggest to him new ways of doing it.

Before the winter was over he kept me busy writing for his paper, paying me more than he paid the pale editor, who was only a clerk and proofreader, anyway, writing practically nothing. That was the beginning of several years' work under him, and in business matters old Mr. Revere gave me somewhat the same start that my grandparents had given me as a boy—that is, he turned me into the world of business with a grownup way of looking at things. Out in the Middle West, where I had grown up, business was almost boyish in its energy and optimism. Everything was done with a boom and a bang, you might say, and sometimes done wrong, because there was little past experience or perspective. Out there I had learned to regard the East, with its old houses, old customs and conservatism, as out-of-date; but through Mr. Revere I got an excellent insight into Eastern people and ways. He made clear to me the enormous value of time in both helping along business and correcting faults and abuses. He led me to understand the wisdom of building on connections and sticking to them, and the advantage that often comes to the man who settles on the right thing to do and does it, and has the sense to sit down and wait.

He gave me an unshaken confidence in the simple rules of arithmetic. It might seem as though the plain truth that two and two make four would be unquestioned in business. And yet in our trade some of the brightest and most versatile fellows were always hunting a way to abolish that rule, and every little while it looked as though one of them had done away with it at last. I was so certain that this had been accomplished during my first winter that I wrote a glowing article about a promoter, giving his own account of how the thing had been done. Old Mr. Revere read it and said that was an excellent article, but that he thought we could put it away for a few weeks and see if the promoter's scheme really worked. And in six weeks the promoter was in jail!

The Libelous White Whiskers

His judgment of people also roused my respect. At first I thought he had fallen behind the times and did not always understand the progressive young men of this day, but under his direction I wrote an article about another promoter, in which the latter's methods were sharply criticised. Two days after the article appeared a soiled-looking shyster attorney stormed into our office and threatened to have us all arrested for criminal libel unless we published a full retraction in our next issue. He had this retraction with him. It was a long typewritten statement describing the promoter as a man of sterling worth and distinguished public services. Old Mr. Revere seemed a little worried, I thought, and frankly I was scared. The attorney was vigorous. He laid his watch on a table and said he would give us just ten minutes to decide, after which he would immediately swear out warrants. Among other libelous things we had said that the promoter possessed a fine set of white whiskers that made him look like the late Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. To show how unfounded this bit of description was, the attorney had brought along a photograph of his client. Mr. Revere looked out the window very thoughtfully as the watch ticked, and there were hardly two minutes left when he picked up the photograph and inspected it. Finally he said whimsically:

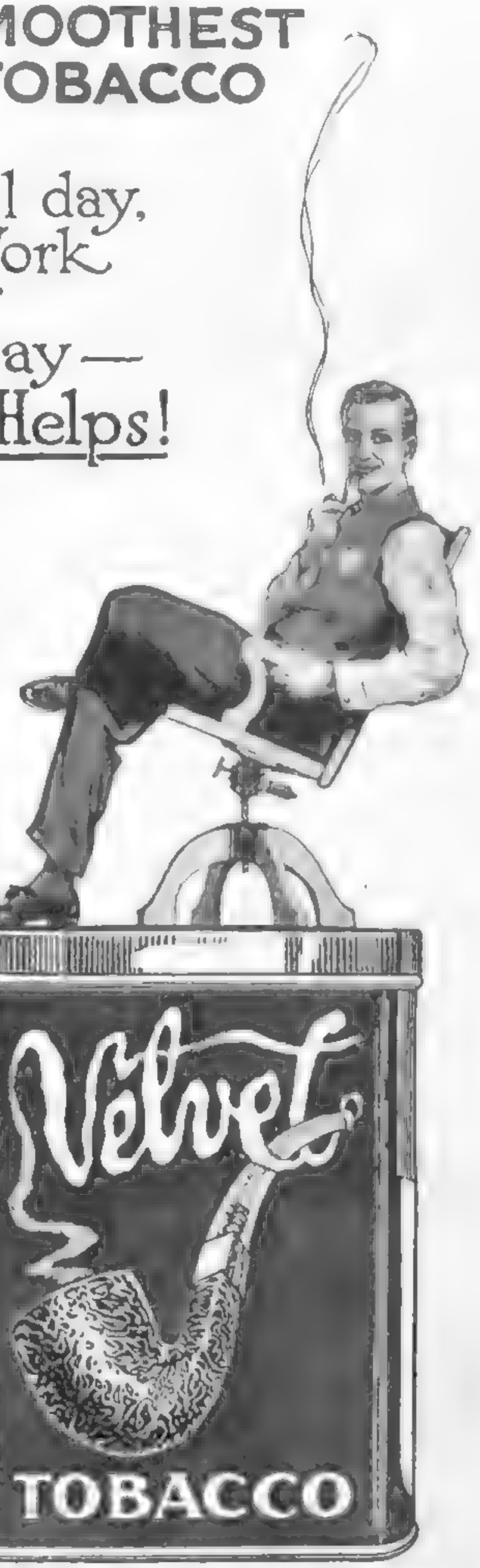
"Well, even if we did publish a retraction, I should not take back the statement that he looks like Dom Pedro—for I think he does."

"Is that your decision?" asked the shyster grimly.

"I suppose it is," Mr. Revere replied.

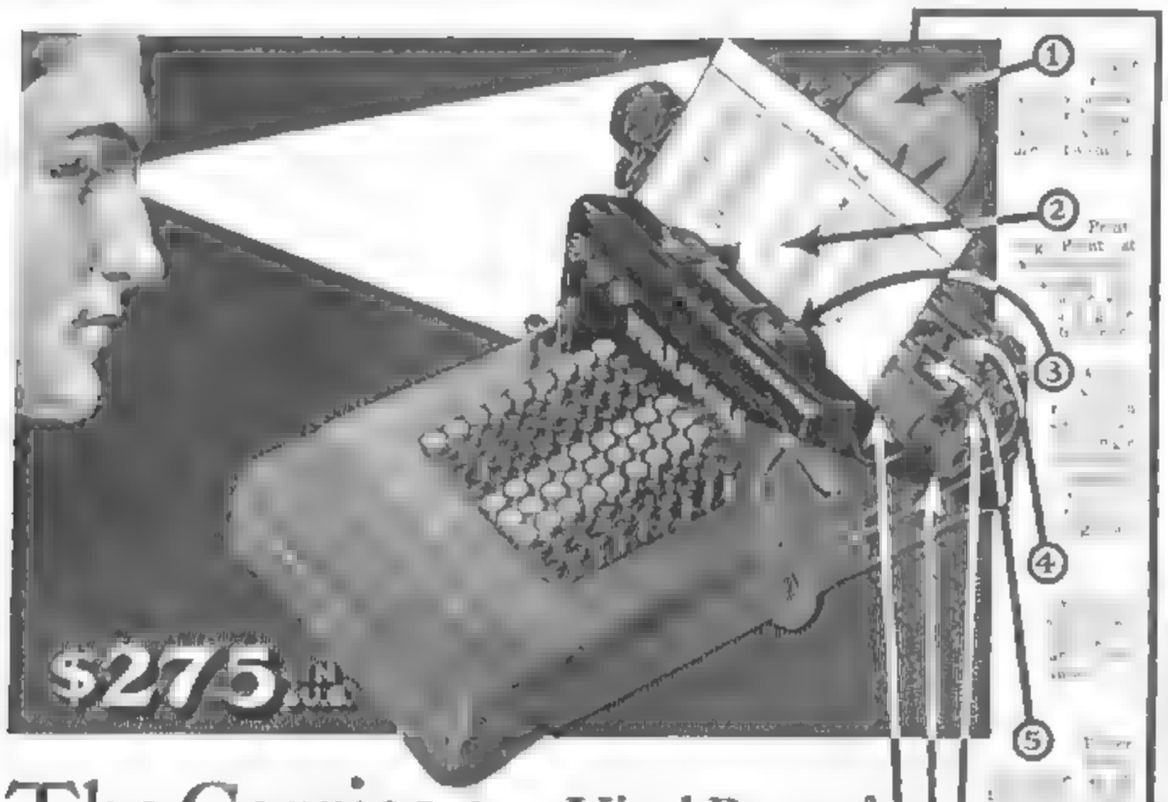
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

All day, Work or Play— It Helps!



10c TINS · Handy 5c Bags or one pound Glass Humidor Jars.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



The Carriage—a Vital Part of the Wonderful Burroughs Visible

Don't be misled by generalities in adding machine advertising or selling. Get specific facts and comparisons on specific points.

Particularly notice the carriage construction, for the carriage *makes or mars* adding machine convenience and visibility.

The carriage of the Burroughs Visible is so arranged that it gives *greater* visibility of printing with *less* effort by operator than any other adding machine in the world

It brings the printing point at just the proper distance from the eye and at the proper angle.

It is the only adding machine that gives the same convenience of seeing *all work at a glance* as the most approved visible typewriter

In the Burroughs Visible carriage every lever and key is arranged for easy and direct manipulation. The carriage is only [illegible] inches from the keyboard—no stretching nor shifting necessary

The paper drops into place in the carriage automatically — like a typewriter. A twirl of the platen knob and you are ready for work!

The carriage leaves the whole sheet exposed to view, for danger of coming to end of paper roll without knowing it. Construction permits interchangeability from 12½" to 20" carriage and *vice versa*.

Automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of paper without interfering with uniformity of feed. A release button stop locks carriage in any position. The bell counts items listed, warns the operator when end of sheet is neared, and locks the carriage so headings are uniform.

These are exclusively Burroughs *points*.

Remember that Burroughs Visible machines are built in the Burroughs factory, of the same material, with the same wonderful machine tools, and by the same workmen who have built a reputation for lifetime service into other Burroughs machines.

The Burroughs factory is not a new one, built just to make this one type of machine. It has been running 20 years and even the first adding machines turned out are still in use.

The Burroughs reputation and prestige are being built into every one of these machines and every word of the Burroughs *guarantee* and of the Burroughs *Service* pledge goes with it.

Not merely Points of Merit—but Points of *Superiority*

Write for valuable systems literature applying to your own business

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

"Very well, then!" declared the attorney and bustled out to get his warrants; but we were never troubled further, and within less than a year that promoter was in jail too!

Though I learned from him, my Western experience made me useful; for I was able to improve his little paper greatly and make it the foundation of our present fine publishing business.

The sales manager of the trust had invited me to visit one of its factories; and I spent a whole day with him out in New Jersey, going through a plant that covered many acres and was situated in a town of its own, named after the company. For the first time I saw the processes by which our product was made, and began to perceive that the real interest of the trade had shifted and developed greatly since Mr. Revere's day.

Through my friendship with the trust's sales manager I was able to follow this line of development and write about it. The paper began to grow broader in tone and soon was necessary to almost everybody in the trade. I formed friendships with other officials in the trust, and studied manufacturing processes with factory superintendents and distributing ways through the trade.

I traced the product through allied manufacturing lines and found out how it was utilized and marketed and consumed. I investigated in the other direction, too, and became familiar with the product as raw material.

Within two years the little paper was read with the closest attention by Mr. Revere, because he found in it information about his own business that he had never got hold of before; and as he saw this new trend he confined himself to an occasional editorial about his ten commandments, and we made readers and friends of most of his trade enemies. What was more to the purpose, his property began to pay substantial profits—for up to that time he had kept it alive on an economical scale merely as an amusement.

Lived Happy Ever After

Well, they say that the story of a man's life loses interest at the point where he finds his proper work and succeeds. Probably this is true with reference to mine, for from that point on I have had nothing but rather humdrum success.

I might tell at length how, about two years after old Mr. Revere sent me out to "bust the trust," another young fellow dropped into the office from Chicago. His name was Galloway, and he took charge of Mr. Revere as though he had been a child and ran his business for him in a way that never hurt his sensibilities—nor, indeed, ever led him to suspect he was not running it himself.

Under Galloway we soon put on such circulation and advertising revenue that the Revere Publishing Corporation was formed and we bought Mr. Revere's stock; he retired and traveled about the world a bit, and then traveled off it. Today the Revere Publishing Company is composed of Galloway and myself.

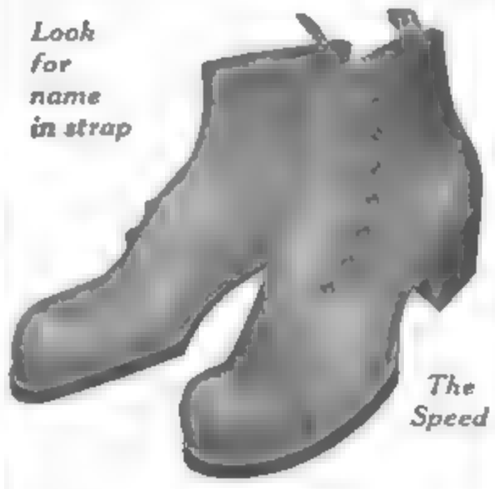
I might tell how I went interviewing one day to find out who or what was responsible for some original work in one corner of the trade, and how I found that the responsible person was a young woman. Her name does not matter, for she has changed it since then. When her father died she went into the business world and worked up to a position as secretary to the president of a minor company. Having some ideas of her own about business management, she finally succeeded in putting them into effect. They were as good as she had thought them. After writing what she had to say of herself and methods I went back to see her again, and eventually I married her.

I might tell how grandmother left this world after bringing up children and grandchildren, and living to see some of her great-grandchildren, and working hard all her life; but I feel somehow that grandmother has just stepped round the corner of this particular plane of existence we happen to be on.

If you view it from the standpoint of limited human perception it is only a hole in a fog anyway. I feel that she is just as much alive as she ever was—somewhere; and that she has probably reached a place where she can see and understand a little better.

THE END

Look for name in strap



The Speed

The Florsheim SHOE

Most Foot Ills

are caused by "ordinary" lasts. Florsheim "Natural Shape" lasts conform to Nature; that's why men who have tried a pair prefer them.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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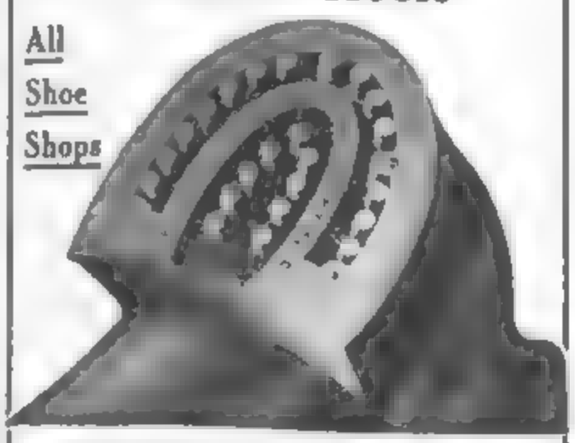
Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

All Shoe Shops



$10.00 a Pair.

This is the value some wearers claim they are worth to them. They are made of both *brains* and *rubber*, a compound and construction not to be *found* in others.

Made by the man who knows *how*; the inventor of the Bailey Tread Auto Tires, Crutch Tips and Rubber Brushes, sold throughout the World.

Thousands of users have proved this *scientific* construction to be *superior* to *all* others. *Insist on having them and enjoy life.* At dealers, 50c applied. Mailed 35c. *Send diagram* of the *heel* of your *boot.*

To you we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets

FROM THE MILL TO YOU

We sell at manufacturers' prices 26,000 satisfied customers

Wilton Rugs, Rugs [illegible] $3.75 Brussels Rugs, [illegible] greatest value known, $3.50. Special [illegible] Brussels Rug, 9x12, $8.75. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12, $16 [illegible] Axminsters, $16.50 [illegible] Lace Curtains [illegible] Tapestry Curtains, Window Rugs Linoleum [illegible] Furniture [illegible]

showing designs in actual colors. SENT FREE.

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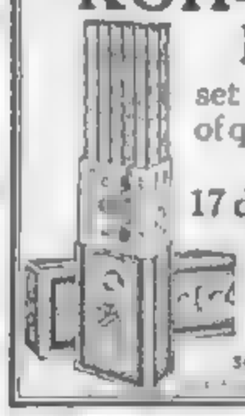
L. & C. Hardtmuth's

"KOH-I-NOOR" PENCILS



set too high a standard of quality for successful imitation.

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L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
34 East 23rd Street, New York.

SHORTHAND

IN 18 LESSONS! Become a private secretary or expert stenographer. Personal expert instruction by mail. Positions everywhere—demand exceeds supply. Shorthand has advanced thousands to big incomes. If you [illegible] Learn during spare time. Easy terms.

Chicago University of Commerce, Box 140, Chicago, Ill.

The "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog.

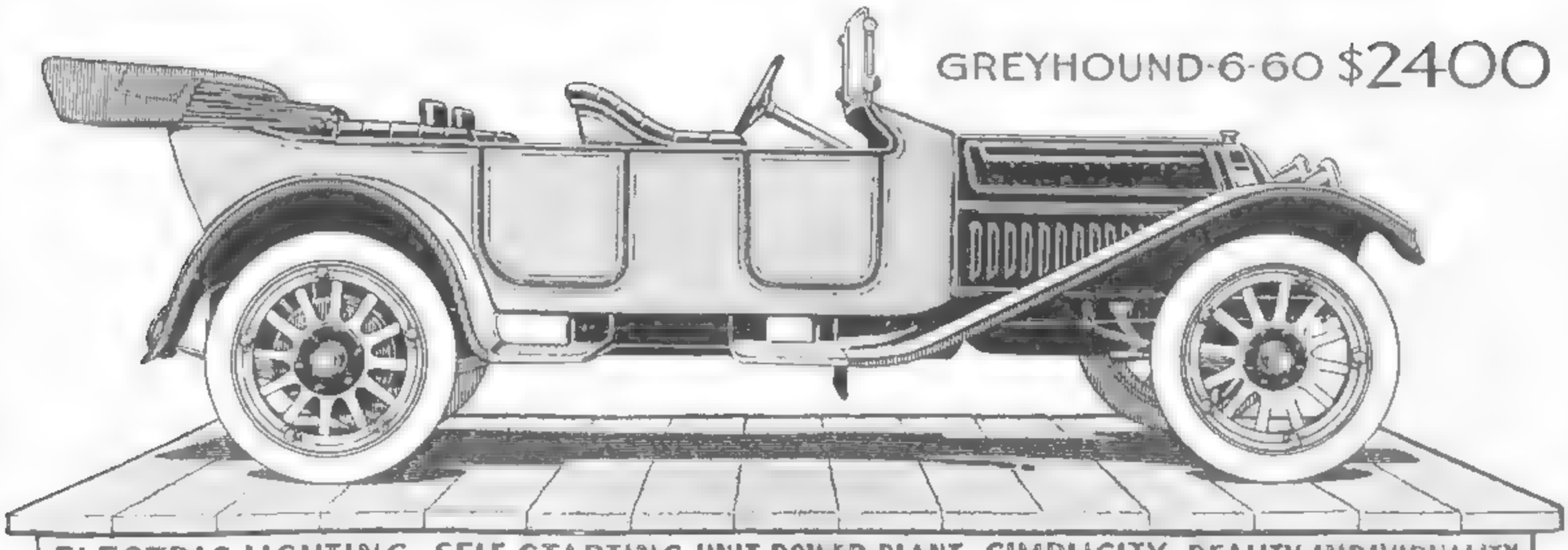
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

300 CANDLE POWER

Dress Collar / Storm Collar } Combined: That's *Presto!*

An improved Collar on men's, women's, and children's coats, rain-[illegible]. The **Presto** turned down is an ordinary dress collar; set up it is instantly a military collar—neat—stylish—dressy. Every Presto Collar [illegible] has the **Presto** Label. INSIST. If your dealer hasn't Presto Collar garments, send us his name, and we will send you **Free** Moving Pictures showing how quickly you can fit your collar for the weather, and the **Presto Style Book**, making it easy for you to order direct from us. Go to your dealer first.

THE PRESTO COMPANY, 652-B Broadway, New York City.



The Oakland Platform FOR 1913

THIS is a history-making year. Men are talking of past records, achievements, policies and platforms. Automobile companies, like men, are making records; leaving their imprint; creating new standards. The Oakland is making automobile history and our platform and message for 1913 are so vital and important that every one interested in automobiles should be acquainted with them.

Our platform is sound, mechanically and artistically. Our platform is modern—progressive—for we have incorporated electric lighting and self-starting. The last of the motoring worries is over. In the 1913 Oakland they have been banished. You are trouble free—no more inconveniences—not even little ones.

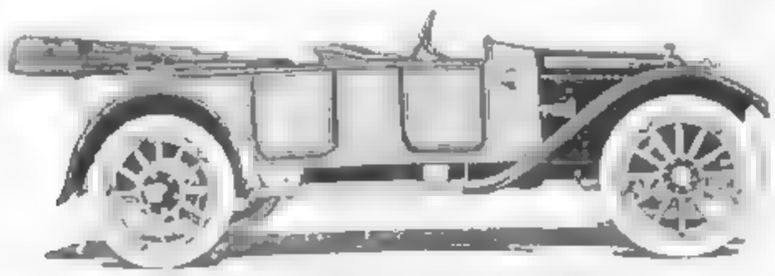
1912 was a great Oakland year. 1913 promises greater things. The Oakland car for 1913 warrants making this statement. We are going to build bigger cars, make improvements in refinements, in luxuries, in riding qualities and for the comfort of the passengers, but in the matter of principle of construction we stand "pat." The most important announcement we can make is the launching of an Oakland six-cylinder chassis and the building of a popular priced car which will be known as Model 35. These will be built in touring and runabout styles.

We are convinced that the universal satisfaction given by 1912 Oaklands proves that the simple plan of construction adopted by us last year is true, both mechanically and in efficiency. No single car during the past year received the unstinted praise which was given the Oakland. No car displayed such wonderful progress, especially in the matter of body design, each model representing individuality and beauty found in but few cars.

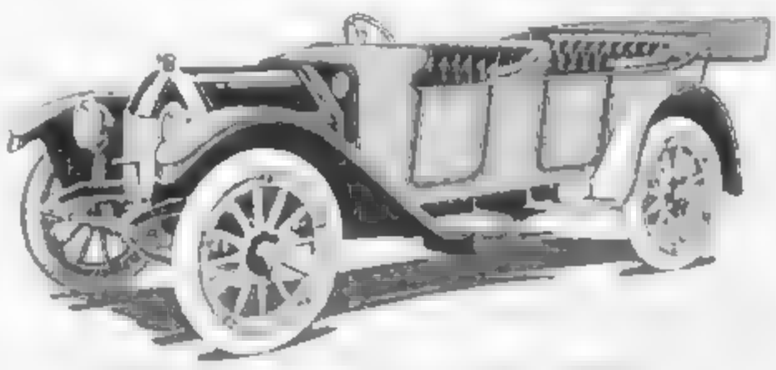
The marketing of an Oakland Six was no small undertaking. We couldn't afford to market an experiment. It had to be a "Six" that would not only be entitled to a place alongside the rest of the Oakland line, but be a leader and have enough superior points of its own to be able to claim more than passing attention. In other words, *the new car had to be as distinctive in comparison with the other Sixes on the market as have been Oakland Fours.* And this has been accomplished. The new model has every right to claim recognition. There is a place for such a car on the market today.

The successful automobile manufacturer, with a desire to remain in business, cannot afford to take any chances with his reputation, especially if it is a good one. We do not propose taking any. The Oakland "Six," like every other Oakland model, is offered with a full understanding of many superior points and advantages incorporated. 1913 Oaklands have many meritorious innovations. Every model will be absolutely noiseless. The elimination of a number of small metal parts and the substitution of aluminum steps for running boards make this possible. Oakland motors are known for their quietness. Perfect lubrication, superior bearings and correctly cut gears have brought fame to our power plants.

Oakland bodies, if anything, will be a little more distinctive than in the past—each model expressing individuality and harmony of lines.



Model 35—5-Passenger Touring Car, $1075.00



Model 42—5-Passenger Touring Car, $1600.00

THE GREYHOUND 6-60—the new Oakland Six-Cylinder Chassis has a wheel base of 130 inches.

MODEL 42 CHASSIS, 116-inch wheel base, double drop . . . unit power plant, cone clutch . . . transmission, full floating rear axle . . . German silver radiator . . . tering, full nickel trimmings, . . . electric lighting and ignition . . . there will be mounted . . . passenger body a close- . . . body and the . . . ster (three passenger—single seat) . . . dels, $1600.00. There will . . . four-passenger coupé on this chassis . . . $[illegible].00

MODEL 40 CHASSIS, five-passenger touring car; 114-inch wheel base, single drop frame, unit power plant, selective sliding gear transmission, cone clutch, demountable rims, full nickel trimmings, and equipped with a self starter . . . **MODEL 35 CHASSIS**, f[illegible] wheel-base 112 inches, motor 3½x5, unit power plant, "V" shaped vertical tube radiator, 32x3½ tires demountable rims, gasol[illegible] drop . . . $[illegible] We are also building on this chassis a three-passenger Sociable Roadster, at $1000.00

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Oakland Factory Branches. Pittsburg, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Nashville, Atlanta, San Antonio and Detroit. Dealers in principal cities and towns.

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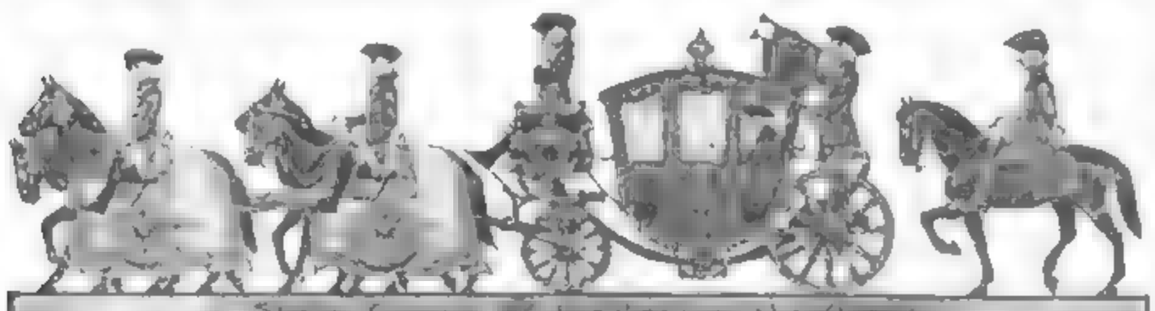
OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Pontiac, Mich.

Please send me your 1913 Oakland Catalog

Name

State

WE HAVE BEEN COACH BUILDERS OVER SIXTY YEARS



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After Sixty Years of Experience

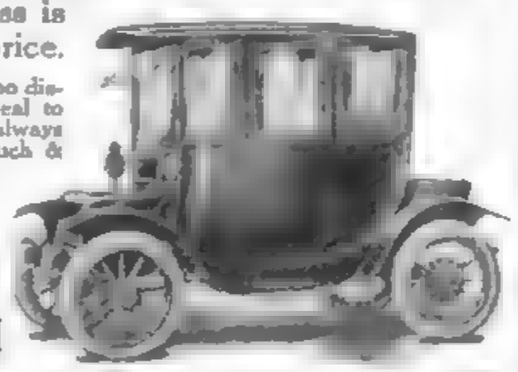
The royal coaches of every nation have been handed down to succeeding generations, their exquisite workmanship and wonderful durability keeping alive tradition and sentiment.

We, as coach builders for over sixty years, built the Rauch & Lang Electric with all the exquisite care only coach builders know, that each vehicle may last beyond its generation and be always prized for its family association and sentiment.

The difference between a coach builder's masterpiece and a "factory" product is the difference between the Rauch & Lang Electric and cars which are made in a hurry.

The Rauch & Lang Electric never can be "common"—it will always be the car of social prestige, and appeal to those who know that in electrics cheapness is not a matter of price.

Our latest models are too distinctively superior to appeal to any but those who will always buy the best. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.



The Rauch & Lang Carriage Company

2166 W. 25th Street Cleveland

Rauch & Lang Electrics

FOR SWEET CHARITY

Continued from Page 19

"Forget I knocked it, chief," pleaded Sic'em, quivering with disappointment. "Honest, chief, I want to take the wife and the kids out in the country and the fresh air. Could we keep chickens?"

Jim studied him for a moment with rising sympathy.

"You bet you may keep chickens, old man!" he promised.

VII

JIM FLEECER found his wife and Cordelia Blossom awaiting him in the library in a state of solemnity to which they were quite unused.

"Well, I see that the worst has happened," he observed as he surveyed their set and determined countenances. "Friend Pikyune has not only picked the plums, but, after she was through, she chopped down the bush. Now tell me your next scheme," and he patted Georgia reassuringly on the shoulder.

"How did you know we had one?" laughed Georgia.

"Because I never caught you without it," he smilingly returned. "How about it, boss?"

"We are now on the Extension Committee," announced Cordelia, and at the mention of that office the eyes of both ladies snapped.

Jim regarded them with amused wonder. It was the first time he had seen them entirely without their usual calm and self-confident urbanity, and that they were angry through and through was a hilarious treat.

"You'll pardon me for loosing a little rough talk in the very heart of society this way," he ventured, "but, as we would say down in my office, I guess you've been handed a wallop."

"We accept the term," smiled Georgia, whose eyes, however, still glittered. "Mrs. Pikyune received a hint through some one of your pensioners, I think, that the selection of candidates for the Failure Farm was to be political, and she had the effrontery to tell us that she changed us to the Extension Committee, instead of the Selection Committee, as a reward for our services in making her movement so much bigger than she had planned it."

Jim grinned appreciatively.

"She's a live old scout anyhow!" he admired. "It now remains to be seen if she can take a beating as well as she can hand one out. How does she get it?"

"We are on the Extension Committee," stated Cordelia in exactly the same tone she had used before—a rather icy tone with a keen crystalline edge on it. "We propose to extend the movement."

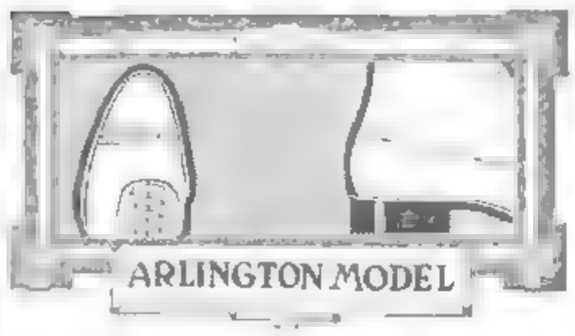
"That's what you've been doing," slyly suggested Jim. "What do you plan to do—make Mrs. Pikyune the national head of the Failure Farm Movement?"

"We don't like that name," Georgia demurely objected. "It seems to us that the title is rather humiliating and destructive of self-respect."

"We plan to have the state take up the work," explained Cordelia, "under the title of the Garden Cottage Colony; and we want you to have the state appropriate three thousand acres of land and lay it out as a regular cottage city, with an executive center, and public amusement buildings, and electric lights, and water-works, and a sewer system and parks. No houses are to be close together. Each cottage is to have its full acre of ground. Georgia and I will be appointed by the state to something or other that will be the most pleasant for us, and that will give us control over all the people who are conducting the branch organizations, so that we can appoint committees, and entertain the more important social workers from other states and abroad, and give the movement the social tone it should have. You can fix that for us?"

"Certainly," he cheerfully acquiesced. "Shall I fix it now, or can you wait until I come home to dinner? I wonder if you girls know what sized job you've laid out for me."

"We wouldn't come to you with a little thing," Georgia flatteringly reminded him. "We know that this is very big, and we know that it could be made very useful to you throughout the state. Each city, in proportion to its population, would be



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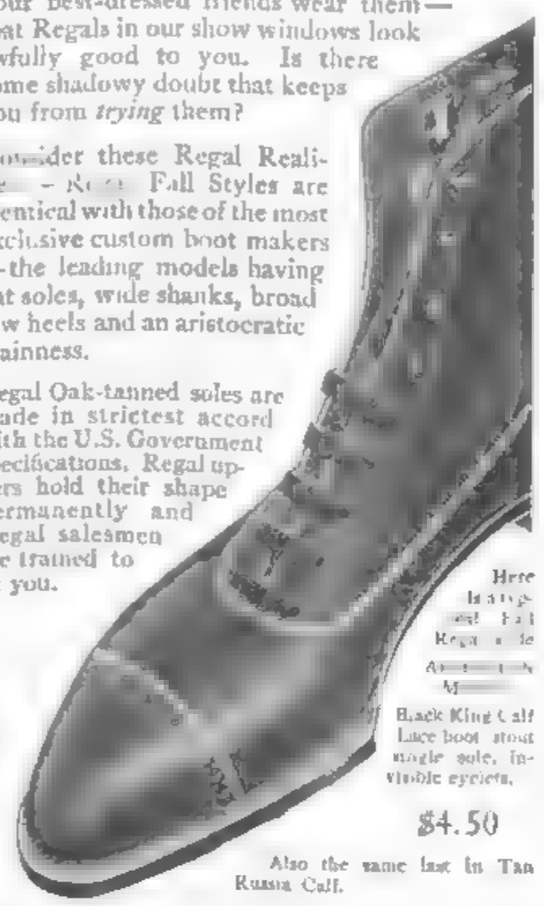
Consider these Regal Realities—Regal Fall Styles are identical with those of the most exclusive custom boot makers—the leading models having flat soles, wide shanks, broad low heels and an aristocratic plainness.

Regal Oak-tanned soles are made in strictest accord with the U.S. Government specifications. Regal uppers hold their shape permanently and Regal salesmen are trained to fit you.



Here is a [illegible] Regal [illegible]

Black King Calf Lace boot stout single sole, invisible eyelets.

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Tells how to buy Regals by mail with certainty of getting latest custom style and a perfect fit. 1000 retail dealers sell Regals.

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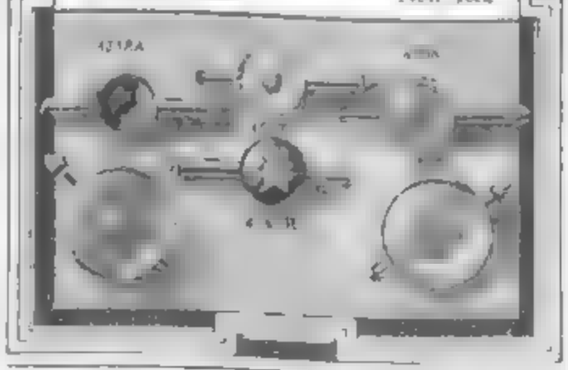

A pocket KNIFE SHARPENER GIVEN AWAY

The tough, sharp crystals of a Pike India Oilstone just *eat* steel. It's fun to see how quickly they put a dandy, keen edge on carvers, kitchen knives, tools, etc. No other stone cuts so fast without losing its shape. Adopted now by manual training schools, [illegible] machine shops, etc. Nothing like it. This is only one of the famous

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"The only line that includes every sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening need."

Every home needs one. Hardware and tool stores everywhere sell them. Let us mail you a Pike India Vest Pocket Stone for pocket knives, office use, etc.

Just send your dealer's name and 4c for packing and mailing. We'll include "*How to Sharpen*"—greatest book ever written on sharpening and how to select and care for oilstones. You'll be pleased.

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Rich—soft—restful, the "Emeralite" makes work a pleasure. Its Glass Shade is emerald green on the outside, sending out a refreshing welcome to tired eyes; the inside is opal which reflects the lamp rays in an even white light directly on your work—no glare, no sheen on paper, no eye fatigue, no shadows. The

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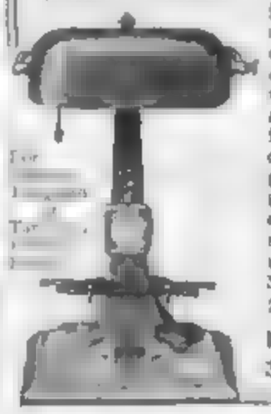

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One dollar of your dealer, or, if he cannot supply you, we will send direct by prepaid express upon receipt of stamps or money order.

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"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Creams
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It has wind-proof wool lining, strongly knit [illegible] wears like iron, [illegible] Worcester girls wear it to work or play outdoors, [illegible] $2.00; with sleeves and no collar $3.25; with collar and sleeves $3.50

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PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

Registered in U. S. [illegible]

[illegible] perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool [illegible] Sold in all sizes [illegible] feet. [illegible] postage paid. Catalog free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.

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entitled to the use of a certain number of the cottages, and, the enterprise being fostered by purely political forces, you would have thorough control of the selection of candidates, which would no longer be left to mere society committees. Local branches would, of course, lose their identity."

"Or at least their names," supplemented Cordelia, still in that glittering-edged voice. "The Clara Pikyune Failure Farm indeed!"

"It sounds cute," agreed the maker of aldermen and legislatures and governors. "It would give a chance, too, for several good fat offices; but I don't see how we could purchase that much land without raising a howl all through the state, nor, in fact, where we could secure so large a tract all in a bunch."

"I've looked it all up," responded Cordelia, becoming more animated. "The state had a large grant set aside for educational purposes, and there are three thousand acres of it left."

"And this is a purely educational purpose," confidently stated Georgia.

"If it is necessary we can even change the name," urged Cordelia. "It could be called the School of Practical Garden Agriculture."

The joy of Jim Fleecer was huge and hearty.

"You get the medal," he applauded, slapping both knees by way of emphasis. "The boys have tried for twenty years to get their fangs on that property and make it turn up an official revenue. They'd be tickled stiff except for one thing. It would take a five-million cash appropriation to finance this college, and the treasury of our fair state has been in the hands of busy little suction cleaners for lo! these many years. A five-million-dollar bond issue would cause a scream from the intelligent voter that would be heard in Hong Kong."

"We don't need a bond issue," quickly stated Cordelia, all her cheerfulness returning. "I've looked into that matter too. The state has plenty of ready money. It has an educational fund of a trifle over five million dollars."

"And this is a purely educational purpose," supplemented Georgia confidently.

Jim Fleecer mused for a moment with a softened smile, then he rose and shook hands heartily with both ladies.

"I wish I could have you two in my gang," he earnestly remarked. "Say, Georgia, is my suitcase packed?"

VIII

JUST before he stepped on the train Jim Fleecer sent a telegram. Twenty minutes after he had written "F. T. Jones" on the hotel register the legislature and senate of his beloved state convened in Jim's room. The legislature and senate was a man of the portliness becoming a white vest and a frock coat and a heavy gold-headed cane, and he walked as deliberately as an elephant crossing a bridge.

"Hello, judge," greeted Fleecer. "How's your health?"

"Judge" Stamp, who had never been in the law, and who indeed had no known or ostensible profession, business or visible means of income, hesitated as a matter of habit before he answered Fleecer's question.

"I believe I am safe in saying that I feel fairly well," he finally admitted, and sat down, knitting his shaggy brows and smoothing the closely cropped white beard that covered his solid cheeks and heavy chin, while he waited for Fleecer to finish washing his face and hands.

"I'm glad you're feeling husky, because there's a big patch of corn to be shucked," remarked Mr. Fleecer, throwing his towel in the basket and finishing the drying of his hands by rubbing them over each other. "The boys working together pretty well now?"

The judge looked out of the window and watched three pigeons leave a roof with three separate whirs.

"I consider that the representatives of both parties are working in splendid harmony for the common good," he replied.

"Oh, they are!" returned Fleecer, eying the judge suspiciously. "They must have just divided something. What was it?"

"I could not admit, even as a joke, that there was anything to divide," proclaimed the judge, who was a difficult man in conversation but a perfectly satisfactory one in action. "They have, however, just agreed upon the Public Service Corporations Bill, which is a measure of great popular benefit."

The *Big Taste* for the Big Hunger

ROLL along, the Underwood Deviled Ham! Bring on the slices of fresh white bread! Slit open the can with a jack-knife, and *Taste The Taste!*

Good? Well I guess! Why shouldn't it be good? For it's old-fashioned boned ham—like mother used to make—ground fine and mixed with the appetite-provoking Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices—not hot, just mouth watering.

Try it in sandwiches, salads, soufflés; omelets, scallops, croquettes. Send for the famous Little Red Devil Recipes—free if you mention your grocer's name and say whether he keeps Underwood Deviled Ham. Or send us his name and 15c for small can to try.

You'll be using Underwood Deviled Ham in scores of delicious dishes, for breakfast, luncheon, dinner; teas, parties, picnics, etc., etc.

Inexpensive. One small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches. Order some from your grocer *today!*

Made by the William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

RECIPE No. 40—HAM SOUFFLÉ

Beat yolks and whites of three eggs separately. To the yolks add one cup Underwood Deviled Ham, one teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Beat until light; then add beaten whites of eggs, mixing thoroughly. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in oven eight minutes. Serve with cream sauce.

TASTE
THE
TASTE

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

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Only $2.50 puts this typewriter in your home

You can soon make it your own, with no additional outlay, by co-operating with us on an original sales-plan which requires practically no effort on your part. No canvassing necessary. You will be interested in this opportunity, and will be surprised to learn how easily you can become owner of this strictly high-grade machine. Simply fill in and mail coupon below. Details will reach you promptly.

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A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard.

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Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

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PEANUT BUTTER

THE age of bread and butter with sugar on it is gone. This is the day when the tiny ones eat bread and butter with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on it

For lunches, party sandwiches and children after school, great. Eat it like jam.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is just roasted peanuts and white nut crushed to a creamy nut butter and sealed in *airless-sealed glass jars* which keep the roasting oven flavor in full vigor till you lift the lid.

Try a 15c jar today. But insist on Beech-Nut Brand in the Beech-Nut *Airless-sealed glass jars*.

Made by the makers of famous Beech-Nut Bacon. Visit the clean, sunny Beech-Nut plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley.

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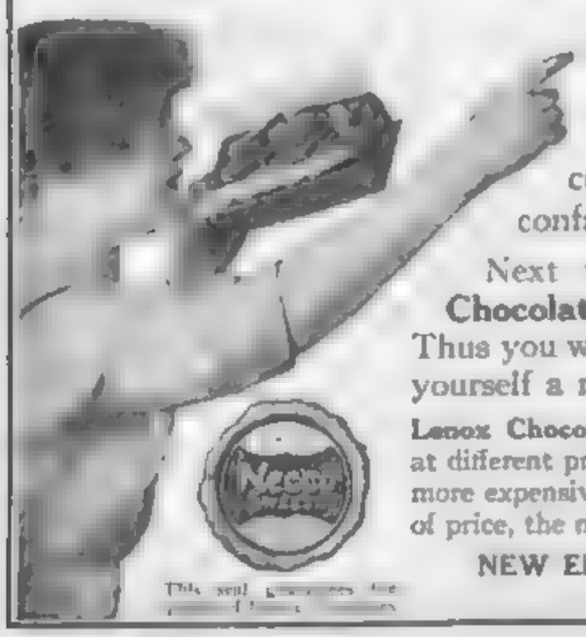
Oh, Gir-ruls—

Lenox Chocolates!



A box of **Lenox Chocolates** is a *box of fun*. It is full from cover to bottom with giggles and gurgles of delight. It brings congenial spirits together in jolly confab and banishes the blues to limbo.

Next time you entertain, give **Lenox Chocolates** a large place in the festivities. Thus you will delight everybody and make for yourself a reputation as a charming hostess.

Lenox Chocolates are *entirely pure*. They are sold at different prices, because some are made and boxed more expensively than others, but in each, regardless of price, the materials are the best possible to obtain.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

"Oh," responded Fleecer, relieved. "I thought maybe they'd been slipping one past me. It happens about once a session; but somebody always loses an ear. Did you ever notice that?"

The barest trace of a smile flitted from the firm corners of the judge's lips.

"Is the corn you mention about ripe?" he quietly inquired.

"You could blow off its whiskers," confidently asserted Fleecer, sitting at the corner of the table and crossing his long legs comfortably. "It's the school appropriation," he added, suddenly deserting metaphor and turning to face the judge more directly. "I've found a fancy new way to educate the masses, and on a large scale—the strength of our pile, in fact."

The judge looked out of the window and his brows gathered into bushy knots. The three pigeons returned to the roof and wabbled along the coping until they had edged unquietly together. The judge shook his head ponderously.

"That is not a safe fund with which to tamper unwisely," he warned. "The people are extremely jealous of it, and with good reason. I have always argued earnestly against experimental or ill-advised expenditures from that superb accumulation." He pouted his closely cut mustache and pondered a little longer. "Did you suggest that your project would use the entire amount?"

"Fund and land," Jim comfortably informed him. "Clean as a whistle; every last shred. Every other scheme has been a piker. That's the reason why you wouldn't listen."

The suggestion of mere magnitude did not seem to frighten the state senate and legislature; on the contrary he seemed rather better contented.

"It must be a very useful and worthy system of instruction or you would not urge it so confidently," he remarked, knowing the usual solidity of Fleecer's plans. "What is it?"

"The Failure Farm Movement," explained Fleecer. "You've heard of it. It's a scheme for turning a lot of spavined old has-beens out among the twittering birds and the jimson posies, and every time you get rid of a town nuisance you get applauded for being an alabaster-winged angel of charity. It's a strong vote-getter."

The judge looked at him in slow perplexity. He thought heavily and thoroughly, while the mottled pigeon flew two wide circles without coaxing a follower.

"But how do you make out that it can be supported from our only available fund?" he objected. "I can't see where you get your extreme elasticity. To my mind there's absolutely nothing educational about it."

"Your only drawback, judge, is that you have no imagination," declared Fleecer with a grin. "What higher branch of education can there be than to teach an old ex-murderer, so saturated with fusel oil that he can't mark a ballot, how to till the rich brown soil and make a partial living out of raising dill pickles and pink onions? After Oily Evans has finished polishing up the bill the scheme will class as a School of Agriculture."

The white pigeon flew from the roof. The gray one followed immediately. The mottled one trailed after reluctantly.

"I'm afraid of it," said the judge. The white pigeon was evidently the leader. The judge followed its strong flight admiringly. He turned questioning eyes on Fleecer. "Why are you so thoroughly convinced that it is strictly educational?" he asked.

"Let me show you some figures," answered Mr. Fleecer, producing a pencil and an envelope. "There are contracts to let for three thousand cottages and some fussy executive and community buildings. There are three thousand cottages to furnish and three thousand small truck-farms to equip. There are half a dozen nice cozy little offices for good and faithful workers. It's a public hurrah, a sympathetic charity and a campaign yell. It loosens up five million dollars for the patriots to expend for the public good. Judge, how many of the boys need hard reasons in times of peace like this?"

"About twelve can swing it," responded the judge with complacency. "Both houses are voting calmly on strictly party lines, and my twelve earnest legislators are able to decide almost any question about which there are no violent opinions. With proper press work we scarcely need so many as twelve."

"Is anything coming up about which there could be a fuss?" inquired Fleecer thoughtfully. "How about the Railroad Bills?"

"We can always raise a fight about that," replied the judge, again with that flitting trace of a smile. "It is an extremely vexed question."

"It's a handy friend," agreed Fleecer with a chuckle. "I think we'd better raise a Railroad Bill war, and slip this educational thing through when the big type is all busy with the cursed monopolies. By-the-way, judge, when this thing is pulled I have to have the naming of the fancy officers—the glory ones, you know, without any salaries."

"I thought all the candidates for glory offices had been satisfied," mused the judge. "This is becoming an unpleasantly practical age, I find."

"The ladies are only beginning," Fleecer reminded him. "If this strong educational movement is put under the patronage of the ladies it will be so worthy that no editor's wife will stand for a knock. Let's figure a little closer on this five million, judge."

"By all means," agreed the judge with a feeling of grave responsibility. "The expenditure of so much money for the public good certainly requires careful deliberation."

"It does if you want to stick round where there's more," agreed Fleecer. "Let's start with the contracts."

For a full hour they figured, and then the judge slowly and thoughtfully tore the papers into minute bits.

"A round million," he mused.

He looked thoughtfully out at the roof. The mottled pigeon and the white one were having a terrific fight. The mottled one at last flew away, pursued by the strong young white one.

"It looks to me like an extremely worthy and noble and useful educational project," decided the judge.

The white pigeon came back, and the gray one nestled tightly against him.

IX

THE president of the Board of Direction of the State School of Garden Cottage Agriculture sat, with the secretary of the same widely popular—and useful—organization, in the charming suite of offices which was kept closed except for the quarterly visits of these two leading spirits of the great philanthropic movement. On the president's bird's-eye-maple desk lay open a huge book, in which newspaper clippings were pasted daily by a state employee appointed through the influence of Jim Fleecer.

"The interest in the movement is highly satisfactory," contentedly smiled President Cordelia Blossom as she reached the pages which were still blank. "The newspapers throughout the country are devoting an enormous amount of space to the cause."

"Isn't it splendid!" agreed Secretary Georgia Fleecer with sparkling enthusiasm. "I wish all our photographs came out as nicely as they do in this picture."

"We can't expect that," returned President Cordelia. "The society sections are always better printed than the balance of the newspaper. I do wish they could mention the work without bringing us so persistently into prominence."

Georgia sighed with the burden of it, but she displayed most cheerful fortitude.

"It is one of the penalties of directing a vast public philanthropy," she consoled them both. She paused as her eye caught, at the bottom of the page, the name of Mrs. Clara Pikyune; but it was only in a list of the heads of subcommittees—the committee on garden seeds.

A neat state employee brought them in some mail. Cordelia opened one which bore a New York postmark.

"Glorious!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Wiley Miles is to be a delegate to our National Garden Cottage Congress! It will be quite the smartest society event of the season."

"How well our work progresses!" cried Georgia with sparkling eyes. "We have no one on our list now but the acknowledged society leaders of everywhere. It's wonderful what stupendous things society can accomplish. I suppose we should really have some new photographs taken."

"By all means," assented Cordelia, looking out happily through the lace-curtained windows to where swarms of state contract workmen were erecting Garden Cottage City. "Isn't charity uplifting!"

There is a certain set of persons

whom you alone can reach for us. They are *your* relatives, *your* friends, persons with whom *you* are intimate. They constitute a circle of acquaintances which is peculiarly *yours*. You—and only you—have the opportunity of capitalizing your acquaintance with them.

Every one enjoys a similar relationship with the persons who constitute his own "circle of acquaintances." Therefore, this advertisement, although appearing in almost two million copies of this issue, contains a personal message to each person who reads it.

Although many of the members of your circle doubtless read our publications, there are probably others who do not subscribe because they have never realized the peculiar value of these magazines to them. They do not appreciate that whatever their tastes and preferences, they will find in each issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman* that kind of reading matter they enjoy.

Our task, therefore, is to demonstrate what these publications hold for them. We cannot do so direct: we have not their names and addresses—we do not know their tastes and preferences—we cannot approach them in person.

You alone can reach them for us. You know them, their whereabouts, their likes and dislikes. As a personal acquaintance, you can secure an interested hearing. As a friend, you can demonstrate more readily than can we at a distance, just why one or more of our publications should have a place in their libraries.

If you want to increase your income by several dollars a week—several hundred dollars a year—let us explain how thousands of persons have capitalized their circles of acquaintances by doing what we cannot do—by approaching each member personally with the offer to accept his subscriptions to our publications.

Each subscription you obtain for us will secure for you a liberal commission and salary credit. Let us explain further our "circle of acquaintances" plan—how, if you act for us, it must yield a substantial income to you.

Address your letter to

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In this Hoosier Cabinet the owner stores nearly 5 dozen packages, 100 dishes, and more than 200 other articles

How a Hoosier Cabinet Saves Miles of Steps

Your table is the center of all your kitchen work. Everything you take to your stove, to your sink, to your dining room, first goes onto your table. Everything you bring from your pantry, refrigerator, cupboard, cellar, goes onto your table.

If you must walk from place to place to collect these things and put them back again, your kitchen is not ideal. It tires you.

Your ideal kitchen saves these steps by combining in the Hoosier Cabinet a pantry and cupboard around a big table covered with pure aluminum. The Hoosier Cabinet puts everything at your fingers' ends. You can sit down at work. Your table is not cluttered. Spices, sugar, salt, dishes, flour, utensils—everything has its place. You get through quickly.

Join the Hoosier Model Kitchen Club Now, $1.00

Half Million Owners Say:

All over America women who own Hoosiers are delighted with their kitchens. Praises are endless.

"I wouldn't be without my Hoosier for $100."

"My Automatic Servant."

"It is simply wonderful. It saves miles of steps for tired feet."

"The only perfect kitchen cabinet I ever saw."

"It saved me at least $15.00 last year in supplies."

"It puts everything in my kitchen at my fingers' ends."

Out of 450,000 Hoosiers sold, you couldn't buy a second-hand Hoosier Cabinet for love or money anywhere.

What the Hoosier Contains

Without extra cost you get with the Hoosier, a sanitary, metal flour-bin, capacity 65 pounds; "clock-face" patented want list; roomy cupboard for cereals, dishes, etc.; metal sugar bin, dust proof; crystal glass air-tight spice jars; glass air-tight tea and coffee jars, handy utensil hooks; sanitary rolling pan rack; improved metal bread and cake box; metal cake tray; compartment cutlery drawer; linen drawer; large pot and kettle cupboard; pan racks; sliding shelf; convenient cutting board; patented aluminum covered table, 40x39 inches—larger, more convenient than a kitchen table; copper-plated adjustable door fasteners; ball-bearing, high-grade pressed steel casters. Finish is Golden Oak, water and steam proof.

Size—height, 5 feet 8 inches—width, 3 feet 4 inches—depth of lower section, 2 feet 4 inches.

Club Plan in Detail

A certain number of Hoosier Cabinets will be sent this fall to each of the 3,000 Hoosier agents (leading furniture merchant in each town) to be sold on the famous Hoosier Club Plan. Membership in these clubs is limited by the number of cabinets sent. Each member admitted pays $1.00 membership fee; balance on $1.00 weekly dues for a few weeks. The cabinet is delivered at once.

Low Fixed Price Protects You

The Hoosier Cabinet cost is lowered by great volume of Hoosier sales. To insure you full benefit of this cost saving the low price of the Hoosier Cabinet is fixed at the factory. You enjoy the liberal credit of the club plan no matter where you live, without paying one penny more than this low fixed price.

Thousands Join—Sales Limited

Thousands of women buy Hoosier Cabinets every month. With this great club offer the demand doubles. The number of Hoosiers on the club plan for each town is limited. Only 1 woman in 5 who wanted Hoosier Cabinets could get one in some towns where this plan was tried first. Those who want a real Hoosier Cabinet should go to the store of the Hoosier agent and enter their names early.

3000 Hoosier Agents

Good Men to Know

There is *one* Hoosier agent (*only one*) in nearly every town big enough to have a furniture store. The Hoosier agent is a reliable furniture merchant. He believes in high quality and low prices. You will see this blue and white sign in his window

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

Accept "Model Kitchen Book" Free

Sign This Coupon

Good for one "Model Kitchen Book;" tells how to arrange your kitchen to save steps; how to have meals ready on time; how to improve an old kitchen; how to work sitting down; a hundred facts about the famous Hoosier Cabinet and where you can get it on the club plan; 25 illustrations. Yours free. Sign and mail this coupon right away.

(Your Name) _____

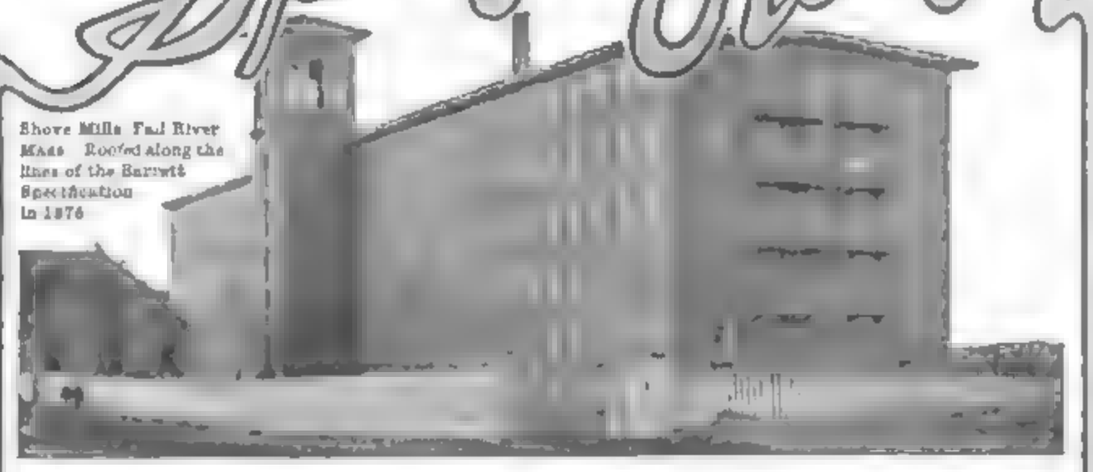
(Your Address) _____

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

1210 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Branch, Mezzanine Floor Pacific Bldg., San Francisco. Sold also throughout Canada

Barrett Specification Roofs



Shove Mills Fall River Mass Roofed along the lines of the Barrett Specification in 1876

Low Cost—Long Service

METAL roofs require painting every few years, most ready roofings require coating regularly, but with Barrett Specification Roofs *there is no maintenance expense.*

Barrett Specification Roofs are roofs of coal tar pitch and tarred felt, with a top surface of slag, gravel or tile, *laid according to the Barrett Specification.*

This specification is simply the standard formula for building a first-class roof of this character.

It is possible, of course, to make an inferior roof of these materials either by poor workmanship or by using insufficient and poor goods. But if the Barrett Specification *is followed absolutely and the materials called for are used,* you are certain of getting the best value in roof coverings.

Such roofs usually last twenty years and over without leaks or repairs.

Barrett Specification Roofs are almost universally used on factories and buildings of large roof areas and where costs are carefully figured. They are equally good for city dwellings, warehouses, railroad buildings, etc.

Copy of the Barrett Specification, with diagrams, mailed free on request to nearest office.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested.

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirements.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Pittsburgh New Orleans Seattle London, Eng
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd. Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

Every toy bearing the Ives name is guaranteed

Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys

There's never a dull minute for the youngster who owns an Ives Miniature Railway System.

The Charm of Ives Toy Trains

Boys find unending pleasure in watching an Ives Toy Train, under its own power, speed around the track, across bridges, through tunnels—stopping at stations. The arrangement of trackage, turntables, switches and other parts—while extremely simple—develops the youngster's mechanical ingenuity.

As a gift for *your* boy, an Ives Miniature Railway System will bring hours of happy play. If he has a Train, buy him more parts.

Ives Mechanical Systems cost, complete, from $1 to $20; electrical, from $3.75 to $25. For wee little chaps, we have trains to be drawn by string, trolley cars, coal carts and other simple toys, from 50 cents up.

Look for the Ives Name

We guarantee every Ives Train and will replace any part that is defective in materials or workmanship. Be sure to look for the Ives name. It's your assurance of toys that give lasting service.

Ask any toy, department or hardware store to show you Ives Toys. Write us if you cannot readily find an Ives dealer in your town; we will refer you to one or see that you are supplied

Beautiful three-colored Catalog of Ives Toys free on request.

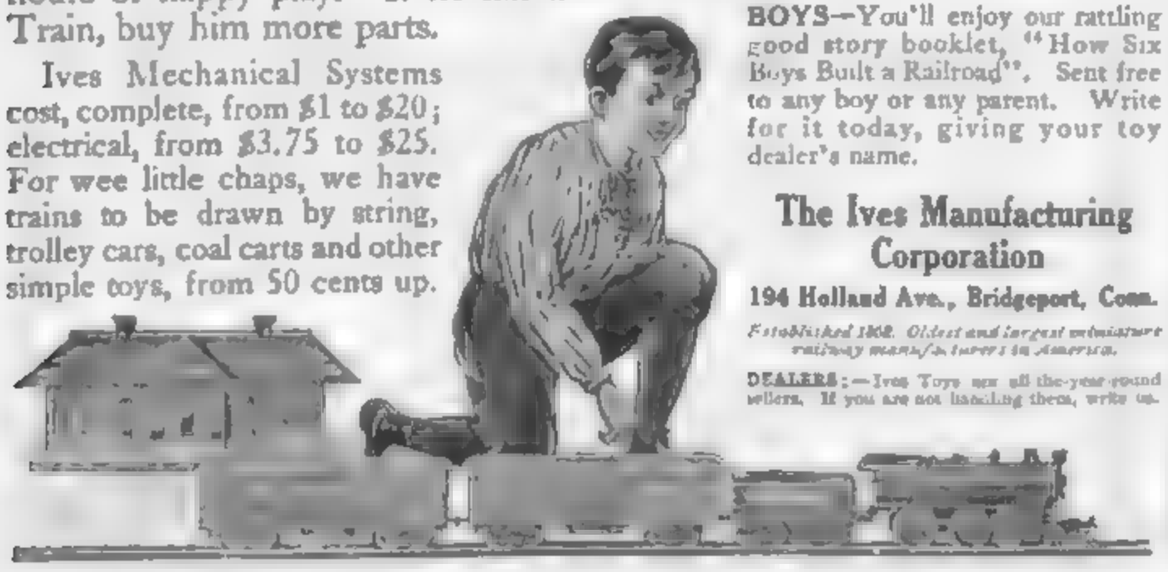
BOYS—You'll enjoy our rattling good story booklet, "How Six Boys Built a Railroad". Sent free to any boy or any parent. Write for it today, giving your toy dealer's name.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation

194 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Established 1868. Oldest and largest miniature railway manufacturers in America.

DEALERS:—Ives Toys are all the-year-round sellers. If you are not handling them, write us.



HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 5)

a living thing. Instantly a spell was upon him; long he gazed into its depths. It was more than deep—it was bottomless. In some magic solution he there beheld himself and all the world; imperiously it commanded his being. To his ear utterance seemed to come from that lucent abyss—a murmuring of voices, a confusion of tones, with one dominant note, now high, now low. It frightened yet held him even past endurance, and his short legs twinkled as he ran from the room.

Out in the friendly, familiar yard he looked curiously about him, basking in the sudden peace of it. A light wind stirred in the trees, the sky was a void of blue, the scent of the lilacs came to him. That was all reassuring, but something more came—a consciousness that he could translate only as something vast, yet without shape or substance, that opened to him, enfolded him, lifted him. It was a vision of boundless magnitudes and himself among them—among them and with a power he could put upon them. While it lasted he had a child's dim version of the knowledge that life would be big for him. He heard again the confusion of voices, and his own among them, in far, spacious places. He always remembered this moment. In after years he knew it had been given him then to run an eye along the line of his destiny.

The moment passed; his mind was again vacant. He picked a green apple from the low tree under which he stood, bit into it, chewed without enthusiasm, then hurled the remnant at an immature rabbit that he saw regarding him from the edge of the lilac clump. The missile went wild, but the rabbit fled and Bean pursued it. He was not afraid of a rabbit—not of a young rabbit.

Returning from the chase—an unavailing one, he believed, only because the game used quite unfair tactics of concealment—he remembered the shell. A longing for possession seized him. It was more than that. The thing was already his, had always been his. Yet he foresaw complications. His ownership might be stupidly denied.

He went in to drag Grammer again before the what-not, his mind sharpened to subtlety.

"Are everything there yours?" He pointed to the top shelf.

"Everything!"

He lowered the pointing finger to the second shelf.

"Are everything there yours?"

"All of 'em!"

"Everything there?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And this one too?"

"For the land's sake, yes!" averred Grammer of the choice contents of the fourth shelf. She was baking pies and found herself a bit impatient of this new game.

"Well, that's all now!" and he dismissed her, not daring to inquire as to the lower shelf. He had seen the way things were going—a sickening way. But, having shrewdly stopped at the lower shelf, having prevented Grammer from saying that those valuable objects were also hers, he had still the right to come into his own. If the shell mightn't belong to her it might belong to him, therefore it did belong to him; which, as logic, is not so lame as it sounds. At least it is a workaday average.

It occurred to him once to ask for the shell bluntly. But reason forbade this. It was not conceivable that any one having so celestial a treasure would willingly part with it. When a thing was yours you took it—with dignity, but quietly.

During the remainder of his stay he was not conspicuously an occupant of the front room. No day passed that he did not contrive at least one look at his wonderful shell, but he craftily did not linger there, nor did he ever utter words about the thing, though these often crowded perilously to his lips.

A later day brought a letter to Grammer, and Gramper delightedly let it be known that the doctor at Wellsville had brought little Bean a fine new baby brother. Bean himself was not delighted at this. He had suffered the ministrations of that same doctor, and he could imagine no visit of his to result in a situation at all pleasant to any one concerned. If he had brought a baby it was doubtless not a baby that people would care to have round the house. He was not cheered when told that he might now go home. He meant to stay on, and said so.

But the second day brought another letter that had a curious effect on Gramper and Grammer. Grammer cried, and Gramper told him with a strange, grave manner that now he must go. He knew that he was not to be told why—something, he overheard them agree, needn't be told "just yet." This was rather exciting and reconciled him to leaving.

He crept softly down the narrow stairs that night, alleging, when called to by Grammer, the need of a drink of water. When he returned his hands trembled about the shell. Swiftly it went to the bottom of his small box; his extra clothing, all his little belongings, were packed cleverly about it.

They kissed him many times the next morning, and when he looked back under the trees to where the old couple stood in front of the little weather-beaten house he saw that Grammer was crying again. His conscience hurt him a little; he wondered how they would get along without the shell. But they couldn't have it because it was his shell.

The stage turned after a bit, and suddenly there was Gramper at the roadside, breathless after his run across a corner of the east forty. Instantly he was in the clutch of a great fear: the loss had been discovered. He sat frozen, waiting.

But Gramper only flourished the napkin-ring and humorously taunted him with not having packed everything after all. The stage drove on, but for the next mile his breathing was jerky.

Toward the end of the day-long ride—Gramper couldn't be running after them that far—he surrendered to his exultation, opened the box and drew out the shell, fondling it, fascinated anew by its varying sheen, excited by the freedom with which he now might touch it. Again he was the sole passenger, and he called to the old driver, to whom nothing at all seemed to have happened because of his filching fruit:

"See my shell I found at Grammer's!"

But the old man was blind to beauty. He turned a careless eye upon the treasure, turned it off again with a formless grunt that might have been perfunctory praise, and resumed his half-muttered talk to himself, marked by little oblique nods of triumph—some endless dispute that he seemed to hold with an invisible opponent.

The owner of the shell was chilled, but not daunted. There would surely be others less benighted who must acclaim the shell's charm. Presently he was at the familiar front gate, and his father, looking unusual somehow, came to lift him down.

"See my shell I found at Grammer's!"

"Your mother is dead."

"See my shell I found at Grammer's!"

"Your mother is dead."

It was the sinister iteration by which he was stricken rather than by the news itself. The latter only stunned. His hand in his father's, he went up the walk and into the house. There were women inside—women who moved with an effect of bustling stillness; the same women who had so often asked him what his name was. They seemed to know it well enough now. He was aware that his entrance created no little sensation. One of them kissed him and told him not to cry, but he had no thought of crying. He became aware of the thing in his hands.

"See my shell I found at Grammer's!"

The invitation was a general one. They looked in silence and some of them moved about, and then through a doorway he saw in the next room an object long and dark and shining set on two chairs. He had never seen anything like it, but its suggestion was evil. The women waited. Something seemed to be expected of some one. His father led him into that room and lifted him up to see. His mother's face was there under a glass. He could see that she wore her pretty blue dress and on one arm beside her was something covered with white. He called softly to her:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

But she did not open her eyes.

Then he was out again where the people were, and the people seemed to forget about him. He went to his little room under the sloping roof. He had not let go of the shell, and now, in the fading light from the low window, he lost himself once more in its depths. Inwardly he knew that a terror

Quality in a Cigar is What You *Like* Not What You *Pay*

Four travelers had dinner in a dining car. One of them ordered cigars at the end of the meal. The steward brought out a box of the standard twenty-five cent cigars that you can buy on practically every diner in the country.

Three men took a cigar apiece out of the steward's box. Man No. Four thanked the gentleman who was buying, and took one of my Panatelas out of his pocket

"Go on, take one of these," urged one of the [illegible]

No [illegible] who was [illegible] of my Panatelas [illegible] Mind you I do not question the tobacco or workmanship in your twenty-cent center. I believe that both are ex[illegible] But my Panatela [illegible] expensive to make and sell, b[illegible] puff I prefer the [illegible]

To avoid argument we will assume that this conversation [illegible] But it illustrates a point.

So long as you have the kind of cigar you like, it doesn't matter whether it costs 5c or $1.

My Panatela is a cigar that is [illegible] to try it. The terms of my offer make it a simple matter to try my cigars.

My Offer is:

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

My Panatela has a filler of the best Cuban grown Havana tobacco, and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra.

I import the tobacco [illegible] cigars by hand—employing skilled adult male cigarmakers—and I sell my cigars direct by mail instead of through regular trade channels. The result is that you get the 10c cigar [illegible] the retail trade for five dollars per hundred.

If you believe this accept my offer. If you doubt it accept my offer. [illegible] I can deceive you.

In ordering, please enclose business card or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Webber's Hand Knit Jackets

Extra heavy double rib, known as "Webber Knit." Ask for the *genuine* Webber Hand Knit. The sweater made by the originator. Look at numbers 66, 666, 67 and 667, and especially for ladies 237 and 1011.

Webber will arrange a way to show you the goods, if not on sale in your town. Catalog for the asking.

Geo. F. Webber, Mfr., Station F, Detroit, Mich.

Beautiful PORTABLE LIBRARY LAMP

made of Mission Weathered Oak; hand [illegible] shade of four panels [illegible]

"MUNYBAK" Guaranteed Product. Price Only $2.75

Write for complete Free Illustrated catalog telling about our fine Lighting Fixtures and Furniture.

"From the Manufacturer Direct to You"

Munybak Co., 105 Main St., Bluffton, Ind.

Own Your Hired Help—$20.00

Our small gas or gasoline motors will drive your washer, wringer, ice cream freezer, small dynamo, etc. Any woman or boy can run them and they are strictly guaranteed. Send stamp for catalog

ELGIN WHEEL & ENGINE CO., ELGIN, ILL.

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati.** We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

lurked near, but he had not yet felt it. Only when bedtime came did the continued silence of his mother become meaningful. When he was left alone he cried for her, still clutching his shell.

The minister came the next day, and many people, and the minister talked to them about his mother. The two Uncle Bunkers were there, grim, hard-mouthed, glaring, for they hated each other as only brothers can hate. He wondered if they would still let him be partly a Bunker now that his mother was gone. He wondered also at the novel consideration he saw being shown to his father. Dressed in a new suit of black, with an unaccustomed black hat, his father was plainly become a man of importance. He was one apart, and people of undoubted consequence deferred to him to the very last. He earnestly wished his mother could see that—his nervous little mother with the flushed face and tired eyes, always terrifically concerned about one small matter or another. He thought she would have liked to see that his father was some one after all.

II

THE Chicago epoch began a year later. The true nature of its causes never lay quite clearly in the mind of Bean. There was, first, an entirely new Uncle Bunker whom he had never seen, but whom he at once liked very much. He was a younger, more beautiful uncle, with a gay, light manner and expensive clothing. He wore a magnificent gold watch and chain and jeweled rings flashed from his white fingers as he in absent moments daintily passed a small pocket comb through the meshes of his lustrous brown side whiskers. Little Bean knew that he did something on a board in Chicago—that he "operated on the Board of Trade" was the accustomed phrasing. He liked the word and tried to picture what operating might mean in relation to a board.

The good people of Wellsville regarded this uncle with quite all the respect so flashing a figure deserved. Not so the two other Uncle Bunkers from over Walnut Shade way. Their first known agreement, voiced of this financier, was in saying something wise about a fool and his money.

Later, and perhaps for the last time on earth, they agreed once more. That was when the news of his marriage came to them. For what was she? Nothing but his landlady's daughter! Snip of a girl that helped her mother run a cheap Chicago boarding house! Him that could have taken his pick, if he was going to be a fool and tie himself up! You could bet that the pair had worked him, the mother and the girl; landed him for his money, that was plain! Well, he'd made his bed!

Bean was not slow to liken this uncle to his mother, who also had married low. He had at first a misty notion that the bride might a little resemble his father, a notion happily dispelled when he saw her. For the pair came to Wellsville. It was a sort of honeymoon combined vaguely with business. The bride was wonderfully pretty, Bean thought, dark and dainty and laughing, forever talking baby-talk to her adoring mate. Her name for him was "Booful."

Bean at once fell deeply in love with this bride, a passion that was to endure beyond the life of most such affairs. She professed an infatuation equal to his own and regretted that their immediate marriage, which he timidly advocated in the course of their first interview, was not practicable. That she was frivolous, light-minded and would never settle down to be a good worker was a village verdict that he scorned. Who would have her otherwise? Not he or the adoring Booful, it is certain. He determined to go to live at her house, and strangely enough—for these sudden plans of his were most often discouraged—the thing seemed feasible. For one thing, his father was going to bring home a new mother, a lady, he gathered, who had not only settled down to be a good worker, but who, in espousing his father, would curiously not marry beneath her. Without being told so, he had absorbed from his first mother a conviction that this was possible to but few women. He felt a little glow of pride for his father in this affair.

Another matter that seemed to bear on his going away was that this brilliant and human Uncle Bunker was a trustee. Not only a trustee, but his trustee—his very own, like his shell or anything. This led to his discovery that he had money. His mother, it seemed, had left it to him—Bunker money that the two older uncles

$1 BUYS six pairs GETMOR HOSE guaranteed six months

The Getmor $1 Idea

$1 for six pairs Getmor Hose of fine lisle in black, tan [illegible] ate, wine and [illegible] *Guaranteed six months.*

$1 for four pairs Special Getmor [illegible] *Guaranteed four months.*

$1 for three pairs Extra Getmor Hose of mercerized lisle in black, tan, navy, wine and [illegible] *Guaranteed three months.*

Your dollar buys more genuine quality in Getmor Hose than you ever thought you could get in any hose at the price—and you get a half-year's guarantee besides, without extra charge.

We call these hose "Getmor" because *you get more* comfort, better style, and longer wear combined than in any other dollar's worth of guaranteed hose we know of.

GETMOR HOSE *for men*

are built to *wear*. A special process yields an iron strong weave—thin, comfortable, and pleasing in appearance. Fashioned to *fit*. No loose folds hanging about the ankles. No ugly seams. And if a hole appears within the specified time, you get a new pair free for the asking.

Getmor Hose are made in black, tan, navy, slate, wine, and helio.

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us **$1** today, and we'll send you the box prepaid. Solid or assorted colors. State the grade of Getmor, the colors, and the size you desire.

Do you want to save money?
Get next to the $1 Idea and Getmor Hose!

GETMOR HOSIERY MILLS, Reading, Pa.

Cleans and Polishes As You Dust With It

LIQUID VENEER

Makes Everything Bright and Sanitary

It will take those ugly white spots off your *table;* that bluish smoky look off your *piano;* in fact, there isn't a piece of *furniture* or *woodwork* in your home, including hardwood floors, but what it will make bright, clean and sanitary—*just like new.* You simply moisten a cheese cloth with LIQUID VENEER and go ahead and dust.

There are no fussy directions—no drying to wait for. LIQUID VENEER does its work instantly by restoring the *original* beauty to everything on which it is used.

Trial Bottle Free

[illegible] COUPON

Buffalo Specialty Company

235-J Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHEER UP COUPON

Buffalo Specialty Company

235-J Liquid Veneer Bldg
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free and without obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

Name _____

Street or No. _____

City & State _____

HOME OIL our new product, is unequalled for preserving [illegible] and furniture.

LIQUID VENEER

Sell yourself a touch-operating

Dalton

Adding Machine

JOIN the greatest, most enthusiastic sales force in the world. Recruited from 287 different lines of business it now runs into many thousands. Regardless of former experience each man has made good by selling himself one or more Dalton Adding Machines. The reason all men in these various lines of business have not sold themselves a Dalton is simply because they have not seen one—watched it in actual operation.

We Have Never Really Sold a Dalton

We have shown them. That has sufficed. No man has ever resisted *selling himself* the machine once he has really come at a full knowledge of it. The ten-key keyboard—making touch operation possible—increasing operating speed 25 to 40 per cent—and cutting accounting costs immeasurably—proves an unanswerable argument. It is *the* machine for everyone, from office boy to president, from untutored lad to master of higher mathematics. Fastest for the expert, fastest for the novice.

Then, too, the Dalton is not only the simplest and fastest adding and listing machine in the world but something vastly more valuable than a simple adder. Easier than any single purpose machine performs its solitary function, the Dalton attends to its numerous duties—with added accuracy and speed. The Dalton adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides; figures fractions as readily as whole numbers. Cross-foots, computes interest, figures costs, change sheets, payrolls, prorates, verifies invoices, foots trial balances, checks postings, percentages, discounts, makes out deposit slips, monthly statements for customers—in fact, it takes care of anything that comes under the head of the day's figure work with ease, accuracy and dispatch, rendering in every instance a physical audit slip of the work performed.

"Half a Hundred Reasons." Here is a booklet that tells specifically what the Dalton means to your business. For the Dalton is suited to your business—is adaptable to any bookkeeping idea, purpose or need. Yours for the asking. Write for it and other worth-while literature—NOW.

The Dalton Adding Machine Company

1210 Water Street, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

It's your lather

You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the *free caustic* to get in its work and made the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any razor will feel as though it were pulling the hair instead of cutting it.

Mennen's Shaving Cream

dispenses with the "*rubbing in*," as it thoroughly softens the beard while the *lather is worked up on the face. Reduces shaving to two operations—lathering and shaving; the time saved*

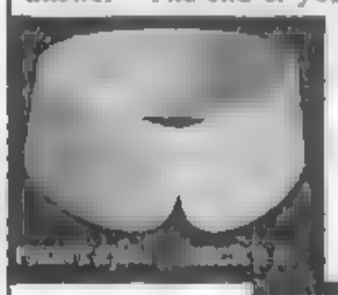
As it contains no free caustic there is *no smarting*, and you get a delightful, cool shave.

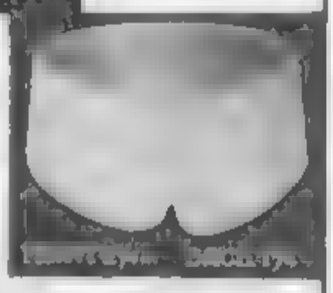
For sale everywhere 25c
Sample Tube FREE.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

LINEN
is the Answer to Your Collar Problem

After experiencing the comfort and wear that go with linen collars, you will never be satisfied with cotton ones. Linen is the answer—The end of your trouble. Wear Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars 2 for 25c. They are stamped Warranted Linen and your collar troubles are ended





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Style Book with dress chart free on request.

WM. BARKER CO.
Makers Troy, N. Y.

had sought and failed to divert from her on the occasion of her wedding one below her own station. Money! And the capable Uncle Bunker as trustee of that money! It was a vision of affluence. That operation on a board somehow made much money out of little. He was pleasantly conscious of being rather important under the glance of familiars. Even his father spoke formal words of counsel to him, as if a gulf was between them—his father now bereft of all Bunker prestige, legal or social.

And the new uncle was to educate him, though this was to be paid for out of that money of his very own. He was rudely shocked to learn that you had to pay money to go to school. Loathing school as he did, to pay money for your own torture—money that would buy things—seemed unutterably silly. But despite this imbecility the prospect retained its glamour.

He would have suffered punishments even worse than school for the privilege of existing near that beautiful bride, whom he was now calling, at her special request, "Aunt Clara." She readily understood any affair that he chose to explain to her; understood about his shell and said it was the most beautiful thing in all the world. She understood, too, and was deeply sympathetic, about Skipper, the dog. Skipper was one of a series of puppies that Bean had appropriated from the public highway. Some had shamefully deserted him after a little time of pampering. Others—and these were the several that had howled untimely in the far night—had mysteriously disappeared. Bean had sometimes a hurt suspicion that his father knew more than he cared to tell about these vanishings. But Skipper had stayed and had not howled. Skipper was soft-haired, confiding, ungainly, but he was rich in understanding if not in beauty. And yet he must be left. Even the discriminating and ever just Aunt Clara was sure that Skipper would not do well in a great city. Of course she was not clumsy enough to suggest that there were other dogs in the world, as did her less discerning husband. But she said that it would come out all right, and Bean trusted her. She knew, too, what would happen on his first night away, and came softly to his bed and solaced him as he lay crying for Skipper.

. . . . . .

Those first Chicago days were rich in flavor. The city was a marvel of many terrors, a place of weird sounds, strange shapes and swift movements, among which—having been made timid by much adversity—you had need to be very, very careful if your hand was not in some one's. The house itself was wonderful—a house of real brick and very lofty. If you started in the basement you could go upstairs three distinct times in it before you reached the top. He had never imagined such a house for any but kings to live in. Within were many rooms, he hardly could count them all; and regal furnishings, gay with color; and, permeating it all, a most appetizing odor of cooked food, eloquent tale of long-eaten banquets, able reminder of those to come.

Out beside the front door was a rather dingy sign that said Boarders Wanted. His deduction after reading the sign was that the person who wanted the boarders was Aunt Clara's mother. She was like Aunt Clara in that she was dark and small, but in nothing else. She did not wear pretty dresses, or laugh, or address baby-talk to Booful. She was very old and not nice to look at, Bean thought; and an uneasy woman, not knowing how to be quiet. Mostly she worked in the kitchen, after a hasty morning tour of the house to "do" the rooms. Bean was much surprised to learn that her name, too, was Clara. She did not look at all like any one whose name would be Clara.

And presently there was to be a house even more magnificent than this, where they would all live together and where, so they jested, the old Clara wouldn't know what to do because there would be nothing to do. The house would be ready just as soon as Booful made his "next turn," and that was so near in time that there was already a fascinating picture of the lines of the house, white lines on blue paper, over which Booful and Aunt Clara spent many an evening in loving dispute. It seemed that you could change the house by merely changing those lines. Sometimes they put a curve into the main stairway or doubled the area of stained-glass window in the music room; sometimes it was a mere detail of alteration in the butler's pantry

It Saves the Delicious Aroma

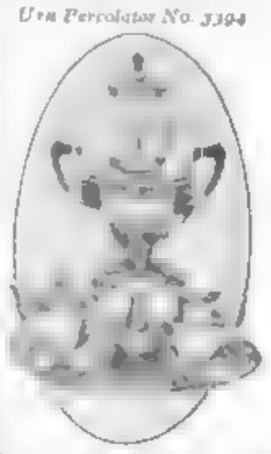
HASTE will never rob your morning coffee of its delicious aroma if it is made in a Manning-Bowman Percolator. Making is simplicity itself. A little *less* finely ground coffee than you'd need in an ordinary pot—the right measure of water for the number of cups you wish, and then—no further thought till you're seated at table and ready.

Manning-Bowman

Coffee Percolators

work *automatically* as long as heat is applied. Coffee is made in this perfect way—starting with *cold* water as quickly as in an ordinary coffee pot with hot water. More than 100 styles and sizes of these coffee percolators on the market—in solid copper, nickel plate, aluminum and silver plate. We illustrate urn style No. 3394 and coffee pot style No. 9092. For sale at leading dealers. Write for recipe book and catalogue No. K 22.

Urn Percolator No. 3394



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Don't buy a cheap one. In a

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(Pronounced Si-monds)

you get teeth which hold their edge and set against long, hard use. They cut true and fast, long after the cheap saw has lost what little edge it had.

It's the Simonds Special Crucible Steel which makes [illegible] you don't find [illegible]

Simonds Saw handles are shaped right and properly set on the blade and the saw has an easy, comfortable "hang" that even the amateur [illegible]

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Jewels per Simonds Hack Saw Blades and Files are most the American and American hardware dealers [illegible]

Send for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—free—and read about filing hand saws

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unless it is equipped with a

TYDEN LOCK

The Tyden Leaf and Pedestal Lock is the *only satisfactory device* ever made for use on divided pedestal tables. A table so equipped

Cannot Sag in Center

Both halves of pedestal are *firmly bound together*, preventing it from coming apart at bottom and from sagging in towards center of top. Makes table neat and symmetrical

NOT TYDEN LOCKED

Cannot Overbalance

Because leaves are automatically centered in perfect balance *over the pedestal*. When [illegible] *one side* of pedestal [illegible] *tips over easily.*

Top Cannot Come Apart

Lock in one, two or three leaves. Then pull table around by one end. It is perfectly rigid and cannot come apart till you release the *lock*

All these features are necessary to [illegible] tory service. Tables so equipped save time, trouble, prevent breakage of dishes, cut glass, etc., and look 100 per cent better.

All Best Table Manufacturers Use Them. Insist on seeing the Tyden Lock before you buy a Pedestal Table.

Booklet on "Tables Beautiful" sent FREE on Request
Every woman should have one. Write for yours today

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"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination [illegible] Write for Cata. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago Ill.

or the coachman's room over the stable. The old Clara displayed no interest in these details. She seemed to be content to go on wanting boarders.

This was not, as he saw it, an unlovely want. It surrounded her with gay companions at mealtime. They were "like one big family," as one of the number would frequently observe. He was the one that most often set them all to laughing by his talk like that of a German who speaks English imperfectly, which he didn't have to do at all. It was only make-believe, but very funny.

After this joyous group and his Aunt Clara, who really came first, his preference in humans was for a lady who lived two doors away. If you rang her bell she might be one of three persons—it depended on what you were looking for. She might be the manicure and chiropodist, whose sign was displayed; she might be Madame Wanda, the world-renowned clairvoyante, sittings from nine A. M. to five P. M., Advice on Love, Marriage and Business, sign also displayed; or she might be merely Mrs. Jackson, with a choice front room for a single gentleman, as declared by the third sign. In any case she was a smiling, plump lady with capable blue eyes and abundant dark hair that was smooth and shiny.

It was in company with his uncle that he first made her acquaintance. His uncle knew all that one need know about love and marriage, but it seemed that his knowledge of business could be extended. There were times when only the gifts of a world-renowned clairvoyante could enable one to tell what May wheat was going to do.

The acquaintance, lightly enough begun, ripened soon to intimacy, and so were the eyes of Bean first opened to those mysteries that were later to affect his life so vitally. He was soon carrying wood and coal up the back stairs for Mrs. Jackson, in return for which the lady ministered to him in her professional capacities. At their first important session, on a rainy Saturday of leisure, she trimmed and polished each of his ten fingernails, told his past, present and future—he was going to cross water and there was a dark gentleman he had need to beware of—and suggested that his feet might need attention.

He squirmingly demurred to this last operation and successfully resisted it. But the bonds of their friendship were sealed over a light collation which she served. She was a vegetarian, she told him. You couldn't get on to a high spiritual plane if you ate the corpses of murdered animals. But her food seemed sufficing, and she drank beer which he brought her in a neat pitcher from the cheerful store on the corner where they sold such things. Beer, she explained to him, was a strictly vegetable product, though not the thing for growing boys. The young must discriminate even among vegetables.

They liked each other well, and in a little time he had absorbed the simple tale of her activities. When you rented rooms people sometimes left without paying you. So had gone Professor de Lavigne, the chiropodist; so had vanished the original Madame Wanda. They had left their signs and nothing else. The rest was simple, after you had been seeing how they did it—a little practice with a nail-file, a little observation of parties that came in with crêpe on, to whom you said "Standing right there beside you I see some one near and dear to you that has lately passed on to the spirit land"; or male parties that looked all fussed up and worried, to whom you said that the deal was coming out all right, only they were always to act on their first impulse and look out for a man with kind of brownish hair who carried a gold watch and sometimes wore gloves. She said it was strange how she could hit it sometimes, especially when there were initials in the hats they left outside in the hall, or a name inside the overcoat pocket. It was wonderful what she had been able to tell parties for a dollar.

Bean cared little for these details, but he was excited by the theory back of them—a world from which the unseen spirits of the dead will counsel and guide us in our daily affairs if we will listen. It was a new terror added to a world of terrors. They were all about you, striving with futile hands to touch you, whispering words of cheer or warning to your deaf ears.

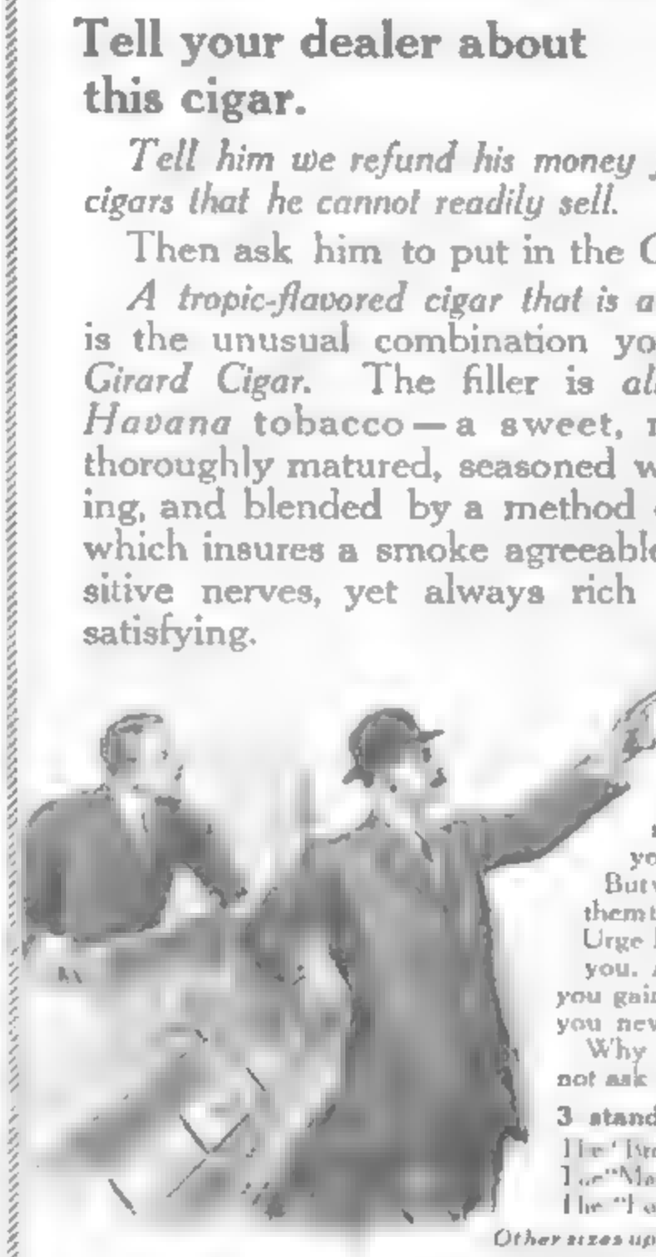
Mrs. Jackson herself believed it implicitly, and went each week to consult one or another of the more advanced mediums. The last one had seen the spirit of her Aunt Mary, a deceased person so remote in time

Tell your dealer about this cigar.

Tell him we refund his money for any Girard cigars that he cannot readily sell.

Then ask him to put in the *Girard* for *you.*

A tropic-flavored cigar that is also mild—that is the unusual combination you get in the *Girard Cigar.* The filler is *all native-grown Havana* tobacco—a sweet, mellow leaf, thoroughly matured, seasoned without sweating, and blended by a method of our own which insures a smoke agreeable to sensitive nerves, yet always rich and satisfying.



We will send you if necessary a sample box of 10 *Girards* for $1 or 50 for $5. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied. But we would rather sell them through your dealer. Urge him to get them for you. *He cannot lose.* And you gain such a smoke as you never enjoyed before. Why put it off? Why not ask him *today?*

3 standard 10-cent sizes

The "Broker," 5¼-in. Perfecto
The "Manner," 5⅛-in. Panatella
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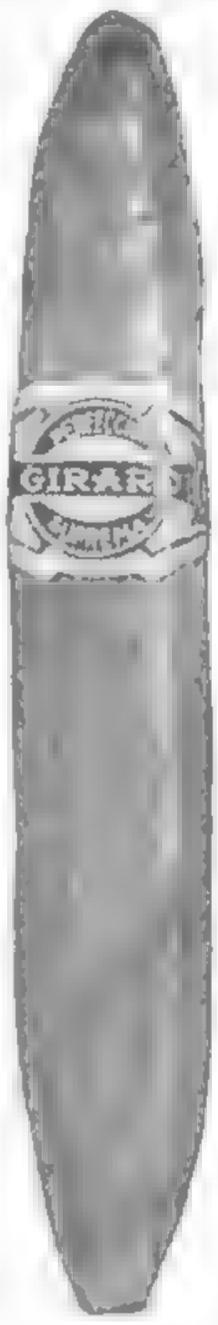
Other sizes up to 15 cents straight

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 1871



The "Broker"

GIRARD Cigar

10c

Teach Your Little Ones To Take Pride in Their Looks

Clean teeth are more important to your child than clean hands.

For on them depends health, beauty and daintiness.

Nature gives us two sets of teeth, and upon the care of the *"first teeth"* greatly depends the regularity and health of the *Second* or permanent teeth.

Cleaning the teeth is a pleasant habit easily formed, especially with

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

—the standard dentifrice—prepared for nearly half a century by a doctor of dental surgery. Its use will be a source of comfort through life for which your children will ever feel grateful to you.

Dr. Lyon's cleans by gentle friction and is a pure gritless powder of velvet smoothness. It contains no glycerine, glucose, gelatine or saccharine to lodge between the teeth and encourage decay, and cannot produce chemical action, or injure the enamel. It preserves the teeth by keeping them beautifully polished and thoroughly clean and free from tartar. THE SAFEST WAY.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

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The Clean Way to Clean

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"Extra twist" means *extra wear*

Even if you are hard on socks, you'll wear Iron Clad No. 188 an *uncommonly* long time before the first sign of a hole appears.

The heels and toes of this sock are made of a special processed "extra twist" yarn that gives them double durability, without clumsiness.

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And 188 is a *handsome* sock!—soft, silk-like in texture; seamless, snug-fitting and comfortable. You'll look far to find *its* combination of qualities in any *other* 25c hose.

18 beautiful colors: Burgundy, Corn, Ecru, Light Grey, Heliotrope, Light Tan, Smoke, Hunter Green, New Tan, Golden Tan, Dark Tan, Oxblood, Dark Blue, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Navy Blue, New Cerise and Black. Sizes 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½

Get some 188's today! We know you'll be pleased. If your dealer doesn't carry them, send 25c to us direct for each pair, stating size—we'll *prepay special* postage to get you acquainted with their quality.

Our handsome new catalog shows this sock in actual colors; and other hosiery for the whole family—drop a postal today for your free copy.

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

that she had been clean forgotten. But it was a valuable pointer. When you come to think about it at least seven parties out of ten, if they was any way along in years, had a dead Aunt Mary. And it was best to go to the good ones. Mrs. Jackson admitted that. You paid more, but you got more.

Uncle Bunker became of this opinion very soon. What Mrs. Jackson disclosed to him about May wheat had seemed to be hardly worth the dollar she asked. He began going to the good ones, and Bean gathered that even their superior gifts left something to be desired. The brilliant uncle began to accustom his home circle to frowns. Bean and the older Clara—she was beginning to complain about not sleeping and a pain in her side were sensible of this change, but the younger Clara only pouted when she noticed it at all, prettily accusing her splendid consort of not caring for her as he had once professed to. She spent more time over her hair and shopped extensively for feminine trappings.

Then one day this uncle came home, a slinking wreck of beauty, and told Aunt Clara that all was lost save honor. Bean heard the interesting announcement and gathered, after a question from his aunt, that his own patrimony had been a part of that all which was lost save honor. He heard his uncle add tearfully that one shot would end it now.

He was frightened by this, but his Aunt Clara seemed not to be. He heard her say: "There, there! Did a nassy ol' martet do adainst 'ums!" And later she was seen to take him up tea and toast and chicken.

. . . . . .

The years seemed to march more swiftly then, school and growing and little changes in the house. Booful had never fired the shot that would have ended it all. The older Clara inconsequently died and the frivolous Clara took her place in the kitchen. She had not corrected her light manner, but slowly she changed with the years until she was almost as faded as the old Clara had been—more ambitious, however, and working to better purpose. They went to a new and finer house that would hold more boarders; and the sign, which was lettered in gold, said Boarders Taken—a far more dignified sign than the old with its frank appeal of Boarders Wanted. That new sign intimated a noble condescension.

Aunt Clara had not only settled down to be a worker, but had proved to be a manager. Booful actually performed little services about the house, staying in the kitchen at mealtime to carve and help serve the food. Aunt Clara had been unexpectedly adamant in the matter of his taking a fine revenge on the market that had gone against him. She refused to provide the very modest sum he pleaded for to this end, and as the two old Uncle Bunkers were equally obdurate—they said they had known, when he married that flutter-budget, just how he would end—his leisure was never seriously menaced.

Aunt Clara was especially firm about the money because of the considerable life-insurance premiums she soon began to pay. It was her whim that little Bean had not been of competent years to lose all save honor, and she had discovered a life-insurance company whose officers were mad enough to compute Booful's loss to the world in dollars and cents. He was, in fact, considered an excellent risk. He did not fade after the manner of the busy Aunt Clara.

Bean grew to college years. Aunt Clara had been insistent about the college; it was to be the best business college in Chicago. Bean matriculated without formality and studied stenography and typewriting. Aunt Clara had been afraid that he might get in with a fast college set and learn to drink and smoke and gamble. It may be admitted that he wished to do just these things; but he had observed the effects of drink, his one experience with tobacco remained all too vivid, and gambling required more capital than the carfare he was usually provided with. Besides, you came to a bad end if you gambled. It led to other things.

Nor would he, on the public street, join with any number of his class in the college yell. He was afraid a policeman would arrest him. Even in the more mature years of a comparatively blameless life he remained afraid of policemen and never passed one without a tremor. All of which conduced to his efficiency as a student. When others fled to their questionable pleasures he was as likely as not to remain in his chair before a typewriter, pounding out over and over: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog . . ." a dramatic enough situation ingeniously worded to utilize all of the letters of our alphabet.

At last he was pronounced competent, received a diploma—which Aunt Clara framed handsomely and hung in her own room beside the pastel portrait of Booful in his opulent prime—and went forth to do a man's work.

The veil that hangs between mortal eyes and the Infinite had many times been pierced for him by the able Mrs. Jackson. He was now to enter another and more significant stage of his spiritual development under the guidance of his first employer.

This was a noble-looking old man, white-bearded and vast of brow, who came to be a boarder. He was a believer in the cult of theosophy and specialized on reincarnation. Neither word was luminous to Bean, but he learned that the old gentleman was writing a book and would need an amanuensis. They agreed upon terms and the work began. The book was a romance entitled Glimpses Through the Veil of Time, and it was to tell of a soul's adventures through a prolonged series of reincarnations. So much Bean grasped. The terminology of the author was more difficult. When you have chiefly learned to write: "Your favor of the 11th inst. came duly to hand and in reply we beg to state" it is confusing to be switched to such words as anthropogenesis and to chapter headings like Substituting Variable Quantities for Fixed Extraordinary Theoretic Possibilities. Even when the author meant to be most lucid Bean found him not too easy. "In order to simplify the theory of the Karmic cycle," dictated the white-bearded one for his introduction, "let us think of the sub-planes of the astral plane as horizontal divisions, and of the types of matter belonging to the seven great planetary Logoi as perpendicular divisions crossing these others at right angles."

What Bean made of this in transcribing his notes need not be told. What is solely important is that, as the tale progressed, he became enthralled by the doctrine of reincarnation. It was of minor consequence that he became expert in shorthand.

He had lived before—would live again! He had lived on this earth—but where had he lived? What had been his name and state? There must be a way to know. "Alclytus," began an early chapter of the tale, "was born this time in 21976 B. C. in a male body as the son of a king, in what is now the Telugu country not far from Masulipatam. He was proficient in riding, shooting, swimming and the sports of his race. When he came of age he married Surya, the daughter of a neighboring rajah, and they were very happy together in their religious studies ——"

Had he, Bunker Bean, perhaps once espoused the daughter of a rajah and been happy in religious studies with her? Had he, perchance, been even the rajah himself? Why not?

The romance was never finished. A worried son of the old gentleman appeared one day, alleged that he had run off from a good home where he was kindly treated, and by mild force carried him back. But he had performed his allotted part in Bean's life.

A few books had been left and these were read. Death was a recurring incident in an endless life. Wise men, he saw, had found this an answer to all problems—founders of religions and philosophies—Buddha, Pythagoras, Plato, the Christ. Wise moderns had accepted it—Max Müller and Hume and Goethe, Fichte, Schelling, Lessing. Bean could not appraise these authorities, but the names sounded tremendous and the men had seemed to think that reincarnation was the only doctrine of immortality a philosopher could consider.

It remained, then, to explore the Karmic past of Bunker Bean—not in any mood of lightness. A verse quoted by the old man had given him pause:

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

What had he been? For ruling once as a king, a bad king, was he now merely Bunker Bean, not precisely roaming the earth in rags, but sidling timidly through its terrors, disbelieving in himself, afraid of policemen, afraid of life?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The $800 Studebaker "20"

These Striking Advantages Compel Attention

POWER—Compared with any car of its price the Studebaker (Flanders) "20" has not only power, but *super*-power—always a resolute, unyielding, conquering ability to *go*. Its large valves, ample intake manifold, dome pistons and remarkable motor design make it incomparable in this respect. The motor has turned under load up to 3000 revolutions per minute and gives the car extraordinary power and speed. Owners unite in testifying that they never find a road where the car will not turn its wheels. Its excellent balance makes travelling easy.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Prest-O-Lite

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If the price of any motor vehicle includes lighting equipment, remember you aren't getting it free—you're paying for it.

If the machine you buy is sold frankly without lighting equipment, well and good! That leaves you free to buy your own equipment, and you'll probably buy a Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank.

But if you are not supposed to pay extra for lighting equipment, don't accept a makeshift! Insist on having Prest-O-Lite.

[illegible] for making your own gas,' included in [illegible] equipment," have been thrown away in disgust by thousands upon thousands of motorists.

Any experienced motorist will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs [illegible] costs less—than the carbide consumed [illegible] to make your own gas.

[illegible] abroad, turn[illegible]

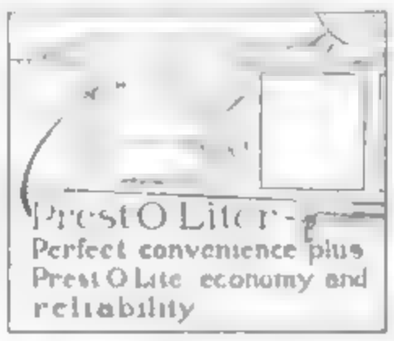
This kind of light prevents [illegible] night riding a keen pleasure, and gives satisfaction [illegible]

For AUTOMOBILES

[illegible] needs no attention that any [illegible] quickly and intelligently give.

Light your lamps from the seat

By equipping your car with the Prest-O-Lite, you can light, lower or extinguish your lamps from the seat. For headlights alone too high. This gives you, at small expense, all the convenience of the most expensive lighting system.



For MOTORCYCLES

Prest-O-Lite is the ONLY lighting system [illegible]

a genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank never gets to be second-hand and is always a READY CASH ASSET.

Talk it over with your nearest dealer (automobile or motorcycle), or write us

Don't Let Anyone Cheat You With an Imitation

The genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank when empty is [illegible] exchanged for a fulldone ANY WHERE [illegible] the [illegible] change for [illegible]

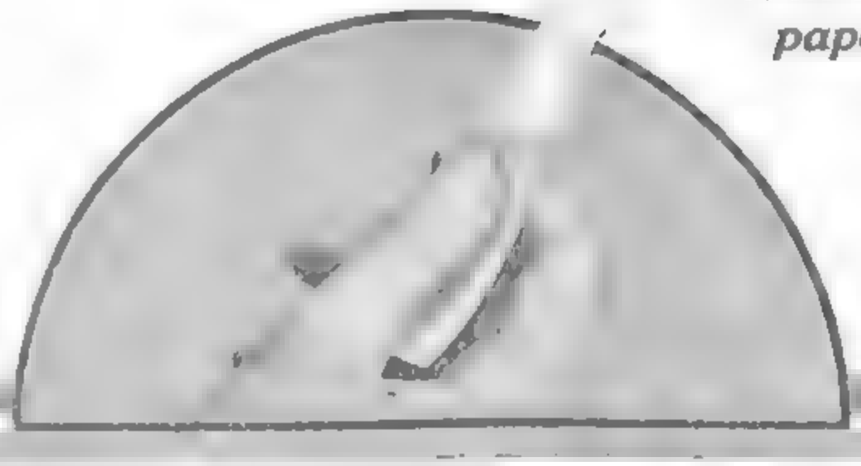
If you have any trouble in realizing the perfect satisfaction which we aim to give, write us

The Prest-O-Lite Co. Indianapolis Indiana

Branch Offices and Service Stations in all Principal Cities. Charging plants in all parts of the country. Extensive foreign service

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

Will the test paper turn pink?



Try this "Acid Mouth" Test

SEND for Free Acid Test Papers and sample Tube of Pebeco. Do it now—delay means decay. Find out whether your mouth is acid, and how to overcome it by using this truly complete dentifrice.

Tooth decay is caused by an excess of acid in the mouth. The great majority of people (9 out of every 10, authorities estimate) have unnaturally acid mouths.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

These test papers will show whether your mouth is acid or not. Hold one of the [illegible]rs on the tongue until saturated by the saliva. If the paper turns pink it gives positive proof of an acid mouth—the great cause of decay.

After making this [illegible] use the PEBECO. Then with a fresh [illegible] as with the first. This second paper will [illegible] in contrast to the reddish tints of the first paper, showing that the effect of PEBECO is to correct the acidity of the mouth and, by daily use, keep it in a natural condition

PEBECO Tooth Paste was specially made for this purpose from the formula of a great scientist. It is doubly preventive—it not only neutralizes the acids, but it destroys the germs of decay. It does more than ordinary dentifrices because it *preserves* as well as *cleanses*

Send for 10-day trial tube and Acid Test Papers

See for yourself how Pebeco whitens the teeth, sweetens your breath, and leaves your whole mouth delightfully revitalized and refreshed

PEBECO Tooth Paste is the product of hygienic laboratories of P Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world in large 50c tubes. Only a small quantity is needed at a time.

LEHN & FINK, 106 William St., New York City

[illegible] of Lehn & Fink's Rexall

TEST PAPERS
For Diagnosing the Mouth Condition
LEHN & FINK Pebeco U. S. Laboratories PEBECO
105 William Street New York City

LEHN & FINK
106 William St
New York

The Young Man Who Takes a Long Look Ahead

Is forced to this conclusion: in whatever field of business his efforts are to be extended, his success must depend largely upon his training. The young men of today—those who think for themselves—are not content to accept employment at a nominal wage and trust to luck for advancement.

They are not content to do so, we say, because their advancement does not depend upon chance, but upon two very concrete things: their natural ability, and their special education for the work before them.

Assuming that all young men are equal in natural ability—no one will admit he is below the average—then the progress of each depends directly upon his training. The young man who is specially trained for his position has an untold advantage over him who is not so trained.

Employers are willing to pay a higher salary to the young man so trained because his services are worth more at the outset, and can advance him more rapidly because he is not obliged to devote the early years of his employment to *learning the business*.

To the young man who looks ahead, therefore, the value of such an education is obvious. The next step is to secure that education in the most economical and the most effective way.

Under the Curtis Scholarship Plan a young man—or a young woman—can secure the training he needs without a cent of cost. He can select the institution which in his judgment can best give him what he wants. All the advantages of a complete technical education are his. We pay the bills.

If you are one of the young men to whom this advertisement is addressed, let us explain our Education Offer in more specific terms. No matter what your intended vocation may be—architecture, engineering, salesmanship, law, merchandising—this offer should be of particular interest to you, for by giving us only the off-time you can conveniently spare, you can secure, free of charge, a special education which will entitle you to a higher salary and more rapid advancement.

Address your letter to the

Education Division **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia, Penna.*

ON MAIN STREET

Continued from Page 16

music of the highest order. The officiating clergyman, the Right Reverend R. Jordan Roll, D. D., issues forth. The bride is given away by her father, who earlier in the day has got in practice by also giving away a certified check for a few millions, the recipient in both instances being the same. The solemn words are uttered which unite the fond pair in the preferred gold-bearing bonds of wedlock, while without the crowds riot to and fro, and all is merry and bright on the gladsome marriage day.

After which the couple sail away for foreign parts on the Mauretania and the presents follow on the Lusitania, making a full load—and nothing more is heard from them until the smashup comes. The contributory causes leading up to this dénouement are various and numerous. Sometimes the lady finds she has a title and nobody to show it to. Two of the richest young women in America who contracted marriages with Hungarian noblemen have never been presented at the Austrian court—and never will be, either, because the Austrian court requires sixteen quarterings on the ancestral shield. Trademarks do not count; it takes ancestral quarterings. And owing to an oversight on the part of the framers of the Constitution of the United States—or somebody—we are doing very little in ancestral quarterings on this side of the water. In time Congress may remedy the defect; but at this writing we are not carrying any ancestral quarterings in stock.

This country has been very kind to the excessively rich. By doing things which would have landed their forbears in Newgate they land in Newport. Along the Eastern seaboard there has been developed, by careful culture, a type of person who will permit a rich man to call him "My good man" without taking off his coat right there on the spot and proving that he's not only a good man but a blamed sight the better man of the two. However, we have never made any adequate provision for armorial quarterings; and so these two young women, for notable examples—and a good many others perhaps whom we shall not mention—cannot go to court.

Game Not Worth the Scandal

Life in an ancestral castle that is liable to fall down any minute likewise palls sometimes upon an American bride. She can walk in a vaulted hall full of ancestral portraits, but she misses the pleasant open plumbing to which she has been accustomed. Such medieval fixings as a donjon-keep, a moat, a portcullis, a demiculverin and a demijohn are highly attractive things to have round, no doubt; but they do not compensate for the absence of a bathtub and a waterproof roof. Anyway she is not accustomed to this sort of thing—where she came from only bats and ghosts live in melancholy ruins. Regular human beings have regular houses. One imagines the titled lady sitting alone in a banquet hall tearing the stubs out of her depleted bankbook one by one and saying pensively the while: "He loves me; he loves me not!" And when she comes to the last one she may be reasonably sure that he loves her not. There have been such instances—if we can believe what we hear.

Some one went to the trouble recently of compiling a list of forty-six of these international marriages between American women and European noblemen that had ended in divorce, in separation or in desertion by the husband. According to the evidence brought out in court, the wives—among other things—had been threatened with carving knives; forced to entertain toedancers and prizefighters at dinner; compelled to surrender all their money on the day of the wedding; driven into the street at night; struck with clubs; insulted in public; kept prisoners in locked and barred rooms; robbed of their jewelry and beaten brutally. It was estimated that the joint fortunes of these forty-six American brides amounted to ninety million dollars, most of which had been spent by their husbands. In view of this interesting compilation of results, the initiatory expense and trouble of the weddings seemed hardly justified; the game apparently was not worth the scandal.

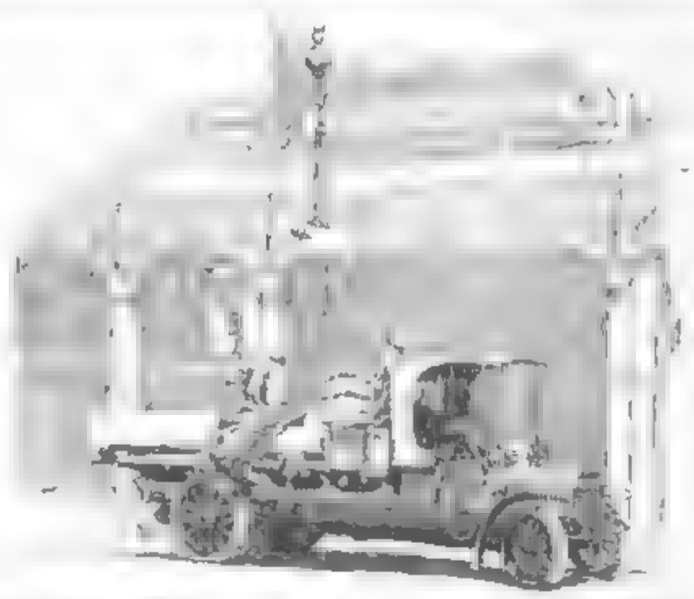
Not so very long ago the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in America was getting married. There was only one drawback to the complete success of the undertaking as viewed through New York eyes—she was marrying a self-respecting, self-supporting American instead of a person with a title; but in all other respects the appurtenances and accessories were in keeping with what the New York public has learned to expect of a society wedding. There was a police commissioner then who didn't know his business. He is gone now, having been succeeded by eighteen or nineteen other police commissioners so his name escapes me; but I do remember this: he failed to send enough police to the church. He only sent a beggarly hundred or so. The populace, to the number of ten or fifteen thousand, turned out and swamped the policemen bodily. They overran the lines, stormed the doors of the church and, if my memory serves me aright, smashed windows. One woman was caught trying to crawl down a coal chute into the basement; she said she was a dressmaker and that she meant to take notes on the costumes of the wedding party. If that were true she had a much better excuse than most of the others who tried to break in.

A majority of the mob were women, and well-dressed women at that; but there were plenty of men too—mainly persons afflicted in a violent form with that phase of New-Yorkitis which impels a man to fight his way madly across a crowded platform, jam his way aboard an already packed L train, come down the steps at his station on a hard run—and then spend twenty minutes standing in front of a show window watching a man demonstrating a new style of collar button. People who haply live elsewhere do not realize what sad and dun-colored lives the masses of New York people live! They are in the midst of big things, but not of them. They are motes buzzing in a swarm of five million other motes. They are where the wheels go round, but nobody ever invites them for a ride.

Among Those Present

In a smaller community there is an opening once in a while for the average unknown citizen to figure in the life and the movement of the place; in New York he is never heard of unless he's lucky enough to be drawn for service on a jury trying a prominent murderer or to get run over in a public and spectacular manner by an automobile. It is because of this that so many grownup New York men show a strange, pitiable eagerness to project themselves into the center of things, and to share even remotely in the excitement of the moment, no matter what the cost may be in comfort and dignity and self-respect. And so, by the thousand, these men came to this wedding and battled like tigers for places in the front row; but the women were worse even than the men. The bride was almost torn apart when she stepped out of her carriage; apparently a large number of ladies were simultaneously actuated by the same desire—namely, to see if it were true about her having on nine thousand dollars' worth of real lace. The groom had to fight for his life—and he wasn't dressed for fighting either.

A few months later another young woman of great wealth was married in the same church. This wedding was more orthodox—the groom had a title—not one of the big three-rings-and-elevated-stage titles, but nevertheless a title. This time the police commissioner in power for the moment showed wisdom. He detailed two hundred and sixty-four policemen—the papers all printed the figures—to handle the situation. Thick blue lines of brass-buttoned heroes closed Fifth Avenue to all traffic for two blocks above the church and for two blocks below it. Everywhere there were policemen—on foot, on horseback, in full panoply and disguised as persons. By main brute force they herded the crowd back within bounds—a crowd estimated at twelve thousand; but still there was trouble, and plenty of it. A lot of people, mostly women, who hadn't been invited managed to get inside the church. One story was that a lot of forged admission tickets were printed by some enterprising person and peddled to the highest bidder. The interlopers swarmed in like a plague of locusts. They overran the church, jostling the ushers aside and preëmpting the seats that had been set aside for other persons; and when the rightly qualified guests



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The right motor-truck—the right one—enlarges the scope of business and makes it more effective. In this connection we offer:

1. A truck for every need of every industry. Capacities of 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons, with every method of load distribution, and bodies adapted to all kinds of business.
2. Trucks that have already earned their owners more than the investment.
3. Help in your transportation problem.

Inform yourself what motor-transportation with International trucks means to your business.

International Motor Company

General Offices: Broadway and 57th St New York
Works: Allentown Pa; Plainfield N J

Sales and Service Stations: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Baltimore, [illegible], Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other large cities

Canadian Sales Agents: The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co, Ltd, Montreal

BEACON SHOES

TRADE MARK

How Much Should Good Shoes Cost?

If you will wear Beacon Shoes you will *know* that many other shoe prices are too high.

For $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 you can buy a pair of Beacon Shoes—Union Made by Genuine Goodyear Welt Process. Thirty-four hundred dealers sell Beacon Shoes in the United States. Ask any one of them, or write us for catalog. We will supply you direct where we have no dealer at regular prices.

FOR MEN

Snappy styles, perfect fit from best leathers.

F. M. HOYT SHOE COMPANY, Manchester, N. H.

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Here is the paper for your new set of books for next year. It's the ideal ledger paper and it has the staying qualities that make it *always* to be desired. It has the finest of writing and ruling qualities and you'll find it just *right* for your purposes. It stands erasing without flinching and the rubbed spot takes the ink smoothly, leaving the second writing as legible as the first.

Scotch Linen Ledger

stands the repeated turning of the leaves in all books that you use, doesn't tear easily and both sides of the sheet have the *same* writing surface. Made in white, buff and blue. The buff is recommended for those having sensitive eyes. You'll do well to specify Scotch Linen Ledger paper for all books in your department.

You may pay more, but you cannot buy better value.

PARSONS PAPER COMPANY
Holyoke, U. S. A.
Established 1853

arrived they refused to vacate. There were quarrels and hard words and the sound of women weeping. For an hour before the ceremony the whole place was in a turmoil, and when the ceremony began the turmoil grew worse.

At the first sight of the bridal party entering nearly all the women present stood up. They stepped up on the seats, and some of them climbed still higher and balanced themselves precariously upon the backs of the pews. The march of the choir boys was halted while policemen ejected a photographer who had suddenly bobbed up at the head of the main aisle with his camera aimed and his bomb loaded, all ready to take a snapshot of the couple as they reached the altar. By reason of the noise, the words of the clergyman were inaudible to persons in the front pews, inside the white ribbons; and, after the marriage was over and the couple started for the door, the crowds swarmed into the aisle, breaking up the procession and threatening to trample and suffocate children and old people.

However, in all other respects this wedding, as judged by the local standards of comparison, was a complete success. It cost the bride's father nearly a hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the cost of the wedding presents. The trousseau of the young woman and the costumes of her attendants footed up, it was estimated, to twenty-seven thousand dollars. That was merely one item. The flowers for the church decorations—all blossoms out of season cost ten thousand, and the favors for the guests added three thousand more. The caterer's bill was four thousand dollars, and that didn't include a thousand that was paid for the bride's cake, a dainty confection which stood four feet high and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds before being eaten—and much more afterward. Ten thousand dollars was said to have been used up in entertaining guests from abroad. The bride had a dowry of two millions and the groom had debts amounting to nearly as much—so there, at least, things balanced off properly.

Figures were printed to show that the salaries paid by the city to the two hundred and sixty-four policemen during the time they were on duty at the church amounted to eight hundred and sixty dollars. It was the taxpayer who footed this bill; but he had no cause for complaint. Merely by going to the church he could get his share back in excitement. If he was a truckdriver and went there on his truck, he found the street closed off and could enjoy an exhilarating drive of half a mile out of his way; and if he went afoot he could experience the sensation of having his face shoved in for him by a large policeman. From a New Yorker's viewpoint nothing could be fairer than that! It is expected there will be several of these international weddings during this fall.

Preserving Order

A FORMER newspaper cartoonist, who retired from picture drawing and went into dividend drawing as owner of a big store and a few other things in Florida, was going home one night when he met a crowd of his fellow citizens on the way to the jail.

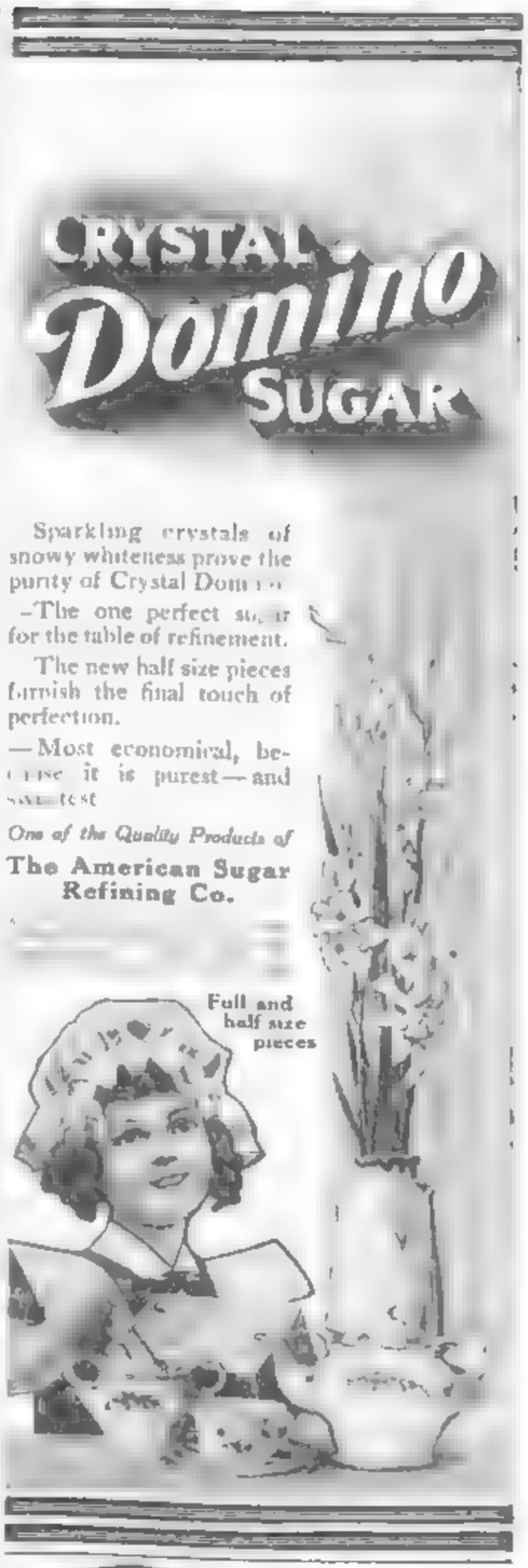
"What's up?" asked the newspaper man.

It was explained that a negro had murdered a white man that afternoon, had been arrested, was in jail, and that it was the intention of those present to lynch him.

"Hold on!" said the newspaper man, mounting a convenient doorstep. "Wait a minute! Stop for a time! We must not do this thing. You all know that this county is a law-abiding county. We are one of the few Southern counties that never repudiated our bonds. When we want to sell a mess of bonds we take them up to New York and sell them at a premium. We've got a good reputation. We obey the law and pay our debts. We mustn't do anything to destroy that reputation. Don't lynch this nigger. Let him go to trial. He'll be convicted and they'll hang him, and we'll preserve our reputation for being law-abiding citizens."

There were murmurs of dissent.

"And I want to say," continued the newspaper man, "that if you persist in this I'll go over to the house and get my shotgun and I'll stand there beside the sheriff and fight with him to preserve law and order. I'll preserve it too. Go home now, and let this man have his trial and his legal hanging. They'll hang him—but if they acquit him, my friends, then I'll be with you!"



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—The one perfect sugar for the table of refinement.

The new half size pieces furnish the final touch of perfection.

—Most economical, because it is purest—and sweetest

One of the Quality Products of
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There Are No Just As Good
Wise People Who Are Looking Out for a Rainy Day have a Utica Plow. Have you? It will save you
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Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments in your own home
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One year's saved garage bills often cover the cost of a
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Order NOW and save winter storage

Sleep Like a "Log"—Every Night

Look at the picture. It is an illustrated affidavit of the position in which Foster IDEAL Springs hold the body. That's the natural, healthful way—no strain on the spine. Every part of the body is supported gently, evenly, buoyantly. No sagging—no rolling to the center, even with people of unequal weight.

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... mother of a nursing babe to try ... sale. Send us your address ... simple way ... tected orifice at bottom—will not ... feeds regularly. State baby's age, kind and quantity of food.
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Every housewife will want one the minute she sees it. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.
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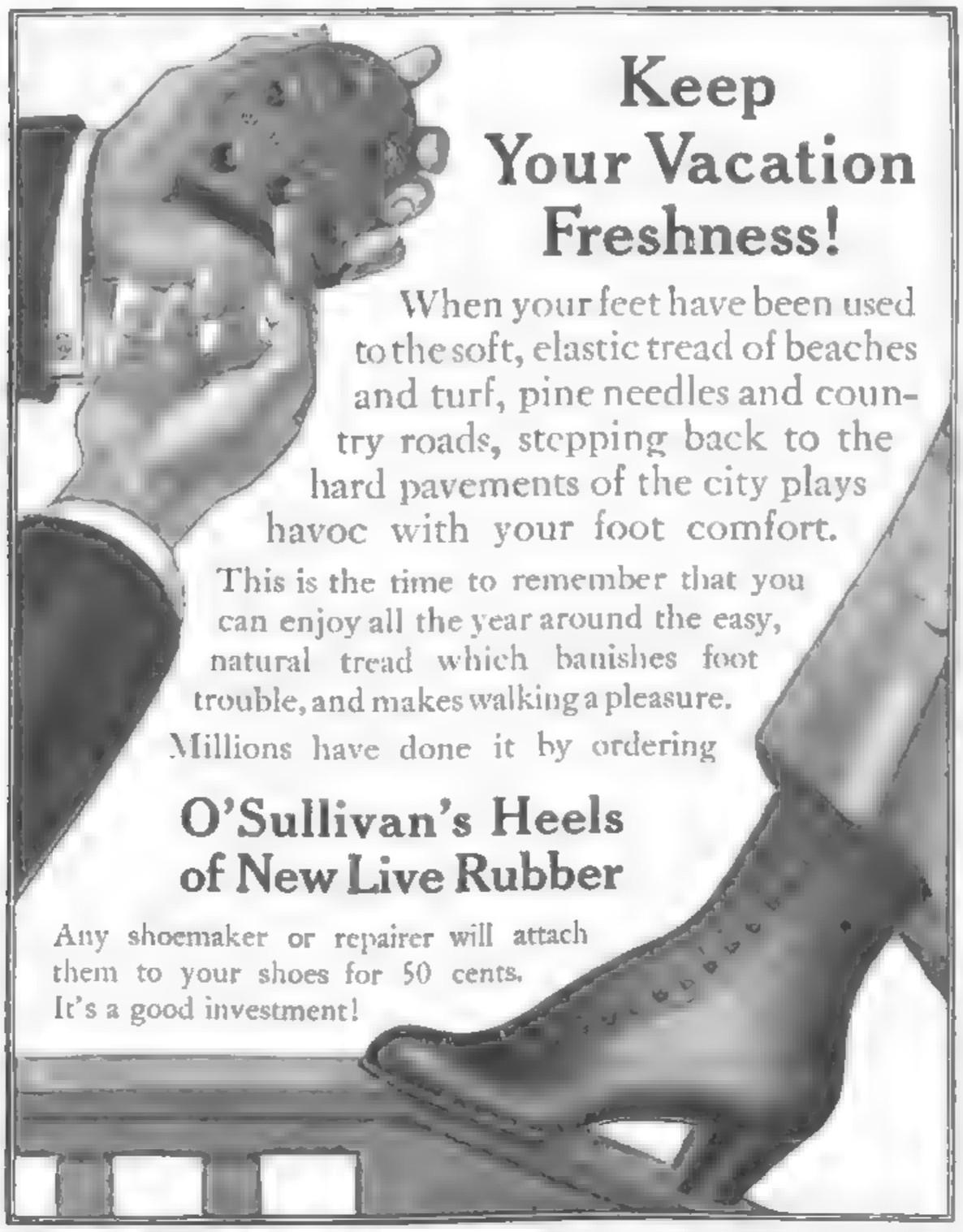

Keep Your Vacation Freshness!

When your feet have been used to the soft, elastic tread of beaches and turf, pine needles and country roads, stepping back to the hard pavements of the city plays havoc with your foot comfort.

This is the time to remember that you can enjoy all the year around the easy, natural tread which banishes foot trouble, and makes walking a pleasure.

Millions have done it by ordering

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Any shoemaker or repairer will attach them to your shoes for 50 cents. It's a good investment!

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

There are several imitations now *of the*

PARIS GARTERS

They imitate the box; they imitate the shape; they even copy what we say about "No metal can touch you." Until they imitate the quality, you'd better have Paris Garters. They don't cost any more.

Prices 25c and 50c for silk

Look for the name PARIS on the back of the shield

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From New York to Bombay Blue Serge is a gentleman's cloth.

To prove how really smart a Blue Serge suit can be, we have tailored some handsome serges into the new Fall models.

These have been made as an example of Adler-Rochester tailoring and Adler-Rochester values.

Do not buy a Fall suit without seeing and critically examining these models.

Please send your name for our new Fall Book of Men's Fashions and our nearest Dealer's address

L. ADLER BROS. & COMPANY
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Wax Adds a Refinement to Floors Other Finishes Cannot Impart

But waxes differ. The wax must contain the hard imported waxes, of which Old English Floor Wax alone is made, to produce the rich, soft lustre that made "Old English" finish famous and has been acknowledged as good taste for ages

Old English Floor Wax

For Floors—Furniture—Woodwork

makes them very easy to take care of. They do not show mars nor scratches, are not sticky, and do not hold dust. Old English outlasts and goes farther than other waxes; hence is most economical. You'll find it very easy to apply and the finish will *last*. A 60c can will do the floor of a large room. For hardwood or pine floors.

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Send BOOKLET and FREE Sample so I may try Old English at home.

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Address

If Interested Send for Book

Mail to [illegible]

If I Bought a Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Here are some things which I'd require if I bought a car. I've learned their need by building 60,000 cars.

I could save, I judge, $200 per car by building Reo the Fifth without them. But you might lose three times that by the lack.

Economy

I would want economy of upkeep. That would mean big tires.

My cars have always been overtired, according to usual standards. But on October 1st I added 22 per cent to the tire size on Reo the Fifth. Now the tires are 34x4.

Tire makers say that 22 per cent will add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage.

To further save on tires and fuel I would want a light, strong car.

That means drop forgings, costing twice what castings cost. *In Reo the Fifth I use 190.*

And I add considerable cost to the body to save another 50 pounds.

Safety

I would look out for safety, above all else, in any car I bought.

In Reo the Fifth I use Chrome Nickel Steel, Vanadium Steel and Manganese Steel. Then each lot of steel is analyzed twice to make sure of the needed strength.

I insist on big margins of safety. Every driving part in Reo the Fifth is made sufficient for a 45-horsepower car.

I use 14-inch brake drums for quick, sure control.

Durability

In a car of my own, bought for many years' use, I would look for immense durability.

Roller bearings cost *five times as much* as the usual ball bearings. But they save many times their cost.

In Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings—11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

I use a machine for testing my springs, and I require them to stand 100,000 vibrations.

I test my gears in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis.

I spend about $10 extra for a centrifugal water pump, over the cost of a syphon.

The various parts of this car get a thousand inspections, so errors and weaknesses can't creep in. My 190 drop forgings do away with the hidden flaws often found in steel castings.

I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so the men are never rushed.

Such cars show the absolute minimum of wear.

Comfort

I would never buy a car which skimped on comfort, for the pleasure of motoring depends on it.

For comfort in driving I doubly heat my carburetor. That saves the troubles with low-grade gasoline. I use a $75 magneto to save ignition troubles. In Reo the Fifth you can start on magneto.

I use a new type of center control, so all the gear shifting is done by moving a lever only three inches in each of four directions. You would not go without it for $100 after you try it out.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, so no levers are in the way of the driver. And the driver sits on the left hand side, close to the cars he passes.

For comfort in riding I use big springs—seven-leaf springs, two inches wide, with rear springs 46 inches long. They are Sheldon springs.

I give a long, wide car, with ample room. I give them deep cushions, built so they never sag.

I use genuine leather in upholstering and fill it with the best curled hair.

Finish

Then I want for my own use a beautiful car. So I build this car with an impressive body, and finish it with 17 coats. I use electric side lights, and build them flush with the dash.

I give to every detail that final touch which adds to one's pride in a car. I abominate petty economies.

Men's Faith In Me

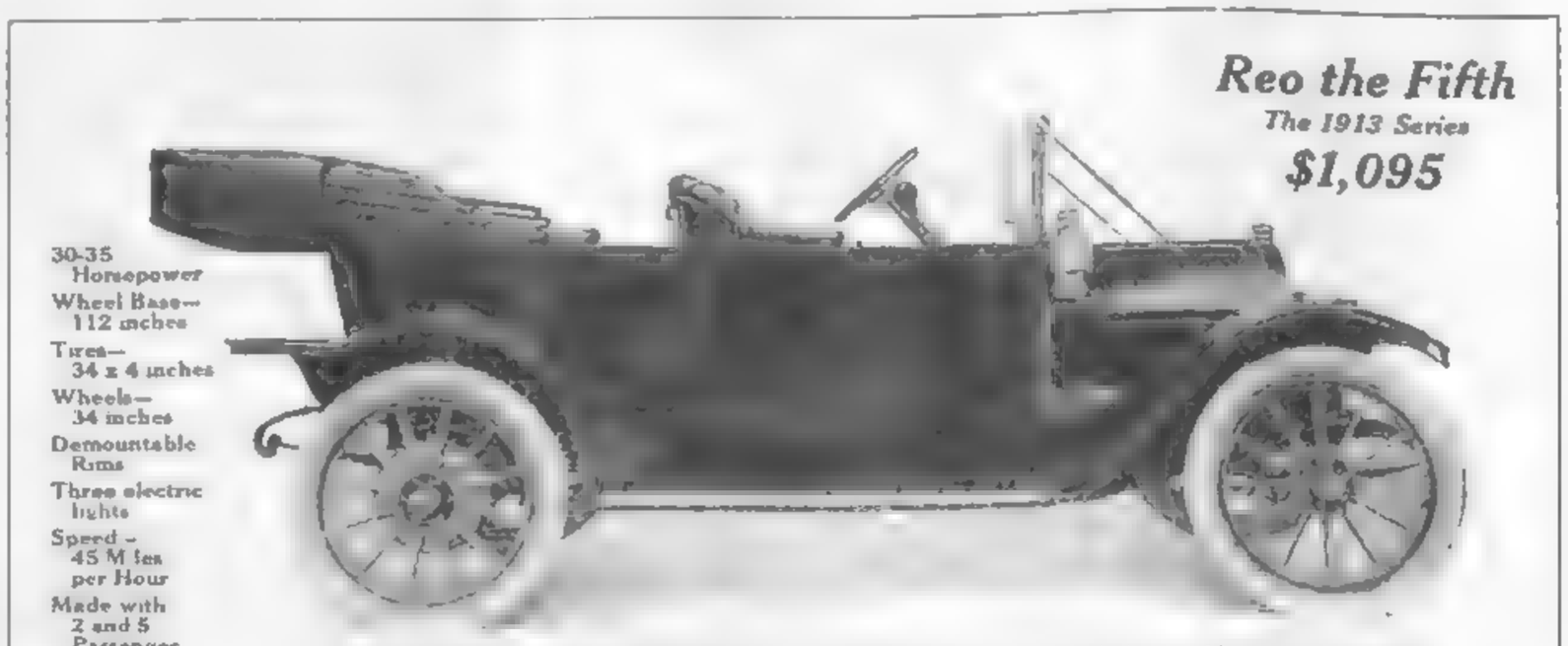
After 25 years, the best I have gained is men's faith in the cars I build. And my chiefest aim is to justify that faith.

I could easily save $200 per car by skimping on things which buyers don't see. That slighted car at a startling price would pay me more profit than Reo the Fifth. And, by talking equipment—the things one sees—I could sell more cars, beyond any doubt, than by dealing with hidden worth.

But my ambition doesn't lead that way. I would never buy a car which the makers skimped, and I never shall try to sell one.

Enough men will always want well-built cars—generous, roomy, economical, safe—to keep this factory busy. And those men will always say good words about my engineering.

Reo the Fifth, with the latest improvements, is shown in our new catalog. Write us for it and we will tell you where to see car.



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer and self-starter—all for $100 extra.

R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(110)

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

(Continued from Page 23)

This meant, if it meant anything, that the tariff question, put to the fore of the Democratic platform, had been subordinated. And the first suggestion that this was so—if I may record my guess—was contained in that particular sentence in Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance, to wit: "I say nothing for the moment about the policy of protection, conceived and carried out as a disinterested statesman might conceive it."

The governor does not look with favor upon the initiative and referendum, or upon the presidential primary "as at present conducted." He is openly opposed to the recall of judges, while of the recall of judicial decisions he said:

"Lincoln held it to be the inalienable right of an unsuccessful litigant to go down to the tavern and cuss the court. It is the theory of Roosevelt that it is the right of an unsuccessful litigant to go down to the tavern and overrule the court."

The New Nationalism, he admits, makes him crazy. To strengthen the arm of the Federal Government, he believes, would make possible other "criminal acts," like the absorption of Tennessee Coal and Iron by United States Steel. "When Roosevelt authorized that deal," said the governor, pointing his finger at me, "he did what I'd do if a man came in here and said he wanted to kill another man, but wanted me to assure him of pardon before firing the shot; then, receiving that assurance, went out and committed murder."

When you ask about the rule of the people, the governor takes you back to what he calls "first principles." "The ballot is not an inalienable right of a free man," he insisted. "It is given by society only to those who will use it for the common good of all, and no man can use the ballot for the common good who does not have knowledge, experience and conscience. Voting must cease to be a perfunctory performance, and post-election reminiscences of crooked deals must cease to be humorous.

"The best form of government cannot exist in its purity over a bad people. You've got to have civic reform before you can have legislative enactments based on those reforms. In its last analysis, regardless of constitutions, statutes and court decisions, the law is the moral sentiment of each particular community."

The Rind of the Melon

Spurred to action by Marshall, the Indiana legislature has ratified the income tax, "resolved" in favor of direct election of United States senators, enacted an employers' liability law, a corrupt-practices act, and a statute to give publicity to campaign contributions, and has authorized the State Railroad Commission to regulate rates. But of these things the governor does not talk unless questioned, taking the view, perhaps, that they were all in the official day's work and expected of him, or of the legislature working with him, by the people of the state. Let me give an idea of the kind of subject the governor of Indiana is pleased to talk about. Preferably it should be something with principle back of it—such as, for example, the note in his campaign addresses, that new legislation was not needed so much as enforcement of existing law. When he got a chance as governor he applied the doctrine.

There was a bankrupt railroad with two hundred miles of track in the state of Indiana, which was sold at a master's sale in the United States Court to a subsidiary corporation composed of men interested in the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. This company was capitalized at three million dollars—or fifteen thousand dollars a mile. The purchasers at the master's sale conveyed the road to this corporation, and immediately a mortgage of forty million dollars was placed upon it. By the terms of this mortgage certain of the bonds were to be turned over to the purchasers at the master's sale in payment for the road.

Governor Marshall got hold of these facts, and he didn't like the transaction a bit. So he called in the attorney-general of the state and asked him if he couldn't bring a suit to halt the scheme of over-capitalization. At the first interview the attorney-general replied in the negative. Indiana had no law to prevent the organization of the over-capitalized subsidiary corporation, and no law to prevent the sale of bonds at any price whatsoever. But the governor contended that the corporate laws of Indiana were intended to be honestly administered; the law contemplated "that when a company is incorporated the capital stock should be paid in meal and malt at a fair market value and that bonds likewise should be sold at a fair market value." Still the attorney-general was not convinced.

"Well," said the governor, "can you fix up some kind of a suit that will give me the opportunity to go up and down the state and talk about this deal in high finance?"

The attorney-general saw no difficulty in that. But when he came the next day, after studying the law, he was ready to agree with the governor—to prepare a suit to oust the new corporation from the state. Accordingly the suit was filed. And without delay the attorney for the railroad called upon the governor.

"Look here!" began the governor, "I've heard that some of your people have said down in Wall Street that a fine large melon is to be cut in Indiana. Well, I want to tell you that if there is any melon cut you fellows will get the rind."

Stretching the Constitution

Then they got down to business. The governor dictated the terms of surrender. The capital stock was to be increased from three to five millions—and paid in in cash. The old mortgage was to be canceled and a new mortgage for thirty—instead of forty—million dollars put upon the road, but with the specific proviso that none of the bonds should be sold for less than eighty cents on the dollar; that bonds should not be sold to directors or stockholders at a less sum than they could be sold upon the market; that no bonds were to be sold at all save for one of three purposes—first, improvement of the road; second, building additions thereto; third, paying for terminal facilities in Chicago; furthermore, that the stock in the terminal facilities was to go into the treasury of the Chesapeake & Ohio of Indiana, and become part of its assets; provided, further, that before any bonds were issued contracts should be let for terminal facilities, improvements or additions, and the amount thereof be shown by the affidavit of the president of the road; and P. S.—no contract was to be made with any subsidiary corporation of the company. In other words, bonds were not to be sold for less than eighty cents on the dollar, and the money raised from the sale of bonds was to be used for improvements actually made.

"That new mortgage," said the governor, "is a model railroad mortgage." For, you see, the railroad accepted the terms offered and the suit was dismissed. The effect of the contest and settlement was to disclose that the law in Indiana was sufficient to protect investors and to demand of corporations that their capital stock be fully paid in; that their bonds must not be sold at less than the market value, and that the money realized from bond sales must be used for corporate purposes.

It is related of Marshall that, when the schools opened in September, he would take his station at a point where the children passed, and select a boy here and a girl there who were in need of clothing or whose appearance indicated that their parents could not afford to purchase their school books. These children invariably reappeared at school in warm clothing and with textbooks—like the other children. "Just one of Tom Marshall's notions," his neighbors said. It was the notion of a warm-hearted, generous man, who wished to help the helpless about him. But it is not on record that Governor Marshall has proposed free textbooks for all school children, the state to bear the expense.

Again: In his speech accepting the Democratic nomination for vice-president he did not hesitate to say: "If it be impossible to restore this Republic to its ancient ideals, which I do not believe, and I must make the ultimate choice between the paternalism of the few and the socialism of the many, count me and my house with the throbbing heart of humanity." Here, also, is the good-hearted Marshall.

In the writer's humble opinion, however, fine phrases, even in the mouth of an honest, sincere man, do not necessarily mean

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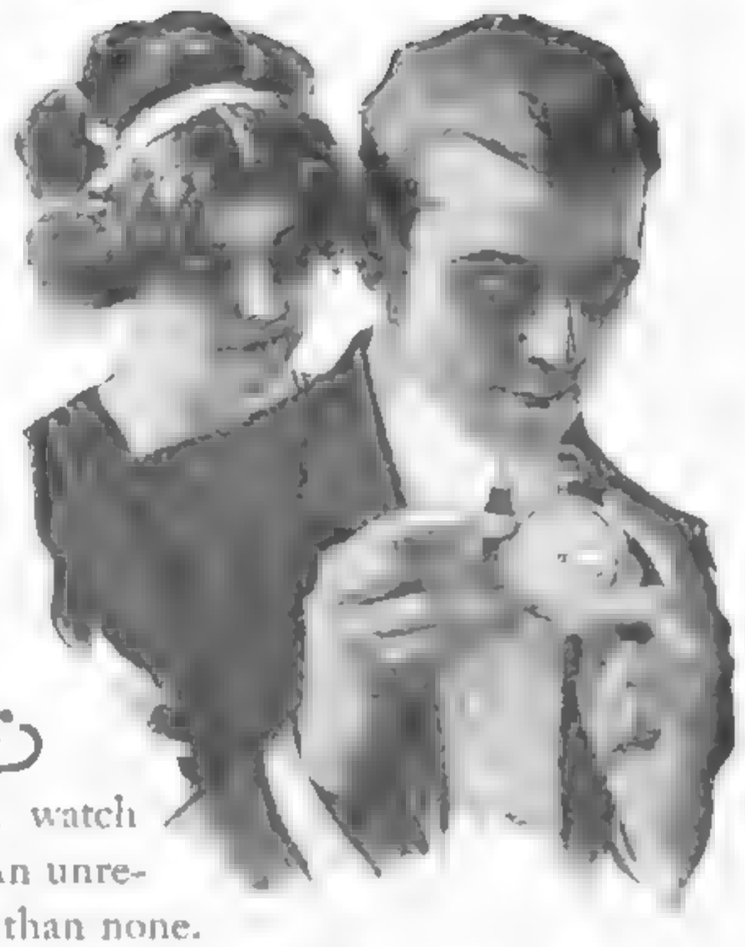

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relief to those who are suffering from social abuses. Therefore the social and industrial planks in the Progressive platform were pressed upon Governor Marshall's attention.

"All good in their way," admitted the governor, "but how are you going to get them under our form of government?"

"The Progressive leaders propose to amend the Constitution, if necessary."

The governor shook his head. Something reminded me of one of his speeches, delivered after the United States Supreme Court handed down its decision in the Standard Oil case.

"Governor, you have said publicly, haven't you, that the Supreme Court read the word 'reasonable' into the Sherman Anti-Trust Law?"

"I have—and I say so now." And the governor explained his interpretation of the decision at length.

"Then the Supreme Court, in your opinion, amended an act of Congress?"

"In effect, yes," the governor replied.

"In construing the commerce clause of the Constitution, the Supreme Court, as a matter of fact, has been stretching the Constitution for years, hasn't it?"

"Gradually, perhaps, but not with any degree of violence certainly," corrected the governor.

"Isn't it better—better for the courts—for the people to amend their Constitution than for the Supreme Court to amend it?"

"Under Article V the people have the right and the power, and are given the machinery to amend the Constitution," said Governor Marshall.

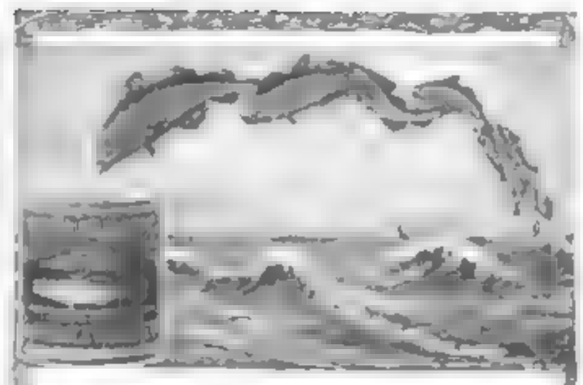
Marshall is the product of the party caucus—which speaks mighty well for the much-maligned caucus system. Johnson is the product of the direct primary. Marshall belongs to the early Jeffersonian school of political thought. Johnson was so much ahead of his party that he left it behind. Marshall has four planks in his own National platform—tariff for revenue only, economy in public expenditures, preservation of the rights of the states, and enforcement of the law. Johnson was working out the Progressive program in California before the new party was formed. Marshall would control the trusts through the threat of forfeiture of their corporate charters by the state and by legislation—in the states—against interlocking directorates. Johnson would regulate Big Business by Federal commission, as the railroads are regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. If left to himself, Marshall would advocate tariff for revenue only with no hedging. Johnson would war on special privilege but would retain the principle of protection. Marshall believes that "the world is governed too much." Johnson has no fear of increasing the agencies of government so long as these agencies spring from and are responsive to the American people.

Postal Problems

ADVOCATES of government ownership of express companies look at the advantages that are to be gained by government operation of these enterprises, but overlook some of the adverse circumstances which are of great importance. The large increase in the expense of operating express companies under government ownership is a factor that should be carefully taken into consideration by those who anticipate a tremendous reduction in rates as a result of government ownership of the express companies.

In view of the fact that all service performed for the Government costs more practically than service performed for private enterprises, it is doubtful whether government ownership would, on the whole, result in any lower cost of service.

Whatever a man's views as to the desirability of government ownership of express companies, there should not be in that respect any reason why he should disapprove of the extension of our present postal service in the handling of fourth-class matter. The total routes covered by the express companies aggregate approximately 258,000 miles, while the mail routes cover 435,000 miles, not including over 1,000,000 miles of rural routes. If the express companies were taken over today and their operation continued under the present organization until the system could be amalgamated with the Post-Office Department there would still be 177,000 miles of post routes without the parcel service.



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Trouble—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

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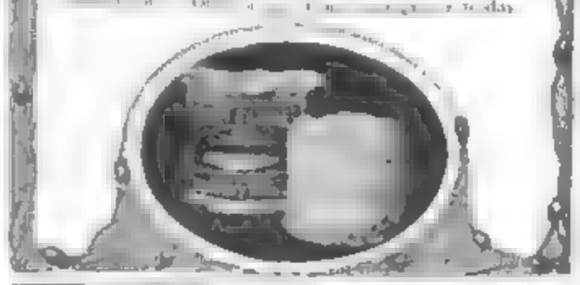

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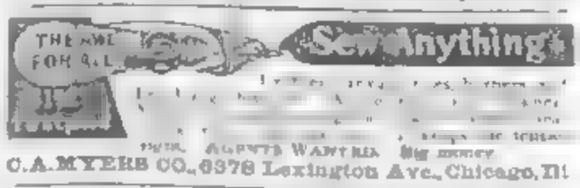

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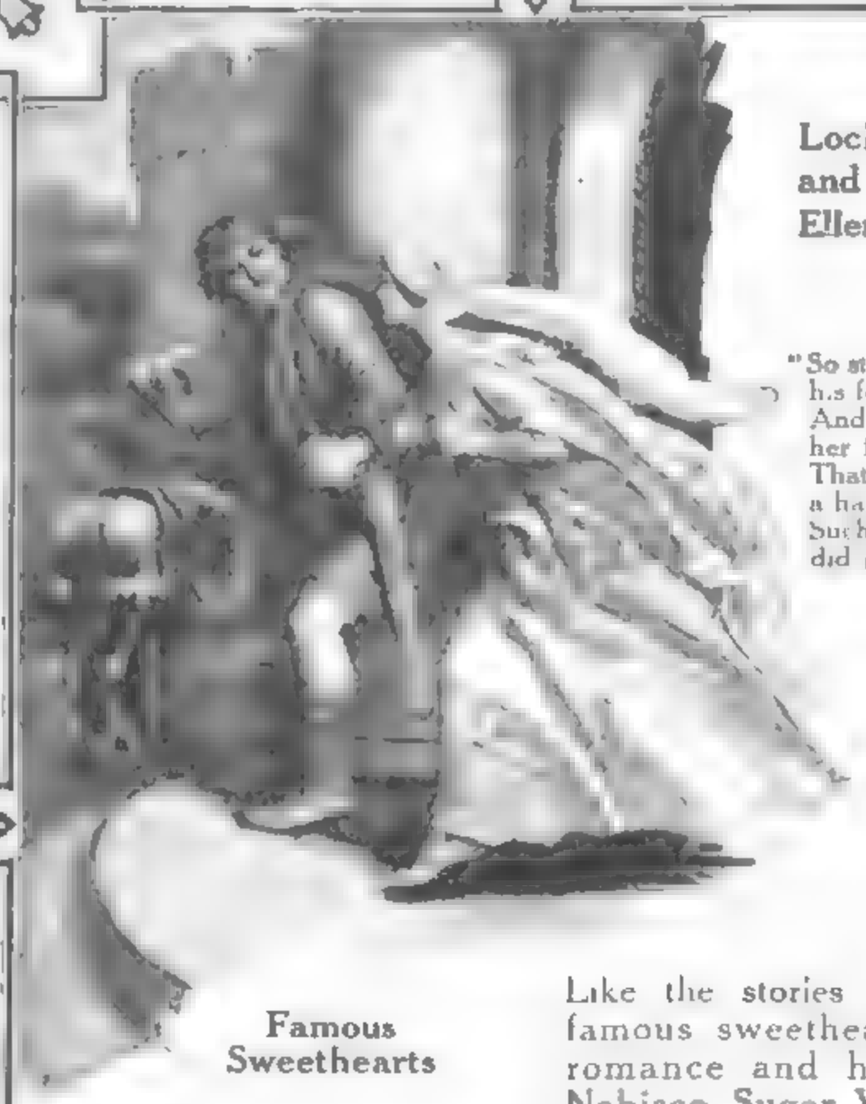

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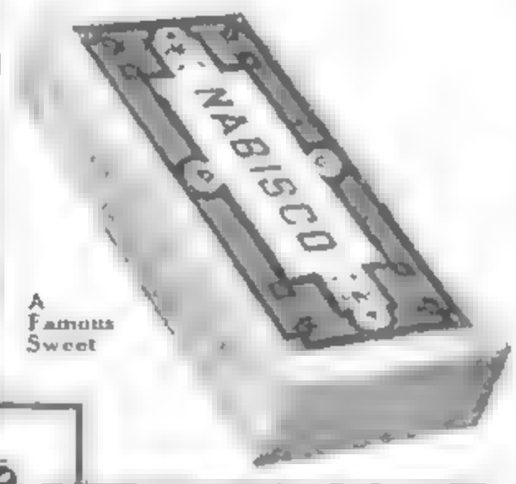

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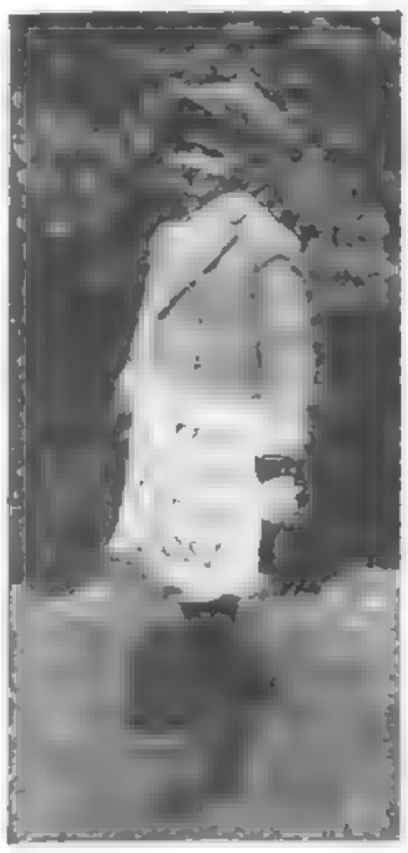

Herbert Florer, P-J Boy and son of college professor

What is worth more than dollars and cents

to any boy is a sense of responsibility, initiative and accuracy, for largely on these three qualities will be built his success in later life.

Herbert Florer, the son of Professor Florer of the University of Michigan, sells *The Saturday Evening Post* in Ann Arbor. His father encourages him to do so because he realizes that the boy's profit in dollars and cents is only the least of the benefits he derives. A short time ago we wrote to Professor Florer; in part he replied as follows:

"Recently in an address I mentioned the great work being done by *The Saturday Evening Post* for the lads of America. There is no doubt that the 'P-J Game' is a vital part of their education. The boys are taught the value of money; they learn with surprising quickness how to read the character of the men they meet. The association with men furthers their own independent individuality. They soon find out that manliness is a winning quality, that a generous smile is an asset, and that willingness to work is recognized by the 'big men.'

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"The P-J Game teaches them to observe the WHAT, to ascertain the HOW, and to appreciate the WHY. It teaches them to think, to act, and therefore prepares them to become the useful citizens of tomorrow."

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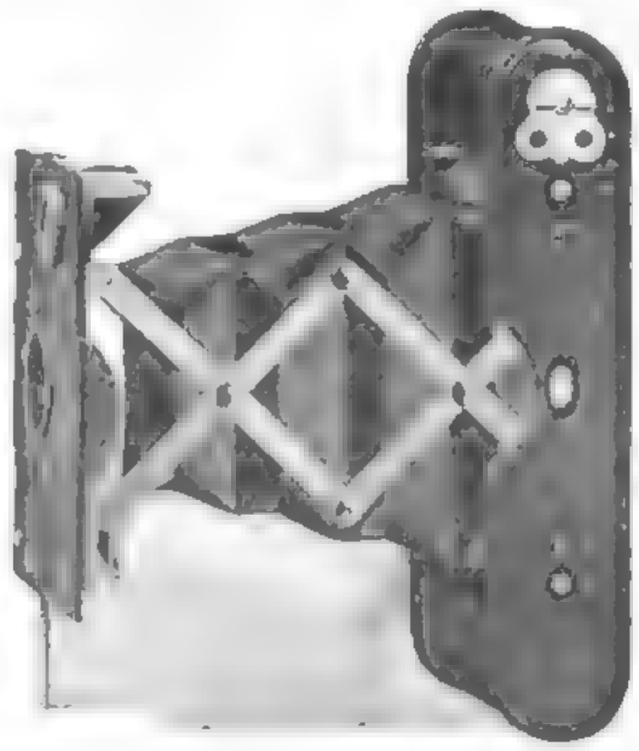

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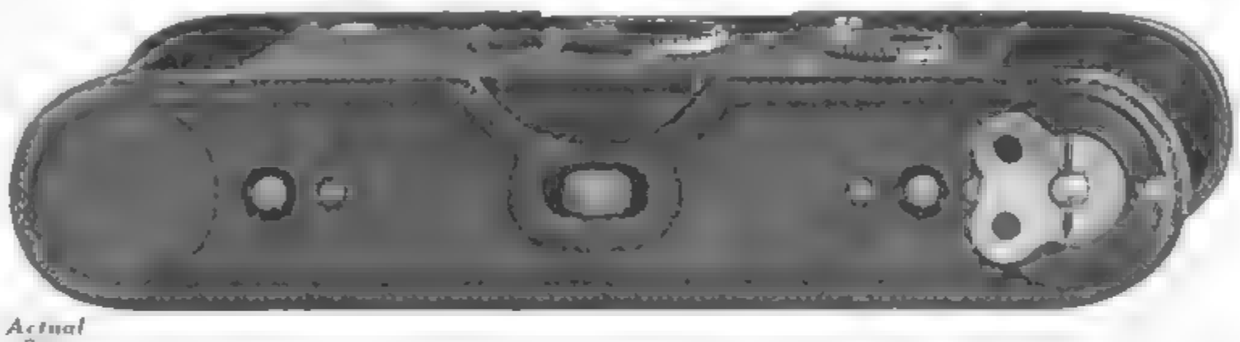

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The "General" says:

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"I have originated a method of standardizing roofing quality and value—the ***Certain-teed*** label pasted on every roll. This label is assurance that you are getting the best possible roofing at a reasonable price. Look for it."

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General Roofing

CHANGED NEW ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 9)

Mr. Wilson has been calm and contained. The people have looked him over, have decided he will do, and have laid aside any further thought of the matter, except professionally, until election day. Mr. Wilson has been accepted as a thoroughly good nominee, who fits in with the general Democratic scheme of things, and with the general political scheme of things, as it has fallen out, and all hands intend to give him a trial.

But Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wilson's managers and partisan Democrats must not delude themselves into thinking that the Democratic party is voting for Mr. Wilson because he is Mr. Wilson or for anything Mr. Wilson has said or may say. That is far from being the inciting motive. Mr. Wilson happens to be the medium at hand, placed in this conspicuous position by a chain of circumstances principally evolved and revolving about the person of William Jennings Bryan—the medium at hand for attaining what seems possible, a Democratic victory at the polls. The great bulk of the Democrats in this country are not standing solidly behind Wilson because he is Wilson or because he represents anything in particular, but for the exact reason that they see a chance to win. They are not tearing any shingles off their houses to make bonfires in Wilson's honor. They are calmly and quietly going about their business, with the set determination to vote for Wilson on election day and see how it all comes out. They are voting, or hope to be voting, the Democratic party back into power. And that is why they are united.

There hasn't been a campaign in this country in years when the ordinary run of people have been so calm and unemotional about it all. To be sure, there is an element of noise about the progress of Roosevelt; but that comes from regular, noisy persons, a small proportion of the voting population of this country. As for the rest, they are quiet and self-contained, agree pretty well on what is going to happen, and have put it by as something to be done and not shouted about. The campaign may warm up in October, but it isn't likely to get much warmer at that. There is no excitement and no concern. The result is about as near a foregone conclusion as anything politically can be, and there is no occasion for worrying about it, or tearing hair, or shouting on street corners, or getting all fussed up. That is the way the greater portion of the people feel about it all. Maybe that is why Mr. Wilson was sent out to stir them up.

The Making of an Optimist

When one comes to consider New England one meets with exactly the conditions outlined above. Usually and for years New England has been written about and talked about as the normal and nonfeverish end of this politically hectic country. It has been a sort of a tradition. The New Englanders have talked themselves into believing they are conservative, and they also talked the rest of the country into thinking the same way about them. Meantime New England has been getting radical and getting Democratic here and there. The New England folks of the old régime didn't talk about that much. They were sort of ashamed of it. They boasted valiantly of their rock-ribbed Republicanism and kept quiet about the radical demonstrations in the ranks, just as a very respectable family keeps quiet about an erring son or a scandal or other skeleton.

They wouldn't admit it. It was something to be secluded from public gaze, to be hidden in the garret or the cellar. It was reprehensible and not in conformity with New England standards. Still it was there. It did exist. And it still does. The truth of it is that Massachusetts—stern and rock-bound Massachusetts—to say nothing of several other stern and rock-bound New England states, is about as radical as any other state—more so in spots—and the further truth of it is that that fact will be demonstrated on election day.

That little affair in Vermont, where practically after a month's campaign the Roosevelt candidate for governor received fifteen thousand votes, fifteen thousand Vermont Republican votes, gives pertinence to what I am saying. Also there are a few lessons to be drawn from the state election in Maine. Without wasting time by going into particulars, let me say that any old-line Republican who can get any comfort out of those two events is a real optimist. Of course, if Mr. Taft can hold every vote in Vermont that the regular Republican candidate for governor received, Mr. Taft will carry Vermont. It may be that Mr. Taft will carry Vermont. It is quite possible. And it may be that a good many Republicans who voted for the regular Republican state ticket will vote for Roosevelt. That is quite possible, on the political other hand. Likewise, there is that little contingency of regular Republicans voting for Wilson to beat Roosevelt in the state. Do not overlook that.

Just to be generous about it, suppose we say Mr. Taft will carry Vermont. Let us be optimistic ourselves. Therefore put it down this way: Mr. Taft will carry Vermont—perhaps. Then let us make a list of the other states in New England, as follows: Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island. Will some gentleman kindly step forward and point out which of these other hard-shelled Republican states Mr. Taft will carry? Remember, generously and with the kindest feelings we have set Vermont apart for Mr. Taft. He may not get Vermont, of course, but let that pass. We have set Vermont aside. Now, then, which of the others will he carry? Quickly, please; your answer. This is rock-ribbed Republican New England, you know, and it should be very easy to point out the states that will go Republican this fall.

Facts for the Figurer

Massachusetts, ventures the prognosticator on my left. Ah, yes—Massachusetts! Massachusetts in 1908 cast 266,000 Republican votes, roundly, and 156,000 Democratic votes. This same state, in the election for governor in 1911, cast 215,000 Democratic votes and 207,000 Republican votes. And in 1904 Massachusetts cast 165,000 Democratic votes, and 156,000 in 1900. Meantime the Republican vote ranged from 238,000 in 1900 to 257,000 in 1904. Meantime, also, in the fight in the Republican party last spring, Roosevelt and Taft divided the delegates to Chicago.

There is no doubt that many, very many, regular Republicans in Massachusetts intend to vote for Wilson on the regulation Roosevelt-elimination formula. But supposing none do. Then, on the basis of the very best obtainable information, Roosevelt and Taft will divide the Republican vote, which may be 275,000, say, or about that. That will give each of them about 137,500 votes. And the rock-bottom Democratic vote, which is practically solid behind Wilson, is 155,000, or thereabouts, in presidential contests under old conditions. But Wilson will get an added vote from Taft Republicans, and Taft will get some Democrats. The Wilson Republicans will outnumber the Taft Democrats, and, just as a guess, the state will round up on the morning after election like this: Wilson first, Roosevelt second, Taft third. Of course it may come about the other way, with Taft second and Roosevelt third, but it isn't at all likely it will turn out any way except with Wilson first, which is the main point anyhow.

They mixed it up in Maine on their fight for governor in a way that gives any kind of a figurer almost any kind of a chance he wants. There are so many things to be proved that a reasonably industrious figurer is bound to get a headache. Basically, however, here is what happened. The Roosevelt men and the regular Republicans declared a truce and worked together, as Republicans, for their state ticket. They won 70,928 to 67,905 for the Democrats. The Democrats expected more, but what they expected and what they received are two different matters. On the morning after election the Republican party split. There will be three electoral tickets in Maine this fall—Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson. The Democrats are well together. There is a strong Roosevelt element in Maine. Split those 70,928 any reasonable way you like between Taft and Roosevelt, and it will be observed that Mr. Wilson has a very choice position in Maine and probably will get the electors, especially as the Democrats, it is said, will continue solidly for him, and not a few regular Republicans will vote for him.

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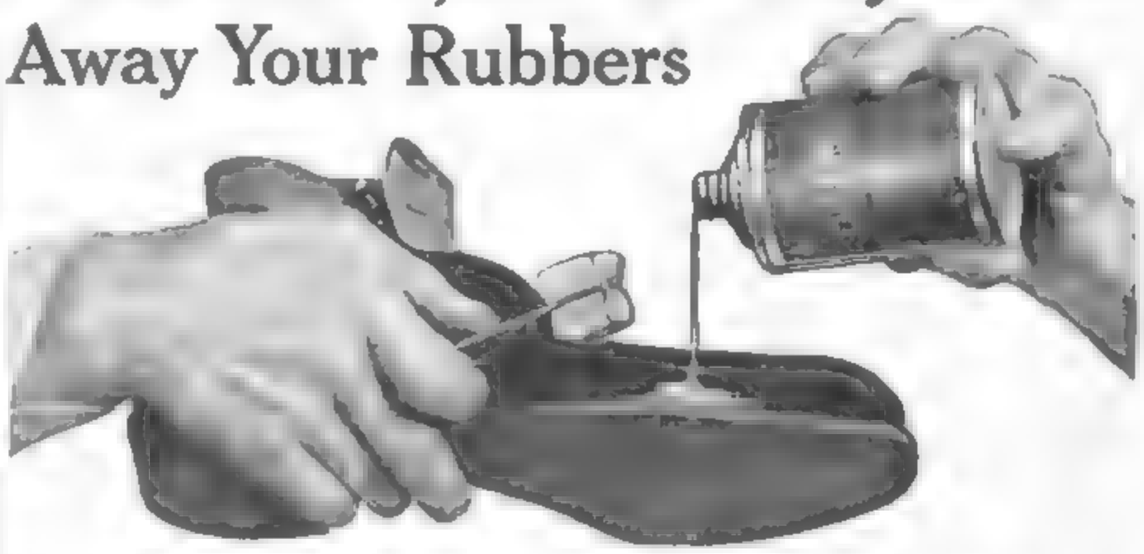

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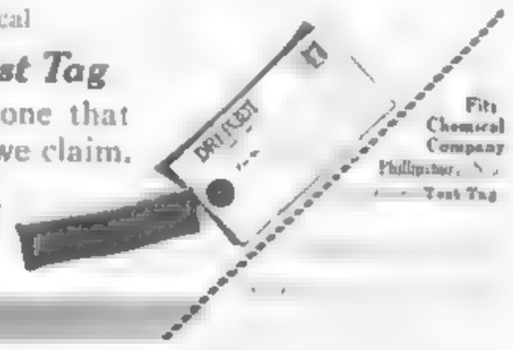

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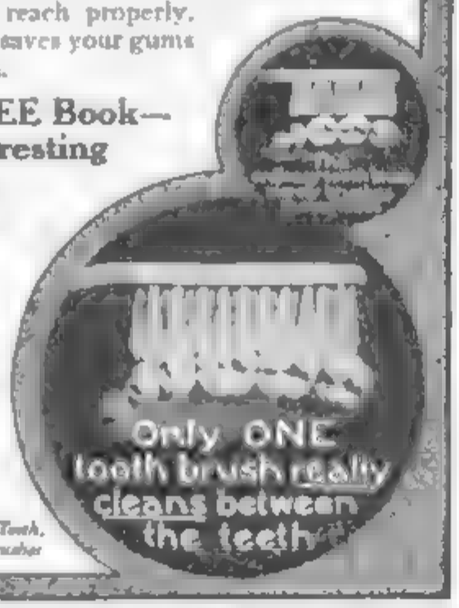

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AGENCY DIVISION

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Then there is New Hampshire. For years and years New Hampshire was a state where the Democrats nipped and the Republicans tucked, and the elections were a matter of a few thousand votes either way. They worked their politics in that state on a closer margin than in almost any other. Things brightened for the Republicans in the free-silver campaigns, but of late years a progressive Republican element, protesting against railroad domination of state politics and supported by many of the younger and more vigorous Republicans, has had a deal to say in the politics there. The old guard held the state steady for Taft in the pre-convention fight, but there are between 35,000 and 40,000 Democrats in that state who have a habit of standing without being hitched, and they are reasonably well banked up behind Wilson, with that same for-Wilson element among the regular Republicans. Except in the Bryan and Roosevelt years, the Republican vote in New Hampshire has ranged along between 40,000 and 45,000. So there you are. If Wilson holds most of his 35,000 and gets some regular Republicans, as he will, and Taft and Roosevelt divide the Republican 40,000 or 45,000, it is quite apparent what will happen in New Hampshire.

Without going into figures in Connecticut, which has been Republican on presidential and gubernatorial elections since 1896 until 1910, when they elected a Democratic governor, they told me in that state of enrolled Roosevelt organizations in the various cities and villages that mean, inevitably, if the men enrolled vote for Roosevelt, that Wilson will carry the state. For example, there was in New London an organization of enrolled Bull-Moosers of almost five hundred, and one in Bridgeport of more than eighteen hundred on September fifteenth. If this proportion continues in the other parts of the state, as it is claimed it does, Mr. Wilson will add Connecticut to his string.

They turn out quite a number of Democratic governors in Rhode Island, although the state has been consistently Republican in national elections since 1872. Old-line Republicans say they are sure Rhode Island will go for Mr. Taft. Maybe it will. Still, there are a lot of factories in Rhode Island and, unless the men who work in Rhode Island factories are different from those elsewhere, Roosevelt will have a big vote in that state. The state isn't so sure for Taft as the Taft men affect to believe, but give them the benefit of their claim. Only do not be disappointed if Colonel Roosevelt gets a whole heap of support up there, or if Mr. Wilson should slip in and grab those three electoral votes.

Viewed from any angle discernible in late September, Wilson has by far the better of it in New England. Whatever enthusiasm there is for Roosevelt, the Wilson movement is a coldly calculated, business-like affair, based on the good chance of winning and the desire for revenge and retaliation. Undoubtedly some Democrats in Massachusetts, in Boston, will vote for Taft, and some Democrats elsewhere may do so, but undoubtedly again many Republicans will vote for Wilson. In several of these states the regular Republican leaders, seeing how hopeless the national proposition is, are exerting all their efforts to win the legislatures and the state tickets and have resigned themselves to the loss of the national ticket, which, in some instances, didn't take a very high quality of resignation at that.

Sense and Nonsense

Black Sheep

COL. ADAM HARMON, of Savannah, says that when he was a boy the pastor of a negro church in his neighborhood was detected in the act of embracing a comely sister of the congregation behind the church door one night after service. The deacons promptly convened in extraordinary session and had the preacher up on a charge of unbecoming and unpastoral conduct.

The accused was at no loss for a defense. He stated—and proved his claim by the Scriptures—that a pastor was a shepherd and the members of the congregation were his sheep. Even the Apostles were often depicted as shepherds holding lambs in their protecting arms.

"Dis yere young lady," he added, "is one ob my lam's; and w'en I takes her into my arms I was jes' obeyin' de Good Book."

Seemingly there was no answering such an argument as that. The deacons put their heads together and voted unanimously to acquit the preacher.

"But," added the aged darky who acted as spokesman of the tribunal, "de bredderin' would reques' dat de nex' time you feels de desire comin' over you to tek one ob de lam's ob dis flock in yore arms, dat you tek a ram-lam'!"

Unpatriotic Spiggotties

GERALD HIGGINS, of Missoula, Montana's champion long-distance traveler, was sitting in a café in Havana one evening last spring, listening to a native band giving a concert.

The band undertook to play a medley. They rendered the Cuban national hymn and there was loud applause. Several popular airs followed and then the musician struck into the opening bars of There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!

Instantly an Irishman from the States, who was sitting at the table next to Higgins, rose unsteadily to his feet, removed his hat and looked about him. Nobody else had removed.

"Stand up, you blamed Spiggotties!" roared the Irishman. "Stand up and salute the song that set you free!"

Canned Stripes

A DEALER in building supplies in an Arkansas city received this letter lately from a small interior town:

"deer Sir—Pleas send me enough striped paint in a can to make a barber pole fur my shop. It should be red and white paint."

Officially Designated

ON A WAGER a young woman connected with the chorus of a theater in Chicago undertook to walk a mile along State Street, in the middle of the afternoon, while dressed as a college youth. Before she had gone two blocks an elderly policeman spotted her disguise and, according to Drury Underwood, put her under arrest.

He took her to the station house, heard her tearful story, lodged her in the detention room and went to the front room to make a report.

"Loot," he said, addressing the man on the desk, "I wish to report that I have an actress downstairs in citizen's clothes!"

Only One in Doubt

IN THE early days of the Christian church it was sometimes called the Campbellite church, after its founder. A prominent clergyman of the new faith journeyed one Saturday night from his home in Louisville to a small interior town in Kentucky, to preach the following morning for a young and struggling congregation.

An old darky met him at the train upon his arrival, relieved him of his hand baggage and started to lead him to the only hotel in the town.

"Uncle," said the clergyman, peering through the darkness, "is the Christian church anywhere round here?"

"Law, boss!" said the old negro, "I reckins dey's all Christian churches—unless 'tis dat dere little Campbellite church down yonder on de back street!"

Mental Suggestion

A VAUDEVILLE actor took his wife to the shores of the Shrewsbury River, in New Jersey, for the summer vacation. The bathing was good and the husband undertook to teach his wife how to swim. She did not prove an apt pupil.

Waistdeep in the water, he worked over her for a long, hard hour. Finally the lady mustered courage to take both her feet off the bottom at once and make a splashing, wallowing stroke or two.

"Work your arms!" he yelled.

"I am!" she gasped.

"Kick with your legs!" he commanded.

"I'm kicking!" she said; and then, as her head inevitably went under, she gurgled: "What shall I do now?"

"Try to think of some prominent fish!" he said.

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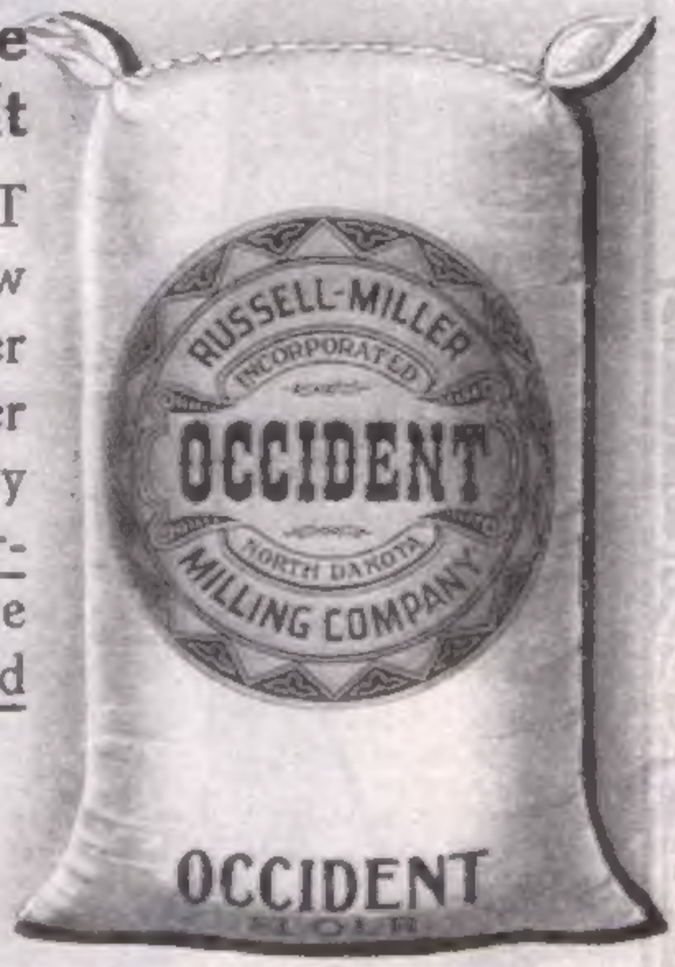

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